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THE MUSICAL COURIER, 8 RUE CLÉMENT-MAROT, CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS, April 12, 1907.

THEY sat knees to back in the large, ill-smelling cattle pen which forms the upper gallery of the Châtelet Concert Hall, Paris; she, bright, vital, searching, with eyes of coal, and the dank mat of blue-black frizzling which forms the chevelure of so many French girls of her class; he, a mollusk; a soft creature, soft of head, of hand, of face, of eyes, of hat and tie and sit—all soft save the petty, fretty little ego within, which was hard as flint. Although about the same age, she was twenty years his senior by the working of some mysterious law of atavism. Both were well versed in music technics, each after his or her kind. They were typical French students of the genre "student,"—musical, care-free as to future, pressed as to present, inured to sacrifice for art's sake, well trained, well taught, full of art feeling, expecting little and asking less of the world, kind, easily touched, gentle hearted, young—she a woman, he a man.

Both were most horribly placed as to comfort. The poor girl could not see a thing of either stage or the hall below, nothing but the packed and sweltering terrace of humanity glowering in the gloom opposite. So closely wedged was she between the people on each side of her that she quite spoiled her only dress by sitting it into wrinkles for want of space to straighten it down smoothly, after the fashion of poor women. She busied herself practicing positions by which she might be able to see even ever so little of the artists after they should come upon the stage; sitting, standing, kneeling, pas moyens! Finally by getting upon one knee upon the hard, backless bank, clutching firmly two iron bars beside her, by taking off her hat and poking her head through after the fashion of a cow in a stall, and by leaning a little sideways, and by praying that the people in front might not lean at the same time, she could catch a glimpse of the gilt tops of the harps at the off side of the stage, and thus she "sat" and conversed with him waiting for the performance to commence. She remained perfectly lady-like, gentle, polite and good humored, and managed to look even piquant and graceful as only a French girl would do under the circumstances.

She was already very tired, having stood over an hour upon the sidewalk below, in order to be even as well off as she was, for, the seats not being numbered, first come first served, and many were worse off than she. So she sighed in gentle and philosophic reflection.

"At least we can hear the beautiful music!" she said, sweetly, her head in the stocks.

He in manly dignity folded his arms, perfectly unconscious of the situation, perfectly satisfied that everything was just exactly as it should be, having been always so, and launched out into making himself agreeable by remarking on the beauty of the salle, so Moorsque he found it, the doming so graceful, the frescoes so good, the mellow coloring so artistic. She mocked him politely and rallied him gracefully, telling him that, on the contrary, the old building was tout ce qu'il y a de plus laid, just about as homely as it was uncomfortable, which was all that needed to be said. For her part she could not understand how that Paris, the grandest city in all the whole world, could not have one decent place where one could listen to music without suffering. Evidently "traveled," she told of towns in the provinces where the theatres were of infinitely more importance than anything here, while in Geneva—and she described the sumptuous concert hall, adding the testimony of a cousin, who had been farther out than herself, even to London, where the condition of things was incapable of belief to a Parisian.

He regarded her with a species of fright, his soft eyes

timid and startled, as of a calf who has struck a pebble in a mouthful of clover, and mumbled something about stray taste, modern display and—enfin! and conversation turned as to why the hall was so full.

With petty, unbased chauvinism he spat out crossly that it was because of the presence of a stranger violinist of course. Paris was making a fool of herself over foreign talent. The girl quickly reminded him that last Sunday when Ysaye was there alone the house was not half so crowded, and that Pugno, who was French and a pianist, had quite as much to do with a house as Ysaye did; in fact that she had seen Pugno fill the house like that quite alone. For her part she was convinced that it did not matter two straws where anyone came from if only he were powerful. She did not say good, because worth was not always to be seen, but power, force, ability, real gift changed and forced everything before it; that nobody knew what he thought before power of any kind. She did not think anyone cared a sou whether one were French or not, but everybody cared about something new or great, especially something powerful. The calf twisted the pebble in his mouth and frowned and mumbled something about patriotism and—enfin. Besides, she said, the program was very attractive—Beethoven, Schumann, Bach.

Yes, he found Bach and Beethoven all right and something of Schumann good, but he was glad there was no Brahms. Brahms, she said, was very fine just the same, and she was glad he was coming to be known and appreciated in France.

Who knew Brahms, he would like to ask! Ask anybody if they play Brahms and they say: "Brahms, Brahms, oui, je crois, je sais—a few beauties, mais enfin!"

"I should say there were 'beauties!'" cried the girl, her gentleness flashing into star points. "Beauties, I should say there were!" and she called off on her too-used glove tips piece after piece, phrases, sections, passages, chamber music of infinite beauty and grandeur, analyzing the whys and wherefores of the judgment; in some cases with an analysis that few critics could boast. She described the master as a man whose sober, majestic dignity of character excluded the more romantic and passionate strands of color, of which we had plenty elsewhere, but for that matter his work was splendidly colored just the same.

The man expressed unconvinced perplexity by a complex twist of neck, head and shoulders, and kept his soft eyes glued to her face long after she had ceased speaking—not through admiration. She was only a student comrade, and the idea of admiring a woman for mental qualities never could occur to him, of course, but in a sort of unconscious hunger for larger development he leaned eagerly forward for nourishment for his own restricted mentality. The calf recognized a rich pasture, but, afraid of the newness of the outlook, simply stared. He next touched on the values of violinists, and put his foot in it once more by saying he found Sarasate heavy and dull in a certain composition.

No, she sweetly corrected, scarcely hearing him, he must have been unfortunate. Sarasate was noted for lightness and elegance; indeed if he had a fault it was in that direction. Thomson was her idea of a violinist. Ysaye his. She found Thomson faultless. Ysaye might be more attractive perhaps, but Thomson she considered most true, most artistic, a real musician "scholar." Thomson played in a classic, Ysaye in a romantic fashion.

She repeated this latter idea over and over in answer to his insistence as to what that might mean, but she spoke it in a perfunctory manner, as though some teacher had taught it to her, and it was an article of faith that she had not infused with her own vital thought. She did not say that one was a case of passion and power, the other of violin and power; that one man drew his bow across his nerves and his heart, the other across violin strings, but both in the right places and with right intention. Just the same he said Thomson had been criticised—yes, Thomson had been much criticised.

"Bah!" she said; "criticised! Who cared anything for what critics said, common journalists who wrote their paragraphs before the concerts; stupid people for the most part and dishonest for the rest. If they knew anything they dared not say it, and if they said anything they did not know it—much anybody knew anything by what was criticised."

He mumbled that sometimes and—enfin! and the two dropped into a discussion of study and composition, their art troubles and delights that was excessively interesting, and remarkable for its freedom from vanity, personal standard or mean spirit of any kind. She suddenly drew his attention to the program cover, a perfectly nude female figure kneeling on the top of a pillar, playing a violin. Always "artistic," he lauded the design, the classic outlines, the pose—enfin; and she asked him if as a violinist he did not remark the absurd position of the violin and bow in the hands of the unclad. He pooh-poohed such "practicality," spoke of art license, &c.

No, but she could not see why things were so much that way, why a man who had talent enough to design anything at all should not have ambition enough to go to the most common violin or violin student to gain a technical knowledge, for the sake of the strength of his art, which to her

lay largely in truth and accuracy. She did not see either why it was necessary to choose the face of Yvette Guilbert to represent the musical muse of an artistic association of the dignity of the Colonne Concert Company, now in its twenty-third year.

He pursed up his mouth and looked unutterable things, shrugging out superior manly wisdoms through flabby shoulder curves, as the girl drew her head in from the stocks, fell back with a little fatigued sigh on the hard, backless bank, upholstered by a few wrinkles, and tried to decipher her program in the only way possible—by posing it against the light of one of the candelabras below, and reading through the paper!

Brightness not forsaking her French spirit, however, she discovered in a commercial corner of the program "Le Cycle Berlioz" in large blue letters.

"Tiens!" she cried, "quel sacrilège! Est-ce qu'on a nommé une bicyclette après notre maître?"

It took some seconds for her companion to discover the idea, and when he did there was no sign of a joke in it to him. He seriously pointed out to her that it was the advertisement of a musical library which had the entire set of Berlioz works in publication. She politely let him imagine that she had really been mistaken and that he had enlightened her.

The musicians having by this time come upon the scene, she again resumed her stocks, and this time with such good effect that she discovered the droll habit Ysaye had of sitting among the orchestra and playing with them instead of waiting in the wings for his own numbers. For, sure enough, there he was like a serious schoolboy, perched on his stool in a back row gravely tuning his violin, and chatting over its neck to a member who, with his own pet already across his knees, was earnestly watching the Belgian's movements.

Her companion had not of course yet seen him, but following the direction of her eyes was ready to jump out of his seat at the novelty. They both found it a very droll proceeding—the first point on which they quite agreed.

Once the music began the couple were well enough agreed, however. They loved the music dearly. They knew it evidently every bit, noticed the slightest variations of light and shade and tempo and the vigor and dramaticism of the interpretations. They even hummed into certain knots finales of harmony, and more than once one or the other called off the changes of key through an entire movement, as one might name the red, blue and green of ribbons drawn before their eyes. They were equally capable in this evidently, for if one hesitated the fraction of a second the other half unconsciously filled the chord. And they loved it dearly; he, in his weak, unself-contained, self-indulgent, demonstrative fashion, wholly dependent upon others to certify to and share his enjoyment. He actually bothered her with his bowings and bobbings and starings into her face, his exclamations and his manœuvres en directeur from time to time with a very unmanicured forefinger. He was about to perform a passing commentary on the whys and wherefores of various effects, when she put her finger on her lips and showed him he was getting into the lap of his neighbor in his jouncings.

As the music wonder grew and spread over the place she renounced sightseeing altogether, and packed into her little dark, tight corner grew stiller and stiller as the rallying glitter dropped out of her coal black eyes, and softness came into the corners of her hard, bread-winning mouth. She grew so still and cared so little about anybody that one wanted to go and shake hands with her. In all that was feeling and training, you see, these two people were similar. It was in the domain of individual development that the divergence came. In revolving the question, "Which is more capable, a man or a woman?" the answer must always remain:

A capable woman is more capable than an incapable man.

\*\*\*

The Bach chaconne was played six times this week in Paris, once at a musical at the home of Mr. Richard Hammer, the violinist, where conversation turned upon the chaconne on account of its quite excellent rendering the evening before at a concert given by Mme. Ambre-Bouchère. The violinist explained how that the word "chaconne" represented a form of dance, as minuet or gavot; how that the great tone cathedral, representing about all there was of harmony, science of musical beauty and of all known technical violin difficulty, was built upon some eight simple measures, which remained the object of admiration and veneration to musicians during the centuries.

Mendelssohn, he continued, had written an accompaniment to it which was worthy of it, Mendelssohn being impregnated with Bach from infancy; that Schumann had likewise written a less exemplary but also beautiful background; that it had been orchestrated, he believed, by Raff, and that a piano arrangement by Raff was also much played in concert. The interesting chat was finished by the master's taking out his violin and reverently placing it under his chin, and thus—his gentle eyes closed over the tender, spiritual lights inside, on his face that peculiar ex-



pression of mingled pain and joy which Miss McChesney has so truly caught in her immortal painting of The Violinist—the chaconne was played as prayers.

At the Trocadéro concerts the very next afternoon, in the very centre of the program lay the masterpiece, with the Schumann accompaniment for organ. The violin was played by an Italian—Corsican rather—M. Geloso, one of the most ardent and tuneful of the operatic force, who in fact is daily gaining ground as soloist. He played the old chef d'œuvre as a love history. One knowing Guilmant's organ habits can imagine with what exquisite delicacy he painted in the background.

That evening it was played on apiano at the Salle Pleyel by Joseph Wieniawski, brother of the great violinist, who played it on schoolmaster, as though he were there to throw up the lines and forms of musical literature before a class of students and thus came across the chaconne. It was clear cut, distinct, defined.

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The Trocadéro concert was one of the most brilliantly classic programs ever given. A concerto in D minor, by W. F. Bach; the fifth concerto in F, by Händel, and the chaconne, with Schumann accompaniment, were the heaviest numbers. There was also a fugue in B minor on a Corelli theme, by S. Bach; an adoration and allegro, by Guilmant, and a beautiful prayer and meditation, by M. Dubois, for organ and orchestra, which was made very much of.

In the Händel concerto the qualities of M. Guilmant as organist shone more brightly than ever. He has such brilliant qualities as an organist that it is to be regretted he confines himself so severely to the purely classical—for the most part the ecclesiastical classical school. There is so much beautiful music outside and he is such a consummate master! A trace more of the mondain, at least of the more illuminated organ work, *cher maître*, and more of your own beautiful improvisation also.

The following week being Holy Thursday, a grand spiritual concert was given with organ, orchestra and singing. Bach, Händel, Corelli, Mozart, Rameau, d'Hervelois, and Guilmant's Lamentation and Marche Elégiaque were on the program. These concerts grow in importance each season, and the immense palace is filled at every concert. There are 600 names as artist founders.

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This Richard Hammer, the violinist mentioned above, is one of the best loved, most interesting and single-hearted artists in the city. A favorite pupil of Habanek and Damké, he was for years first violinist at the Italian Theatre, and first violin soloist of the Théâtre Lyrique, both positions had by competition. As second chef d'orchestre of the Padeloup concerts, he directed the orchestra at the fêtes given in honor of the Grand Duke Constantine, and again in concerts given by Rubinstein. He founded here a quartet society, which was so valuable by its purity of style and truth to tradition that it was subventioned by the Government. Among his regiments of pupils number Benjamin Godard, who studied with him for fifteen years; Magdeleine Godard, his sister, for eight years; the Miles. Remaury, afterward Mme. Ambroise Thomas and Mme. Montigny de Serres; Chabrier, Broustet, Schneider, of London, and St. Quentin, a composer here. He has published a number of volumes and been decorated.

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Holy Week was marked in Paris this year by a predominance of Wagner music in the so called Concerts Spirituels, which form a large part of the entertainment of that picturesque epoch.

M. Colonne gave the first and fourth tableaux of the Rheingold, the final scene of the Walküre, the third act of Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods—an enormous undertaking. Kutschera was the *Brünnhilde*. Mr. Lamoureux gave the overture to The Flying Dutchman, Rêves, Tannhäuser overture, Prelude of Parsifal, prelude of Tristan, a fragment of the Valkyrie, sung by Mr. Van Rooy, of

the Bayreuth theatre, the Forest Murmurs, the Twilight of the Gods, and overture to The Meistersingers, a no less serious performance.

The Conservatoire gave the Mozart Requiem, a Max Bruch concerto for violin, the Léonore overture and a sacred fragment by M. Sam. Rousseau. At the Odéon was given the Parsifal prelude, aria in G minor, Händel, and the Largo, Wagner's Enchantment of Holy Friday, and César Franck's Redemption. At the Theatre of the Porte-Saint Martin was a representation of the Passion Music in five acts and six tableaux by M. Harancourt, music by Bach, orchestrated by Hellmacher, and interpreted by various city actors. All the above on Good Friday evening.

On Easter Sunday Gounod's Sainte Cecile mass was heard in ten churches and a mass by M. Sam. Rousseau in seven. Others were by Haydn, Cherubini, Hummel, Mozart, Pelot and Leprevost.

Biblical adaptations are coming to be the order of the day in the city theatres here, and with marital badness of all sorts seem to comprise the sum of French dramatic inspiration. The Passion, The Child Jesus, The Mother of Judas, The Aunt of the Leper, The Road to the Cross, The Samaritaine Woman, Joseph of Arimathea were among recent ventures, in which the Saviour, the Virgin, the Apostles and good Magdalens promenade the footlights in paint and powder, wigs, false whiskers, mustaches, beards and sanctity, dramatizing freely the sacred word and thought which have cost the world oceans of blood shed in the interest of preservation.

The voice of brass, solid and well kept, of the living trumpet Tamagno, the formidable volume, the savage cries, the bewildering climb up ladders of tone without the least effort, and the gestures of a barbarous chief on the warpath are stirring conventional operatic echoes to their depths. The abonnées were stricken aghast by the audacious flinging to the winds of their gilt-edged creeds at the first appearance, and by pure force applauded to the echo while waiting to decide what was to be done about it. The ovations were frenetic, and the four and five recalls, which, in comparison with our fifteen and twenty would be considered moderate, were signs of "intoxication" in the somewhat glacial nature of the National Academy. Tamagno made an *Otello* to be afraid of. The representation being for an occasion of benevolence, "Legue fraternelle of the children of France," added to the effort, the republic and monarchy being together represented, and nothing being lacking to produce a first-class sensation.

Paderewski's appearance at the Gaité Théâtre on the afternoon of the 29th, also for a benevolent object, will be the next. At this concert will probably be played *Le Dernier Jour* and *Roi Lear* by the composer, Litolf, the latter a posthumous work. A marble bust is being made, to the purchase and inauguration of which part of the profits of the concert will go.

The reappearance of La Dame Blanche has been an event at the Opéra Comique. Dainty, delicate little gem, typical of its day and generation, and differing from the cyclonic "Cromwellians" of our day as the dainty and delicate Watteau lady does from the howling and striding new woman of 1897. Don Juan and it hang among the year's productions of the second opera like two sweet miniatures on the walls of a modern boudoir, fraught with associations we love to picture, but no longer care to adopt. The gentle Boïeldieu was shocked at the tendencies of Berlioz, saying that music must rock him to please him. His own music rocked, but it rocked well. Everything that is good of its kind is good. That is what makes La Dame Blanche a chef d'œuvre!

Concerts still continue. There are three words in musical use that should be well weeded out as to meaning—the words "success," "artist" and "concert." They have so degenerated in signification that they are scarcely longer useful. There are altogether too many concerts everywhere and too little music.

Among the exceptions as to sterling value were those of

Mr. Henri Falcke, played to a select public which the Salle Erard could not quite contain. He surpassed himself in Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Grieg, Chopin, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, &c.; the closing Philharmonic, which reflected honor and credit upon the pluck and perseverance of M. Breiter, who, undaunted by first difficulties, sees his efforts crowned with success and the society close in good condition; a grand concert given by M. Léon Delafosse, whose virtuosity and talent as pianist have often been signaled; a grand charity concert by the Vicountess Tredern, who sang among the numbers a scene from César Franck's *Hulda*; three concerts by MM. Marsick and Bauer, with the assistance of the cellist Salmon; three concerts by Joseph Wieniawski, brother of the great violinist, whose first concert, a very interesting one, comprised the Bach-Raff chaconne, spoken of above; Schumann's *Scheherazade* and Agitato, Händel's *Air Varié*, Beethoven's sonata, op. 30, and Haydn's variations in F minor; a series of five concerts, comprising the thirty-two sonatas of Beethoven, played by the Conservatoire pupils of M. Raoul Pugno, an initiative that cannot fail of excellent results; two concerts given by the talented Miss Clotilde Kleeberg; auditions by the pupils of Mme. Hortense Parent and Lucien Bourgeois; a concert, with chorus, of works of the French composers Chabrier, Saint-Saëns, Dubois, Franck, d'Indy, Fauré, Rousseau, &c., given by M. Paul Brand, the much sought after Madame Bolska among the interpreters; Society of Ancient Musics, by M. Diemer & Co., from seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, among them fragments of Lulli's *L'Amour Peint*, transcribed by Saint-Saëns. The concerts of M. Risler were superior musical events, and M. Botticelli played admirably an andantino by Grieg, and in selections from Peer Gynt, at a musical given by the Countess de Saussine. M. Delafosse also lent his valuable talent to the exposition given in the *Figaro* salons, to such enthusiasm that the paper has decided to inaugurate a series of musicals to be so given periodically. Quintelle de Fleurs, by this young pianist, who is also composer, forms the musical page of the *Figaro* this week. The poem is by the Count de Montesquieu.

Works of Paladilhe and Th. Puget at M. Paul Seguy's this week. M. Marcel's interesting Sunday séance was devoted to compositions of M. Joncières, accompanied by the author, sung by the pupils of the school. Many notable people were present, among them the sculptors Fagel and Theunissen, the painters Guillemet, Roussin and Métivet, and M. and Mme. Jean Richepin. Matinée musicals at the homes of M. Maurel, Madame Krauss and Mme. la General Bataille, and an interesting audition of the pupils of Mlle. Klara Gürtler, of 169 Boulevard Haussmann, associate in the school of Madame Krauss.

Nikisch is coming to town to give a series of concerts. A salon is to be erected in the Garden of the Palais Royal. Bernhardt is playing *La Samaritaine* and is expected to appear as the *Virgin Mary* before she stops. A chime is to be resurrected in the tower of the beautiful Church Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, near the Louvre. A monument is to be erected to the memory of Vieuxtemps, the great violinist. M. Marsick, one of his pupils, is busy arranging for a grand concert to be given at the Conservatoire in May for this object. A fête in London, the occasion of the inauguration of the new salons of Pleyel, Wolff and Cie, of Paris, of which M. Gustave Lyon is head. A feature of it, twin expositions of twin inventions due to the genius of M. Lyon, double piano and double harp. More anon.

FANNIE EDGAR THOMAS.

**E. C. Towne.**—The popular tenor, Mr. E. C. Towne, sang with such success in the performance of *Samson* and *Delilah* in Bridgeport, April 29, that he has been engaged for Goring Thomas' Sun Worshippers, to be given in the same city on May 11. In speaking of this concert the Bridgeport Union of April 30 said:

Mr. E. C. Towne, as *Samson*, is an excellent tenor, although hardly of that robust character expected of *Samson*. He was perfectly able to handle the music, however, and acquitted himself very creditably.

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**W**ELL, our concert is over, a thing of the past, and the long looked for event, by all of us anticipated with almost as much fear and anxiety as pleasure, proved to be an unqualified success in every direction.

This much I think I can state according to truth, without appearing to be unduly immodest. I owe it also to my colleagues on the program, and above all to our grand teacher, friend and guide, Otis B. Boise, and to Royal Court Conductor Dr. Carl Muck, who so generously placed his eminent services at the disposal of five aspiring young composers unknown to fame. Under his trusty baton the Philharmonic artists were able to cope with the manuscript parts so well that with only two rehearsals (lack of time and too many other engagements forbade further rehearsals) this excellent and well trained orchestra was able to give us an adequate reproduction of the following program:

Concert overture.....Charles Hulton  
Scherzo, for orchestra.....Edmund Hertz  
Andante, from F major suite.....Ernest Carter  
Suite, Lorna Doone.....Arthur Nevin  
Daybreak.  
At the Brook.  
Love Song.  
The Passing of the Doones.  
Suite miniature, A Love Novel.....Otto Floersheim  
Préambule à la Sérénade.  
Idyll.  
Ball Scene (Valse Gracieuse).  
Avowal.  
Love's Rapture.  
Bridal Procession.  
Sonata, for violin and piano.....Edmund Hertz  
Performed by Herr Franz Pink with the composer.  
Symphony in C minor (first movement).....Charles Hulton

It is of course out of the question that I could pass judgment upon the works of my colleagues on the program, even if, as is actually the case, this judgment be very strongly in their favor. I must therefore content myself with translating for you the opinions of my Berlin confrères of the press, who are singularly unanimous and quite extraordinarily generous in their expressions of praise and recognition.

The Berlin *Tageblatt* says: "This was no pupils' concert in the ordinary sense of the term. All the compositions show diligent study and admirable teaching. No tone of the composers is without talent, but all of them have in common an advantage which is evidently the result of the Boise musical education—they have all learned that (as Goethe says) 'in limitation a master asserts himself.' They all avoid, most happily, the danger of loquacity, with which otherwise the young composers of the modern school so frequently bore us. The five gentlemen who gave the concert know, all of them, how to treat the form. It is most easily handled by Mr. Charles Hulton, who in a symphony movement evinces a most surprising sureness in the technic of composition and an extraordinary gift of combination. A suite, Lorna Doone by Arthur Nevin, is distinguished through characteristic orchestration; especially The Passing of the Doones, sounds very original. A sonata for violin and piano by Edmund Hertz awakens the most favorable hopes

for the further development of the young composer. All the works, which were excellently performed by the Philharmonic Orchestra under Dr. Muck's practiced guidance, attracted the listeners and brought applause to the authors."

The *Lokal Anzeiger* says: "All the works showed a very strongly developed feeling for form, and above all a beneficial melodic invention, two qualities which in our modern times belong among the rarities. The public knew how to appreciate this, and would have liked to have heard several of the movements *da capo*. A concert overture in G minor, by Hulton, which formed the introduction to the rich program, pleased through its clear exposition, fresh thematic workmanship and effective instrumentation. The scherzo of Hertz is short, but well worked out. Nevin's Lorna Doone suite pleased, especially through its flourishing colors, pretty invention and piquant orchestration. The last movement, the Passing of the Doones, is very characteristic, effective and original, and the whole suite will probably soon be found on many programs."

The Berlin *Boersen Courier* praises the modern orchestration and the powerful development in Hulton's symphony, *Satz*; Hertz's fetching (*flott*) but very simple scherzo, and is especially pleased with Ernest Carter's andante, which the critic says belongs among the best of the offerings of the evening. "There were some places full of temperament in this very melodious movement, which made it very sympathetic. The Lorna Doone suite of Nevin is on the whole very graceful (*anmerthig*), but the prettiest was the Passing of the Doones, a very delicate (*zuehlich*) little piece, which contains some elfin spook music, and which, in order to gain the highest effect, might even have been a little longer."

The Berlin *Herold* also mentions the beautiful workmanship in the movement from Carter's suite, and of the Hertz sonata. The *Taegliche Rundschau* praises the tone painting orchestration in Nevin's suite, and the *Staatsbürger Zeitung* discourses upon the melodic gift and sense of form of the American composer.

It would carry me too far and surely would weary you if I were to quote all of the papers. They all of them make this mistake, however, of calling us five Americans. In reality only Carter and Nevin are Americans. Mr. Hulton is an Englishman and Mr. Hertz a Pole, while I have the honor to be a German-American. It is out of the question that I should state anything about the success of my own little suite, nor shall I quote the opinions of the Berlin press on the same, for I consider that both the public and my confrères of the quill have been far too kind to me and have praised the work entirely beyond its very modest merits.

Simultaneously with the above described concert at the Philharmonic took place the tenth and last symphony evening of the Royal Orchestra under Weingartner's direction at the Royal Opera House. As I knew beforehand that I could not attend the concert proper, I went to the public rehearsal, which for once was given in the evening, Thursday, no other concert taking place that same night of Holy Week. This public rehearsal was likewise entirely sold out.

The program underwent a change in so far as Brahms' Tragic overture was very appropriately substituted for the originally announced Faust overture by Spohr, which twice postponed work will now have to be held over until next season.

Regarding the Brahms overture I have always had the feeling that its title is a misnomer. The work seems to me more of an elegiac than of a tragic character. Tragic element must be based upon dramatic action, while this Brahms overture bears the tinge of melancholy mood portrayal. Augmented was this feeling through Weingartner's reading. I am told that in Vienna, when this overture was placed on the program of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Weingartner, after the death of Brahms, the committee of the orchestra felt it incumbent upon itself

to wait upon the Berlin Court Opera conductor and inform him that they could not and would not play the overture under his baton unless he would conform the tempi so as to agree at least approximately with those taken by Brahms himself and by the late Hans von Bülow, under whose conductors the Philharmonic Orchestra had repeatedly performed this overture. Weingartner gracefully enough yielded the point, and thus we had also last Thursday night a conceptionally fair reading of the work, albeit the opening phrases were still taken somewhat too rapidly.

Haydn's Oxford symphony in G major was charmingly and most gracefully interpreted, and above all I can praise without even the slightest reserve the performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with which Weingartner is wont to close his cycle of symphony evenings. He seems to have grown into the work completely, and he gave it the most powerful and at times intense reading that I have heard for many years. The closing choral portions, sung by the Royal Opera chorus, also went well this time, and a special providence watched over the solo quartet (Mmes. Herzog and Goetz and Messrs. Gudehus and Staudigl), who at this rehearsal brought out the difficult and by no means very grateful ensemble in a nearly flawless style.

There was no lack of enthusiasm at the rehearsal, and after the concert proper Weingartner is reported to have received a great many ovations.

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The Philharmonic Orchestra gave us also in Berlin a Brahms commemoration concert, which under Professor Mannstaedt's direction took place at the Philharmonic a week ago to-day, and was attended by a very large and evidently much impressed audience.

The program, which opened with the Bach chorale Wenn ich Einmal soll Scheiden, from the St. Matthew Passion Music, pathetically performed on the organ by Georg Hoffmann, brought of orchestral works the funeral march from Beethoven's Eroica symphony, Brahms' Tragic overture and his C minor symphony, all very earnestly and for the greater part very adequately performed by the orchestra under its soon departing conductor, Mannstaedt.

As vocal soloist at this concert Herr Prof. Felix Schmidt sang the four Serious Songs by Brahms, in the contents and mood of which the composer shows us that he realized and anticipated that his end was near at hand. Professor Schmidt, whose bass voice is not one of the most sonorous or most vibrant quality, delivered the Lieder with so much nobility and tenderness of expression and such consummate art of phrasing and diction that he touched everybody in the audience and was most enthusiastically applauded. The gem of the four songs, O Death, How Bitter Art Thou (Jesus Sirach, Chap. 41), was, as usual, redemanded.

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The program of the Wednesday Philharmonic regular popular concert was also a very interesting one, and contained as novelty some pretty, characteristic and quite effective miniature pictures for orchestra by Eduard Hartog. They are collectively entitled Wood Scenes, and are still in manuscript. I liked best the two little movements described as a Night in Autumn and Spring's Awakening.

The program further contained the three first movements from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, the Good Friday Spell from Parsifal, and the Euryanthe and Flying Dutchman overtures.

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Otherwise Holy Week, as usual, brought very few concerts. The Singakademie chorus, however, gave on Good Friday, under Prof. Martin Blumner's direction, its customary performance of Bach's immortal St. Matthew Passion Music. It was the sixty-sixth time that the most colossal work of sacred music contained in the literature of all times was performed since Mendelssohn brought it to the cognizance of the musical world of his day in 1839. The Singakademie thus can boast of a real tradition, and through



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the frequent repetitions of this work it has become so firmly fixed in the minds of the chorus that, like in England Handel's Messiah, in Berlin Bach's St. Matthew Passion Music is almost sung "by heart." With a little more refinement, especially in dynamic shadings, this reproduction would be an almost ideal one. I surely was much impressed with the portion of the work I could stay to listen to.

Of the soloists our own young American baritone, Arthur Van Eweyk, stood head and shoulders above his partners. His conception of the utterances put into the mouth of Jesus Christ is noble to a degree, his delivery dignified, and the true Bach style falls easy to him. His voice is fresh and sympathetic. America has not many such baritones as this young American now living in Germany. The soprano, Miss Clara Strauss-Kurzwelly, was a newcomer, and quite good; but Dierich, the lachrymose tenor, and the perennial alto, Miss Anna Stephan, belong to the old guard which will neither die nor surrender. The former I don't want to happen, but the latter would by no means prove a calamity. Concertmaster Witek performed the violin solo in the great contralto aria of the second part most admirably and exquisitely.

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The Berlin police had been especially strict in their regulations this year about concerts to be allowed on Good Friday. The programs had to pass *Censur* beforehand, and for a soloists' concert which took place at the Philharmonie that same evening the police struck out—the romanza in F for violin, by Beethoven. This sounds hardly credible, but it is true nevertheless. The music critic on the police department evidently is no Beethoven crank. Concertmaster Bleuer, who was to have performed this number on the program, substituted Bach's air on the G string, the word air disguised under the title of adagio, lest the police might take umbrage at the "air," which is not always free here in Germany. Then, when the audience were wildly clamoring for an encore, Bleuer gave them—the Beethoven romanza in F, and thus the police were fooled after all and everybody was happy.

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The following letter, received from Mr. Charles Joseph Dyer, the Worcester (Mass.) baritone, is very interesting reading generally, and especially so to the many friends of those charming and talented young American songstresses, the Misses Olive Fremstad and Marion Weed. I therefore reprint it in its entirety, mentioning at the same time that the opera *Die Hallinger*, of which Mr. Dyer speaks, has since passed through a very successful first representation at Cologne.

COLOGNE, April 13, 1897.

DEAR MR. FLOERSHEIM—Since leaving Berlin I have been a few days in Dresden, hearing voices in different operas that should have a more careful orchestra—in other words, more worthy the Berlin orchestra than those there, with one or two exceptions. On my way here I stopped and walked about the grand Eisenach hills and through a former "Comandant," saw the Elizabethan rooms and attended a very impressive memorial service for the Grossherzogin. Whatever one may believe, there are times when association helps out natural sentiment, and one of those times was in the old early Gothic chapel, where Ein Feste Burg filled it and rolled out in the halls leading to the Saengerhalle. There was the village choir and they joined in the chorale till it seemed almost as if burly Martin's spirit was still fluttering about. Do you know if he wrote the chorale there, and if it was first used there?

This, however, is not what I am writing for, but to tell you of Olive Fremstad and Marion Weed. Olive is without humbug the best in her line I have heard for years. Her voice is superb, as full and rich as ever and malleable in every part. Unfortunately I can't see her *Carmen*, as I leave to-morrow; but everyone speaks of it as a "creation" and "as wonderful as Bellini's" (good enough for me). Weed I heard last night as the *Countess* in *Figaro*. She sang finely and has improved in acting. She will get there. I told them I should send you word of their work in *Die Hallinger* (a new opera of which I heard rehearsal to-day). It's an intensely dramatic three act work, full of melody and Wagner spirit and yet original. I was immensely pleased with it, and the girls are perfect in their parts. Olive as the *Mother* has some very telling solos, where her

beautiful chest tones simply flow over the stage and drop—no, fill the opera house. The first night is to be Thursday, I think.

I'm not always an enthusiast, but these fresh voices here, the fresh opera, and the pleasant times I've had, have braced me up once more to the belief that vocalization still exists.

Weed goes again to Bayreuth, but Olive will rest after a little "guesting" in Amsterdam and other cities. She ought in a year or so to have the best mezzo position to be found. I was sorry not to have seen you to say good-by. I am off for England to-morrow. You should see the wreaths and presents Olive's *Carmen* has earned her. She is such a grand girl besides. Keep up that waiting you've had on her. This is my last letter in Germany. Good night and regards from

Very truly yours, CHARLES JOSEPH DYER.

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From Bayreuth, by way of Vienna, comes the startling information that Siegfried Wagner has just finished the composition of a comic opera in three acts. It is described as being in the nature of Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*. Well, accidents will happen in the best of families.

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The latest direct news from Bayreuth is to the effect that Anton Seidl and Felix Mottl will alternate in the conducting of the eight Parsifal performances to be given next summer, and that Hans Richter will conduct two and Siegfried Wagner one of the Nibelungenring cycles. The cast for the Ring will be as follows: *Brünnhilde*, Frau Ellen Gulbranson, from Christiania; *Sieglinde*, Frau Rosa Sucher, Berlin; *Fricka*, Frau Brena, London; *Erda* and *Waltraute*, Frau Schumann-Heink, Hamburg; *Gutrune*, Frau Reuss, Wiesbaden; *Freia*, Miss Marion Weed, Cologne; *Siegfried*, Herr Burgstaller, Bayreuth, and Herr Gruening, Hamburg; *Wotan*, Herr Perron, Dresden, and Herr Rooy, Rotterdam; *Siegmond*, Herr Gruening, Hamburg, and Herr Vogl, Munich; *Loge*, Herr Vogl, Munich; *Alberich*, Herr Friedrichs, Bremen; *Mime*, Herr Breuer, Breslau; *Hagen*, Herr Greeff, Frankfurt; *Fafner*, Herr Elblad, Breslau; *Fasolt*, Herr Wachter, Dresden; *Gunter*, Herr Stury, Darmstadt; *Hunding*, Herr Greeff, Frankfurt; *Donner*, Herr Bucksath, Schwerin; *Froh*, Herr Burgstaller, Bayreuth, and Herr Ankenbrank, Mannheim; *Rhin-daughters*, *Nornen* and *Valkyries*, Miss Von Artner, Hamburg; Frau Geller-Wolter, Magdeburg; Miss Gleiss, Dessau; Mrs. Schumann-Heink, Hamburg; Miss Heiser, Stuttgart; Miss Kempees, Amsterdam; Miss Materna, Mayence; Miss Pazofsky, Cologne; Miss Plaichinger, Strassburg; Miss Weed, Cologne.

The casts for Parsifal are as follows: *Kundry*, Mrs. Brena, London, and Miss Von Mildenberg, Hamburg; *Parsifal*, Herr Van Dyk, Vienna, and Herr Gruening, Hamburg; *Gurnemanz*, Herr Grengg, Vienna, and Herr Wachter, Dresden; *Amfortas*, Herr Perron, Dresden, and Herr Van Rooy, Rotterdam; *Klingsor*, Herr Friedrichs, Bremen, and Herr Stury, Darmstadt; *Titirel*, Herr Fenten, Dusseldorf; *Soloknappen*, Miss Mulder, Riga; Miss Hoefer, Munich; Herr Scheuten, Cologne; Herr Froneck, Bremen; *Solo-ritter*, Herr Ankenbrank, Mannheim, and Herr Bucksath, Schwerin; *Flower Girls*, Misses Gleiss, Kempees, Materna, Mulher, Pazofsky, Plaichinger and Ritter.

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Tamagno, who is making a big hit at the Paris Grand Opéra, may also be heard at the Berlin Royal Opera House next month, when he will undertake a tournee through Germany. The price asked for Berlin is 6,000 frs., viz., \$1,200 a night, which is rather steep for Germany, and if the engagement is really made prices for admission will have to be raised in order to insure anything like a financial success for the intendency.

It is also rumored that next fall we shall hear at the Royal Opera in a short Italian stagione the singers whom you have just dismissed, Messrs. de Reszké, Lassalle and Madame Melba. They will have to come down considerably, though, from their American money demands if they expect the engagement to be perfected.

The next novelty at the Royal Opera will be Rittmeister

Oscar von Chelius' one act opera *Hashish*, which is to have its Berlin premiere next Thursday night.

\*\*\*

My faithful assistant, Leonard Liebling, has left Berlin for Stockholm, whence he writes me: "I love Stockholm. It is not unlikely now that I shall spend the summer here. I contemplate writing a novel dealing with Berlin's musical life. Look out! I shall not leave here before I have finished it."

\*\*\*

A funny incident happened a few days ago at Dusseldorf during a performance of Auber's *Fra Diavolo*. In the second act occurs the well-known undressing scene of *Zerlina*. When after her beautiful short prayer the young lady laid down upon her bed the bottom of the bedstead gave way and the fair singer disappeared before the eyes of the audience. Naturally the music of the next scene was drowned in the laughter of the public. The hilarity reached a tumultuous climax at the words of one of the bandits: "Oh, the poor girl!" and for a few moments the performance had to be interrupted. The arrival upon the scene of *Lorenzo*, *Zerlina's* lover, put an end at last to the almost painfully ludicrous situation, in which the hapless heroine was embedded, or would you say imbedded or embodied.

\*\*\*

General Musikdirector Hermann Levi, of Munich, has finished a new piano score of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* with Italian and German text, which is to make its appearance in the near future.

\*\*\*

I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Marie Heimlicher, the pianist, formerly well known in New York and now living in London. She was in the company of Herr Moritz Moszkowski. Among the callers at the Berlin headquarters of THE MUSICAL COURIER were Miss Betty Schwabe, the handsome young violinist; Mrs. Simonson and the talented Frieda Simonson, who, since the death of Clara Schumann, is studying with Ernst Engesser, of Frankfurt. At that city Miss Simonson (whom you will remember from the season of 1895-6, which she spent in the United States) gave a concert of her own a few weeks ago and scored a most pronounced success. Mrs. L. Bear and Miss Marion L. Williams who is going to study composition with Otis Bach Boise; Mrs. Morris Cottlow and Augusta S. Cottlow, from Chicago; Miss Julia Hyman, from San Francisco, a piano pupil of Prof. Oscar Reif; Mr. Olaf Hals, a Scandinavian violinist, who intends to emigrate to the United States; Mrs. Albert Eibenschütz, the wife of the pianist, pedagogue and composer of that name; Mrs. Henry Asher and Miss Meta Asher from San Francisco, and Mrs. Sherman with the Misses Sherman, from the same city. O. F.

**Mary Louise Clary as Delilah.**—Miss Clary sang with the Bridgeport Oratorio Society, assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra, in a very successful production of Saint-Saëns' *Samson* and *Delilah*, under the direction of Mr. Frank Damrosch on April 29, and achieved another magnificent success. The following press comments are taken from the Bridgeport *Farmer* of April 30:

In the line of solo singers Miss Clary stood pre-eminent. The general expression heard at the close of the performance was a desire to hear her again. Miss Clary is young and remarkably good looking, two qualities that are of advantage to a singer, but she would be a great singer even if she lacked both these fortunate qualities. She made a *Delilah* of peculiar charm, fit to win the love of a strong man, even if to his undoing.

She possesses a voice of solid, easy, resonant qualities. The registers of her voice are equalized, and her execution was always perfect. She met every requirement grandly.

What a burst of vocal power, and how dramatic her tones in her scorn of *Samson* when she calls him a coward and despises him, and how intensely interesting and dramatic was the duet between Mr. Towne and Miss Clary in that scene! The tenor was inspired by her.

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## Elizabeth Northrop.

**MRS. ELIZABETH NORTHROP'S** success this season has been of the most pronounced character, and places her among the leading artists of the concert stage.

In the famous 21,000 miles tourney of Sousa's Band the press and the public have been most lavish in praise of her voice and method, and pronounce her one of the very best singers Sousa has ever had with him. Combining a correct school with unusual purity of tone, a captivating presence with a modesty of bearing has made her a great favorite in the music world and on the concert stage. Her success has not been confined to any one section of the country, but seems to be universal. The following are only a few of her thousands of press notices:

## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

The soloist of the evening was Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano. She sang Meyerbeer's Shadow Song with splendid effect. It is a difficult work, but Mrs. Northrop acquitted herself most creditably, and there was an outburst of applause when she finished that continued until she returned and sang Coming Thro' the Rye.—*Union, April 23.*

## BANGOR, ME.

The audience became very enthusiastic over the singing of Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop. This lady has a natural soprano voice, round and sweet in tone, of great power, and she has the skill, the confidence and the artistic expression that come from long schooling under a great teacher. She sang the Shadow Song, by Meyerbeer, and in response to a recall Coming Thro' the Rye.—*Daily Whig, April 28.*

## PORTLAND, ME.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop has a pleasing soprano voice of much flexibility, and sang with considerable brilliancy. For an encore she sang Coming Thro' the Rye.—*Daily Press, April 29.*

## BUFFALO, N. Y.

It was a great pleasure during the last few days for Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop's many friends in this city to see her again, to hear her and to welcome her. Mrs. Northrop's tour with the Sousa organization was begun only a short time ago, but it has been long enough for her to demonstrate her ability as a successful concert singer. While her reception in Buffalo was exceedingly cordial, it is safe to say that even with utter strangers she would create enthusiasm. Her voice is a soprano of pure quality, very flexible and of good carrying power. She sings with excellent taste and uses her voice artistically. She has a charming stage presence and is an undoubted favorite. Mrs. Northrop received many floral offerings, tributes of her popularity. Her selections during her engagement were the celebrated Shadow Song, from Dinorah; Clayton Johns' I Love and the World Is Mine; aria from Lucia; Maids of Cadiz, by Delibes, and Se Saran Rose. Mrs. Northrop was obliged to respond to encores after each number. A continuation of her success is the wish of her friends.—*Buffalo News, March 27.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop sang the Shadow Song and a ballad. It was pleasant to see Mrs. Northrop once more upon a Buffalo stage after her long absence, and she was very warmly received. Time has dealt most gently with this very attractive vocalist, and she never appeared to better advantage than last evening. She was presented with a basket and bouquet of superb flowers.—*Buffalo Courier, March 27.*

## BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. Sousa has been especially happy in his selection of artists for his present tour, his soprano being possessed of a decidedly superior quality of voice, pure, flexible and skillfully handled.

Last evening's concert was for the benefit of the Emergency Hospital, and must have realized a handsome sum for that institution. The band will give a matinee at Tremont Temple to-day.—*Boston Post, April 26.*

He, too, afforded a treat in the excellent performances of his assisting soloists. The soprano, Elizabeth Northrop, with a most pleasing appearance, has a voice of rare purity and sweetness. Her Shadow Song, by Meyerbeer, to the band accompaniment, was sung with fine artistic effect, while as an encore she gave Coming Thro' the Rye with more than ordinary sweetness.—*Boston Daily Globe, April 26.*

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the vocal soloist, has a soprano voice of much sweetness, and it was heard to excellent advantage in the Shadow Song, by Meyerbeer, and as an encore she sang Coming Thro' the Rye most sweetly.—*Boston Traveller, April 26.*

## MINNEAPOLIS.

Sousa never comes without soloists. But it is not as a rule that he brings so fine artists as he has done this time. Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop is a young soprano whose singing is almost puritan in its simple beauty. There is something so strangely clear about her voice, the sound sometimes resembles that produced by striking a bowl of crystal. At the same time it is soft and warm and gratifyingly well

handled. Arditi's Se Saran Rose has been rendered more vivaciously, no doubt, but seldom more melodiously.—*The Sunday Times, March 14.*

The voice of Miss Northrop proved equally captivating as before. She sang an aria by Meyerbeer in beautiful style. It gave her a chance to show that the range of her voice is much out of the common. The extent of her register upward is so much more surprising and gratifying, considering the value of her lower notes.—*Minneapolis Times, March 15.*

## ST. PAUL.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano soloist of the organization, was well received and sang for her first number Bomberg's Nymphs and Sylvain. The selection is brilliant and difficult, but the singer, who has a pure voice and excellent method, met all its exactions with ease. She responded with a ballad that also met much favor.—*The St. Paul Globe, March 12.*

In his soprano, Elizabeth Northrop, Sousa has a voice and personality that commands success. She sings with a beautifully finished style, and her voice is simply refreshing.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press, March 12.*

## NEW YORK CITY

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano, is a strong addition to Sousa's company, and her number, Meyerbeer's Shadow Song, was applauded to the echo. She has a sweet, clear voice, of a pleasing strength, over which she has exquisite control. For an encore she gave the old favorite, Coming Thro' the Rye, and at its close bowed acknowledgment to a beautiful floral testimonial of appreciation.—*The New York Daily Mercury, April 5.*

Mrs. Northrop, looking a pretty and refreshing specimen of fin de siècle young womanhood, sang with great purity, delicate style and finish. Personality goes a long way, as is evidenced in the case of Mrs. Northrop, who is nevertheless a graceful and sympathetic singer.—*MUSICAL COURIER, December 27.*

## SIOUX CITY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano soloist assisting in the concert, possesses a sweet and clear voice, her high notes, though light, never becoming harsh. Her selection was one of Arditi's waltz songs called Se Saran Rose. It was rendered with reed and light brass accompaniment. Coming Thro' the Rye proved a very enjoyable number.—*Journal, February 7.*

## KANSAS CITY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, who has a sweet and exquisitely trained voice, though not of great power, sang a happy soprano solo by Arditi.—*Times, February 10.*

## LOS ANGELES.

Hazard's Pavilion is at best not a particularly inviting prospect for a vocalist, but Elizabeth Northrop is a plucky as well as a charming soprano. Elsa's Dream, from Lohengrin, was her selection, and it admirably illustrated the excellence of her method and the quality of her voice. If a Body Meet a Body was given as an encore with a quaint and pretty expression.—*Herald, February 27.*

## JACKSONVILLE.

Mrs. Northrop, the soprano soloist, sang Se Saran Rose, by Arditi, and as an encore she gave Sweet Miss Industry, by Sousa. She was most pleasing in her personality, and her voice gave pleasure and roused much enthusiasm.—*Daily Florida Citizen, January 11.*

## PORTLAND, ORE.

Miss Northrop, the soprano, is new to Portland audiences, though no stranger to Portland people in a social way. She has clear, sweet tones to her voice that made her at once a favorite and brought her an encore.—*Oregonian, March 3.*

## ATLANTA, GA.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano, made a wonderful impression on the audience and no singer ever more richly merited the warm reception given her.—*Constitution, January 12.*

## RIVERSIDE.

Mr. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano, has a handsome stage presence and a pleasing voice. There is a brilliancy to her execution of difficult passages that is quite enchanting.—*Daily Enterprise, February 20.*

## DENVER, COL.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the soprano singer, is by all odds the best vocalist that Sousa has had with him since Marie Decca. Her voice is signally pure and true, and modestly sympathetic. She sang one of Arditi's ever charming waltz songs.—*Times, February 13.*

Sousa is accompanied by Elizabeth Northrop, soprano. The soprano is a singer of unquestioned superiority, with a pure, flexible voice and fine method.—*The Daily News, February 13.*

## BUTTE, MON.

The prima donna Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop combines a voice of uncommon beauty and purity with an appearance that is captivating, and with an intelligence that betrays the genuine artist. Her

rendition of her more difficult selections was perfect, and for encores she responded with simple and well-known selections.—*The Miner, March 8.*

## SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the possessor of a very pure soprano voice, with which she sang a selection from Arditi in a particularly pleasing way.—*Evening Post, February 26.*

## INDIANAPOLIS.

Mrs. Northrop's voice is characterized more by a delicate quality than by mere strength. Yet her intonation was good, and her Arditi selection was indicative of artistic schooling and good command. On her recall Miss Northrop sang Miss Industry, a composition of Mr. Sousa.—*Journal, January 31.*

## LOUISVILLE.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, the new addition to Sousa's forces, has a light voice of sweetness and considerable power. With such a song as Arditi's Se Saran Rose she was so successful in winning the instant approval of her hearers that they would not let her off with one selection, and she was forced to add a ballad, which, while it required no great effort of voicing, was one of the most delightful bits of the evening.—*Commercial, January 25.*

## MEMPHIS, TENN.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop has a soprano voice that is sweet and sympathetic and shows the result of careful training.—*The Commercial Appeal, January 21.*

## PHILADELPHIA.

Mrs. Northrop's air from Lucia in the afternoon and Arditi's waltz song, Se Saran Rose, in the evening were finely sung and won deserved encores.—*Press, January 1, 1897.*

## NEW ORLEANS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop, soprano, sang very sweetly, exhibiting much cultivation and control of voice, Arditi's Se Saran Rose, and being very earnestly encored sang a pretty little dainty ballad which originally appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine* some years back.—*The Times, January 15, 1897.*

## OMAHA.

Mr. Sousa in selecting his soloists showed the rare judgment he is credited with possessing. Mrs. Elizabeth Northrop possesses a clear, sweet voice and has perfect command of her tones. The beauty of her singing is the ease with which she takes her high notes. Her stage presence is pleasing and she is in every respect a very charming lady.—*The World-Herald, February 8.*

## Jeanne Franko's Success at a Bernstein Concert.

At a concert given by Mr. Eugene A. Bernstein, on Thursday evening, April 29, in Terrace Garden, Miss Franko played in a Sternberg trio with Mr. Bernstein and Mr. Modest Altschuler, and scored the hit of the evening in her solo number, a Rhapsodie Hongroise of Hauser. The other soloists were Mme. Cornelia Meysenheym, soprano; Victor Clodio, tenor, and Mr. Modest Altschuler 'cellist.

**Rosa Linde.**—Mme. Rosa Linde sang a most successful return engagement at the Lynchburg Lyceum, Lynchburg, Va., on April 29. Madame Linde has been engaged to sing at the Nashville Exposition in the latter part of May. The following are among recent flattering press notices of Madame Linde's work:

Madame Linde has undoubtedly a splendid voice, and her program numbers, together with the numerous encores the audience compelled her to respond to, showed her voice to full advantage. Her first number was the most difficult of the three arias from Samson and Delilah, and was rendered as only an artist of ability can render such a song. Besides the Amour Viens Aider, of Saint-Saëns, her program numbers were Ave Maria, from Cavalleria Rusticana, and Spanish Love Song by Chaminade. Among her encores were Godard's Florian song and Reinecke's Fruelings Blumen.

While Madame Linde is known as a contralto her voice has a range as high as many sopranos, and the highest tones are equally as musical and powerful as the low chest tones. In Luckstone's Remembrance the middle tones were used throughout the first part of the verse until she came to the serenade refrain, when her voice dropped just an octave lower, rising again to the high B flat at the last.—*Nashville Banner.*

Mme. Rosa Linde's voice is a mezzo soprano of good range and quality and great volume. She sings with intelligence, and made a very favorable impression. Her numbers were O Don Fatale, from Verdi's Don Carlos, and Reinecke's Fruelings Blumen, a beautiful song, which was exceptionally well rendered. She sang as an encore to this Parlate d'Amour, from Faust.—*Baltimore American.*

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## Music in Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, May 7, 1907.

EVERY community has its choral society, and I suppose it is a pardonable pride that claims for its city pre-eminence in this respect. It is this feeling that keeps up the enthusiasm of its membership, and an appreciative public responds with an encouraging attendance at each performance, and it would be a source of infinite regret should the enthusiasm and interest that have so generally characterized the present organization of our Oratorio Society be on the wane.

I indulge in these misgivings because of the comparative weakness of the male portion of the chorus at the concert April 29. This weakness was not so noticeable in Christophorus as in the more exacting Mount of Olives. The choral work of Christophorus was very satisfactory, but this cannot be said of the Mount of Olives, and this due solely and entirely to the weakness of the male chorus. Soprano and alto possessed sufficient strength, but both tenor and bass lacked corresponding volume, and the even balance that marked the St. Paul (the best choral work the society has ever done) performance was missing. Even with the reduced number of voices there was no weakness evident in precision of attack or care in shading, but it was the lack or volume and the evenly balanced tone that detracted from what would have otherwise been a much more satisfactory reading.

Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood sang the short alto part in Christophorus with telling effect. Miss Marguerite Lemon in both of the works did commendable work, and created a very favorable impression. The burden of the solo work in Christophorus devolved upon Dr. B. Merrill Hopkinson. Dr. Hopkinson in everything he essays always gives evidence of musical intelligence, and his singing shows the result of careful and conscientious study, as well as an intelligent comprehension of the work he is to sing. On this occasion he thoroughly sustained this reputation.

Mr. Evan Williams, who has become a prime favorite with Baltimore audiences, fully maintained the reputation he has established as the most satisfactory oratorio singer the society has ever brought here. Mr. Williams has decided individuality, and I know of no tenor with a brighter future in the field of oratorio. On this occasion Mr. Williams' best work was the aria All My Soul Within Me Shudders, in the Mount of Olives. Mr. Fache's directing showed the result of careful rehearsing, and what material he had under him that evening did creditable work, for I desire in no way to reflect upon the efficiency of those participating.

The Beethoven Chorus gave its closing concert of the season in Lehmann's Hall Monday, 19th ult. Mr. Lucien Odend'hal, the director, has succeeded in making this a very finished body of singers, and tickets to these concerts are eagerly sought for. Mr. S. Archer Gibson announces a series of organ recitals at the First Presbyterian Church. The first was held April 27, at which the principal work performed was the fifth grand organ symphony of C. M. Widor. Mr. Gibson is the successor to the late Edward Aler, and gives every promise of taking front rank among the organists of the city.

The organ recital of the pupils of Mr. Robert L. Haslup, May 3, was well attended, and the performances throughout reflected credit upon the painstaking instructor and scholarly organist.

Mr. Clifton Davis' pupils gave an interesting exhibition April 30 of the benefits derived from Mr. Davis' experience as a vocal instructor. The recent pupils' concerts all give evidence of Baltimore possessing quite a corps of practical and efficient vocal instructors. At Mr. Davis' evening with his pupils the event was made additionally interesting by the presence of Mr. Evan Williams, who closed the program with two delightfully sung songs. Mr. Williams is known to this community as an oratorio singer, but he is none the less interesting as a ballad singer.

The third Peabody Alumni concert on April 28 was devoted entirely to original compositions by members of the alumni association. Those figuring on the program were Laura F. Volkmar, Minna D. Hill, Eliza M. Woods, Elizabeth E. Starr and Harry P. Hopkins. The composition of Mr. Hopkins, a quintet for piano, flute, violin, viola

and violoncello, was composed especially for Mr. Fred. H. Gottlieb, and as a favor to the composer he played the flute solo on this occasion. Mr. Hopkins has recently been elected organist of the Har Sinai Temple.

At the anniversary services of the Seventh Baptist Church, on Sunday, April 25, the anniversary anthem written for the occasion was the composition of Mr. Charles E. Anderson. Mr. Anderson has been a prominent figure and factor in the insurance district for some years, and his latent qualities as a composer have just become known to his many friends and comes as an agreeable surprise.

The recital of the pupils of Miss Cealia and Marie Gaul, some evenings since, was made interesting to the friends of the pupils as evidencing the proficiency developed under these ladies' tuition.

Summer opera has been progressing with success at Ford's Opera House and Academy of Music, while the enterprising Edward Strakosch has transformed and made attractive the Music Hall, with the Russian Orchestra as the main attraction, and this enterprise is meeting with deserved success.

The third concert of the Germania Männerchor took place last night, with Mendelssohn's Walpurgisnacht as the attraction. The work was very satisfactory. The choruses were all sung with precision and vigor, and the finale with a fervency that was quite effective. Mr. W. E. Heimendahl, the director, had his forces well in hand, and in the way of attack accomplished something with his orchestra. Mr. Heimendahl is unquestionably our most capable orchestral director, and if he had been installed as such at the Peabody would have made something of the available material that that institution could always command.

XX.

## Anna Miller Wood.

ANNA MILLER WOOD, who leaves for her home in San Francisco some time in June, will appear in two concerts en route—one at Los Angeles and one in Santa Barbara. The summer in San Francisco will be devoted to teaching, and a series of recitals will be given in that city. Miss Wood will return to Boston in time for next season's work and also to resume her position in the choir of the First Church, for which she has been re-engaged.

Miss Olivia Edmunds, a San Francisco girl who has been studying the past year with Mr. Arthur Foote, will go with Miss Wood, and has arranged to remain permanently in her native city, where she will receive pupils. Miss Edmunds has played Miss Wood's accompaniments here both in public and private, and will play at the recitals this summer.

The programs for these recitals will be of great interest to the musical people of San Francisco, as Miss Wood makes a special point of new songs, and she is taking home a great quantity of music entirely new to the Pacific Coast. There will be several novelties in her programs that will excite the attention of all who will hear this talented young artist.

Already a number of students have arranged for lessons with Miss Wood, while a number of singers from out of town have arranged to spend the summer in San Francisco in order to study with her. In order to meet the requirements of these pupils from other cities, Miss Wood will make boarding arrangements for such as desire it, who wish to be with her through the summer.

Miss Wood studied with Mme. Julie Rosewald for five years before leaving San Francisco, and for four years was Madame Rosewald's assistant. Since that time she has studied with Henschel, Shakespeare, Frank Herbert Tubbs, of New York, and Clarence Hay, of Boston.

Miss Wood has made rapid strides in her profession during the past year and this will give her friends additional pleasure to welcome her back to her home. She is always the artist and is musical to her finger tips. She has made a large circle of friends in this city and vicinity, who are greatly interested in her future career, and it is expected that she will make a name for herself that will repay for all the hard work of the past years. Already she occupies an exceptional position, her time is crowded with engagements and pupils, while new friends are gained at every new place where she sings. Her voice is gaining daily in

deep, rich contralto qualities, qualities that, added to her youth and personal charm of appearance and manner, always appeal at once to the sympathy of her audience.

Engagements for next season are already being talked about and re-engagements have also been arranged in many of the cities and towns where Miss Wood has appeared during the past season.

## We Know.

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**Elvira Toni.**—Miss Elvira Toni, a pupil of Vittorio Carpi, now giving lessons in Milan, and who sang at La Scala, has been engaged to sing in Rome at the Theatre Costanzi in Wagner's Götterdämmerung.

**Breitkopf & Härtel.**—The second part of the concert handbook published by the eminent firm of Breitkopf & Härtel, Leipzig, is just issued. It contains in its 147 pages a large list of selected vocal works with orchestra by German and foreign composers. This concert handbook, the first part of which is devoted to orchestral works, will be indispensable to conductors of large or small orchestras and singing societies.

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## "LESCHETITZKY AND LESCHETITZKYISM."

FOR the last few years a more or less heated, not so say acrimonious, discussion has been carried on in THE MUSICAL COURIER and other publications of less import concerning Mr. Leschetitzky, his work, his method, personality, &c. A great deal of adverse opinion has been brought to the surface, only to be met by equally strong testimony in his favor. When Paderewski himself clinched the matter by pronouncing him a great master and teacher it was but reasonable to suppose that all further debate was shut off, but somehow or other even his verdict was not accepted as final, and a spirit of unrest and irritability still exists on this side of the Atlantic which crops out occasionally.

Mr. Leschetitzky's fame as a pianist, composer and teacher was firmly established as long ago as 1875, when Theodore Kullak strongly urged me to put myself under his guidance at St. Petersburg, preferring him at that time to most living piano teachers. It has evidently been the fortune of the Vienna master to make as distinct an impression upon his followers as Kullak did when turning out such men as Scharwenka, Moszkowski, Nicodé and Sternberg. On the other hand, Paderewski, Essipoff, Bloomfield Zeisler and Slivinski are a monument to Leschetitzky's pre-eminent ability, and it would be as idle to question or deny the evident genius of the preceptor as to claim that such attainments were merely a happy chance, where native ability would perhaps have worked out its own salvation anyway.

The discussion of the Vienna teacher naturally includes the topic of the advisability of going to Europe at all for musical instruction. It would lead too far to treat all phases of this question. In a general way it is not a bad idea to go to Europe, but to go there for music study pure and simple is by no means necessary so far as piano playing goes. Get the testimony of those who have been there and compare the work of those who return with what they had accomplished before they left, and the question is answered. Mr. Sebastian Schlesinger pointed out very conclusively in his letter to THE MUSICAL COURIER that it is far from safe and advisable to send a young girl to Europe alone, and of course it is not always convenient to go "en famille."

To say more on this subject is unnecessary after the strictures on foreign teachers and their libidinous appetites by the inimitable Paris correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER. I am not quite prepared to affirm that the same artificial hothouse atmosphere of eroticism prevails on the Danube River which undoubtedly exists along the Seine, but, on the whole, Continental life, manners and customs are pretty much alike. I had occasion to observe at Weimar in 1876 the extent to which unreasonable hero worship can go, but here was at least a great man to charm, mesmerize and unbalance the average mortal. We had but lately another striking case of that sort of unreasoning imbecility in the Paderewski adulation, which in its frenzy far exceeded anything which audiences could possibly furnish in the way of legitimate appreciation. There is no use trying to stem the tide or find a reason therefor. It is simply thus, and will find its recurrence within certain cycles.

The great point remains whether people can get more for their money in Europe than in America. By "more" I mean better instruction. Are Barth, Raif, Leschetitzky and others in possession of some secret information which we have not? If so, do they impart it to their pupils, and do these play better after having been let into the precious secret? Is that knowledge of a character to enable its possessor to do superior work on her return to America, or does it resemble the watch, which only runs while you are at the watchmaker's shop, but stops as soon as you leave it? And what is the experience of the leading American teachers on that point? Ask them if their pupils on returning from Europe played as well as they did before leaving, and you will be apt to approximate the true state of affairs. Read in THE MUSICAL COURIER Mr. Floersheim's complaints of the immature playing of the professional pupils of Klindworth, Jedliczka and Busoni in Berlin. Hear Mr. Virgil's opinion, based on personal observation, and find further confirmation in Otto Lessman's fearless criticisms. Hear the pitiable experience of those

who had some fossilized, hidebound, pedagogue tell them that they had to unlearn everything and commence anew (the usual transparent bunco game). Read the letters of a Leipsic student in *Music*, and compare the autodidactic attitude of the average foreign instructor with the prevailing disposition which American teachers evince for a thorough discussion of all points which enter into piano playing and music study.

Surely the standard is not higher over there than here, for this is a great country to size up foreign celebrities correctly and reduce them to their proper sphere, but only when they are over here and, so to speak, "off their regular beat." Klindworth's pitiable fiasco is still in evidence. The trouble with these transatlantic people is that America discovered them just as we discovered Columbus in 1492. They are not to be blamed for holding the bag wide open to receive the American dollars so plentifully showered upon them. The Berliners and Viennese do not patronize them to the same extent, and when they receive their applications it is usually on bargain day, and they are apt to exact from their better posted countrymen only as many marks as the American pays in dollars, and not satisfied with that some must even chase the American golden eagle to his native lair and come over here during vacation time to pick up a few that have escaped.

Of course mere allegations do not prove anything. We might proclaim from the very house-tops that better work is done every day by the first-class teachers of our country; that better music is sold at our music stores, and more of it; that more pupils play well, and that they rise to advancement quicker by dint of more practical methods, which are better suited to the quicker and brighter American intellects. We make better pianos, organs and harps; our banjos, mandolins and guitars lead in European markets. I am almost willing to say that more musical trash is imported than we write here or can readily use. Our concert programs are more choice and varied; musical life even in smaller communities is throbbing with genuine interest; able amateur clubs foster a genuine love for the best in music everywhere; generous patrons of art unselfishly pay for the maintenance of expensive orchestras, and yet this hegira continues.

Some Americans appeal too strongly to patriotism to strengthen their case. There was a time years ago when the foreign musician really enjoyed a position of vantage, but since then affairs have changed very much and those artists who went straight ahead and did their work well have had no reason to complain and no grievance to nurse. I name only Chadwick, MacDowell, Foote, Buck, Mason, Nevin, Mrs. Beach and Paine. The world presents a free-to-all race to everybody, but the most skillful jockey cannot pull the inferior animal across the line to victory. Where the native American has been placed in active competition with foreigners he has either come out ahead or at least enjoyed equal consideration, provided his attainments called for the same recognition. An additional step in the right direction has lately been taken up by the *Century* in its article on MacDowell, and *Godey's* and *Munsey's* magazines, both of which have a regular musical column, though not always as discriminating in its estimate of relative values as might be expected. Musical criticism on our big dailies is almost entirely in the hands of Americans—and well taken care of at that. Hale, Elson and Apthorp, of Boston; Pinck, Stevenson and Henderson, of New York; Glover, Nixon, Mathews and Armstrong, of Chicago, are bright examples of native ability, and their work presents a refreshing contrast to the overbearing and conventional attitude of the European press, which seems to be in a pretty sad state according to late disclosures, in which Tappert and other musical critics of Berlin are involved, not to mention the unsavory Ehrlich-Rosenthal episode which is yet in our memory.

Of course there is a large constituency who start in right from the first to simply make music a business. Study represents not so much the satisfying of an irresistible musical impulse or desire to excel as simply a means to accomplish the commercial end. This sort of people unblushingly ask for a testimonial after a few lessons. They value not so much what they know, but what someone else says they know. They furnish a large number of the European contingent; always banking on imaginary values, they expect the transatlantic halo to fit them in this coun-

try. It is one of the singular features of this whole anomalous condition of things that the average American becomes easily denationalized while enjoying a brief stay in Europe; whereas the educated foreigner becomes intensely American as soon as he has familiarized himself fairly with the totally changed conditions. I have in my mind now an amusing idiot professing to teach music in a town not 1,000 miles from Chicago who since his return from abroad affects a kind of pigeon English and the mincing gait and manners of a fifth-rate dancing master.

The claim is often made that all good players come from Europe. This is easily disproved. When it is remembered that of the many thousands who study at the schools at Leipsic, Vienna, Berlin, Paris, London and a score of other cities (let alone the private teachers), and are turned loose every year as graduates, and hardly any are ever heard of again, it is easily seen that only an infinitely small number rise above mediocrity, out of all proportion to the vast multitude of students. Foreign study almost always hurts our students in many ways; they lose a correct standard of art. If they remain too long they forget what they were taught here, and they affect a superciliousness and air of superiority on their return which is not supported by their attainments.

These remarks are not intended to deal with those who start in on a sham battle with art "a priori," but to investigate the experiences of the genuine and sincere student who goes to Europe looking and hoping for better things than this country affords.

A great deal is said about the marvelous benefits which accrue to the student from the musical atmosphere which fairly envelops everybody and everything European, but which, alas! we are totally and painfully lacking in here. It resembles *Falstaff's* honor, which he said he could neither smell, nor hear, nor see. I have always been very skeptical on that score and consider the atmosphere as enjoyed by most students a distinct bar and hindrance to serious or systematic effort. The interested student can find plenty of artistic impulse in any of our larger cities without any difficulty in the endless number of concerts and recitals, which embrace every period and style of music.

We thus are confronted again with the problem why so many tracks lead into the lion's cave, when so few return. Surely Europe no more furnishes the criterion for America. Singers, violinists and pianists have to make their reputations anew when arriving here. It has gone further, and the East is no more looked up to as an oracle by the West. Our swaddling clothes period is over. It is a difficult matter to receive authoritative information from those who have returned. If their work has been fairly satisfactory they willingly concede that it might have been equally so nearer home, and it would be obviously absurd and unfair to accept the testimony of those who return heartsore and disappointed. But try to force an intelligent discussion, bring them back to the point of inquiry, do not let them branch off into a diffuse, hysterical, wholesale praise of matters transatlantic, pin them down to the crucial question every time. They try to evade it and the result is usually a dismal failure on the part of the investigator, or a frank confession on the student's part that, while she has gained materially in other things, she has not done so well in the specialty under discussion—her music. It seems as if a systematic effort is made abroad to discourage, browbeat and bully pupils, and to reduce them to a sense of their own utter unworthiness. It may readily be perceived what a herculean task the building up process is likely to entail on somebody. What a pity that so many should court disaster by traveling 4,000 miles to employ fakes and imposters, when they might do just as badly so much nearer home!

Of course skillful advertising does much, but yet it is singular that this steady "pianists'" exodus goes to only two or three European teachers. There are able instructors elsewhere. Somebody or other must excel in London. I have the highest opinion of the French school of pianism. Italy boasts of several pre-eminent masters. It can hardly be supposed that a score of other cities do not afford fine talent. All this is ignored, and the whole herd jumps the same way. The mighty current sets toward their doors, and that is seemingly all there is to it. When the American student becomes affected with the European microbe the

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sooner the disease is permitted to run its vicious course unchecked the better.

There is no disposition to deny actual merit, but where excessive claims for excellence are made and pressed with persistence it is worth while to investigate. In a general way, I am willing to concede that the gentleman who furnishes the basis for this discussion is probably fully as good a piano master as anyone else could be, but be it distinctly understood that I do not apportion to him anything that would credit him with any exclusive knowledge or excellence. He is well along in years, has enjoyed vast experience and does good work, but so do many others. Even if he only stimulates students to harder work than they could be influenced to do by others, he must possess exceptional force. But Mr. Leschetitzky is only an incident. The real issue is what may be termed Leschetitzkyism, which is something entirely apart from him. Years ago it did not exist. He was one of many acknowledged authorities, and presumably had the experience of every first-class teacher. The many remained mediocre and the very few excelled, and once in a while someone, who combined all the necessary qualities, talent, physique, diligence, personality, temperament, endurance, &c., became famous. Only during the last decade there has sprung up around him a system, a method, a something which pertains not so much to the piano playing art as to muscular development, requiring much chicanery and the overcoming of wilfully invented imaginary difficulties.

It is now indispensable to employ preparatory teachers, who put students through a course of sprouts, which in a majority of cases totally unfits them for further effort. It is this unnecessary nonsense which is the basis of the system. The privilege of an intimate musical association with Leschetitzky himself would be most valuable and his counsel well worth having, but here again I do not agree that he could be of any more service than a score of other men, and it would be only too easy to name masters, whose advice would be much more comprehensive and far reaching. I have made this whole matter a subject of especial and diligent inquiry for some time, but in no case have I been able to ascertain from his students any special points which furnished the keynote to his work. I have at last been forced to the conclusion that there are none. I also strongly suspect that Leschetitzky does not teach the Leschetitzky method as taught by a lot of long-haired men and short-haired women, but teaches simply on the same principles as all other first-class teachers; but it cannot be supposed that he is in ignorance of what is going on around him; hence he is lending his name to a system of charlatanism, and this is the real issue, in the discussion of which he is, after all, only an incident.

A few weeks ago the Vienna correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER gave what purported to be a truthful account of a recital at the house of the maestro. To use her own words:

"Leschetitzky made a speech, in which he referred to the attacks lately made upon him, but spoke particularly of Liebling's article, which had been brought to his notice. He said in substance that he had never asked the Americans to come to him. There were many of them here he really did not want. He would advise all to go and study with Mr. Liebling. He called upon any American present to present any letter in his possession wherein he had invited any one of them to come to him as a student. He thought there were many of them to whom he really could not give his time. He thought seriously of weeding them all out and sending them back to America—to Mr. Liebling. Referring to a statement that he had refused to accept a talented young man who was regarded as a second Liszt, he said he bowed to Liszt and if he only knew of any one that played like him he should be very happy to make his acquaintance and to teach him, if that were necessary. He ended by characterizing Mr. Liebling's article as an insult and a shame and disgrace to the musical profession in America. In delivering this address to a room crowded with students, four-fifths of whom were Americans, Leschetitzky displayed much strong feeling and indignation at this attack of Mr. Liebling.

When I read this report I could hardly place the matter correctly. Surely I have not been attacking the old man who so successfully opened his mouth wide enough to accommodate both feet, and made so touching an exhibit of himself. To think of having his dear sensitiveness hurt by a bad bold man from Chicago—well, it was really too aggravating. Now, if he had only paid his respects to my friend Huneker, of genial "Raconteur" fame, I would have said, "Amén!" for truthful Jimmie has everlastingly smitten the old man fore and aft, but I failed to understand why I was thus honored. A sympathizing friend then

drew my attention to some playful utterances, which appeared over my signature last fall in *Music*, under the heading Fakes, and everything became plain. Some malicious person, banking on Leschetitzky's imperfect knowledge of our vernacular, had imposed upon his credulity and told him that he was included in the category, and, come to think of it, the shoe seemed to fit, but at that memorable meeting in Vienna he artfully dodged the issue, and defended himself against allegations that never were made.

No one ever claimed that he personally solicited the American trade, and as his senile tirade soon degenerated into mere drivel it needs no further comment; but the old man permitted his temper to get the better of his discretion, and made some very stupid admissions. He frankly told his listeners, four-fifths of whom were Americans, that there were many of them present whom he did not want, and for whom he had no time. This must have been a comforting assurance to those who were left in blissful uncertainty as to who was meant, and it speaks ill for their self-respect that they did not on the spot demand to know whom he wished to weed out. He was taking their good money all right enough, and the brutality of his remarks is as refreshing as the complacency with which they seem to have been received. It is rather obscure by what process of reasoning this man arrogates to himself any opinion as to the bearing of my articles on the American profession or American art. These are by no means always synonymous. As to his impudent offer to send pupils to me, I would certainly never return that compliment—in the interest of the pupil.

For him to make this kick is natural, and prompted solely by the instinct of self-preservation, for it is the American goose which lays the golden eggs for the teacher abroad; but this reporter, press agent and confidant rushes into the fray with more zeal than discretion, and should pause before using THE MUSICAL COURIER'S columns to boom an unworthy scheme and schemer. She should have had the good taste not to permit herself to become the mouthpiece of a superannuated dotard, who feels at liberty to insult at long range an artist who has done his share in developing American art in America. It must be a new experience to Mr. L., who lives in an artificial atmosphere of adulation, to be sized up correctly, and I sympathize with his painfully evident discomfiture. Art and Leschetitzky do not necessarily go together. One can discuss one without in the least approaching the other. The article on Fakes was very timely, and from all accounts struck home deeply, just where it was intended to touch sore spots, but it remained for Vienna to kick the hardest. This is not so much a question of method, but of questionable methods. There are different kinds of fakes. Some are born so and cannot help it; some become so and might help it, and fakedom is thrust upon others. Our ancient friend belongs to the last category.

But Mrs. Frizzle is not even a consistent apologist, for I have before me an article entitled Leschetitzky as a Teacher. Reminiscences of a pupil, and signed by herself, which appeared in the *Looker On*. This article is probably meant to be complimentary, but furnishes some rich reading. We are first favored with the remarkable information that there are at present two Leschetitzkys living (as if one was not enough); one, a piano savant, with whom a lesson is an exquisite torture; the other a kind, hospitable and charming entertainer; a sort of a musical Jekyll and Hyde arrangement. The one, according to this authority, storms and rages, scolds and shouts, throws his pupils out of the room, and hastens their exit by throwing their books after them. In fact there seems to be no limit to his possibilities in that direction, but the other is entirely different, and serves Vienna schnitzels and goulash with courtly grace at his beautiful home. In speaking of him in his gentler mood, Mrs. F. mentions him as having been "once" the husband of the renowned Esipoff. This "once" is somewhat enticing, ambiguous and open to conjecture. If once, why not now? It conjures up a vista of an endless procession of successors to the Madame, all of whom may be doomed to the sad fate of being relegated into the past tense as far as their marital relations were concerned. However, let that pass.

We are not informed as to whether pupils are given the choice as to which Leschetitzky's services they desire to avail themselves of, or perhaps it is a double-barreled arrangement, under which the free lunch at the villa is

offered as a peace offering after the exciting experiences of the lesson, of which Mrs. Frizzle does not draw a very alluring picture. It is also obvious that infirmities of temper, never pleasant to contemplate or witness, and particularly sad when allied to old age, are peculiarly out of place in a music lesson, in which the teacher is not supposed to gratify his own peculiarities, but to give value for money received; but we usually get what we deserve and are willing to take, and if his pupils like it, why should the heathen rage? It is the same with the contemptuous attitude of the foreign artist who takes our money and abuses us for it. And there are enough Americans, toadies and lickspittles, who hang around them and help keep up the delusion, instead of asserting their nationality.

But to return to our muttons, we are then told that Mr. L. is kind when not on duty, but that the crudities and blunders of his pupils do vex his righteous soul. In short, he does not bite unless teased by a poor performance. Mrs. F. likewise extols his humorous vein, which is likely to prevent him from becoming morose or rabid (her own words)!

It is probably somewhat difficult for most pupils to rise to the occasion, and fully appreciate the delicate and humorous compliment paid them by kicking them unceremoniously out of a music lesson. To our commonplace way of looking at the thing, it seems that a pupil who does not make mistakes would not need any teacher, not even Leschetitzky, and that if we take the student's money we are supposed to take the risk of having our delicate perceptions and nerves somewhat ruffled.

We are then treated to another pean on the rare excellence of his fingering and the use of the pedal, but there is nothing in her remarks that differs from a thousand and one articles on these points in our musical educational journals. Considerable space is given to the artist vorberetters, or preparatory teachers, who seem to furnish a purgatory before entering the last resting place, and who evidently out-Herod Herod in their methods.

And then the following incautious admission is made, which I give verbatim:

Leschetitzky once said to me: "I have no method, nothing which can be wound up and ground out like a hand organ, if that is what you understand by method; something which can be applied to all sorts and conditions of men. Anybody who professes to do this is a humbug, and there is no humbug about me. No; my 'method,' if such you call it, is to study the needs and peculiarities of each particular hand and individuality, to supply the needs of each and develop their natural resources."

If this is truly quoted, Mr. Leschetitzky has most nobly cleared himself of all aspersions, and works on the only true, broad and correct basis; but as his attitude is fatal to his followers, who claim the very opposite, the question is, what will become of them? In his own interest the above statement should be given the widest publicity, for, as I have taken particular pains to state, he is an artist who can be of great service (provided he can be induced to wear a strait-jacket and muzzle during the lesson), but no more so than any other first-class teacher of experience, who can practically illustrate and demonstrate at the piano what he wishes the pupil to do. His own words are a revelation and he disowns the artificial fake system which has been built up by imposters.

As to Mrs. Frissell, she is presumably studying piano in Vienna. We will await her first public appearance in concert with keenest interest, and if her performance shows distinctive points of excellence which differ from American methods we will gladly make the amende honorable, and place ourselves with one of the vorberetters.

Art in America is in safe hands; the country is making mighty strides in musical progress; every branch of musical life is pregnant with great possibilities. We want to be a little more conservative in extending our hospitality so indiscriminately to foreign artists, and art will flourish in the same ratio as people will dispense with the foreign element simply on account of the foreign tag.

Having been actively engaged in almost every branch of musical art for many years I can speak with authority. The first-class teachers of this country need only to continue their good work without looking to the right or left or without asking any favors and they will reap success and appreciation. And as to Mr. Leschetitzky, bless his soul! after his manly asseveration that he has no method, I would nominate him for a life membership in any of our manuscript societies on the strength of his beautiful composition, *The Two Skyrockets*.

EMIL LIEBLING.

CHICAGO, May, 1897.

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BOSTON, Mass., May 9, 1897.

ONE day last week I was reading Winwood Reade's *Martyrdom of Man*, and I came across the following sentence: "Yet there was a flaw in Wilberforce's brain or he could never have supposed that a man might be sent to hell for playing the piano."

You would infer from this that Mr. Reade was not in the habit of attending concerts throughout the season.

And yet in his dismal, most dismal book, which is an argument against immortality—listen to the final sentences: "But a season of mental anguish is at hand, and through this we must pass in order that our posterity may rise. The soul must be sacrificed, the hope in immortality must die. A sweet and charming illusion must be taken from the human race, as youth and beauty vanish never to return"—and yet in this dismal book, that inculcates the necessity of becoming attached warmly to the doctrine of annihilation, he talks of music as though he had summered and wintered with it and been through it with a dark lantern.

Mr. Reade says: "There is a science of music; but music is not a science, nor is it an imitative art; it is a language." He claims that words at first were sung, not spoken; sentences were rhythmical. "The human language of speech bears the same relation to the human language of song as the varied bark of the civilized dog to its sonorous howl. There seems little in common between the lady who sings at the piano and the dog who chimes in with jaws opened and nose upraised, yet each is making use of the primitive language of its race; the wild dog can only howl, the wild woman can only sing."

Thus are puzzles loosened. Here at last is an explanation of the effect produced by certain singers. Thus, as Berlioz once stated, are audiences thrilled by the *ki-yi!* of a high note, *le cri d'un petit chien*.

Listen again to Mr. Reade: "Savages resemble people in the opera. Their conversation is of a 'libretto' character." O Scribe and Smith and Farnie!

And as I read *The Martyrdom of Man* my thoughts naturally turned toward the musical season of 1896-7. I sent you last week a statistical review of the season, names, dates and figures. I did not include in this list concerts given as by stealth, in which the singers or players were shod with "sneakers" lest the critic might hear their approach. Nor did I include concerts that were covered by the cloak of charity. Nor did I include concerts that were social entertainments, like unto afternoon teas with music, where patronesses poured the cloying fluid of flattery; where mediocrity was buttered and incompetency described as "undeveloped temperament."

The season as a whole was uneventful, yes dull. Singers and players who visited Boston to give concerts on their own account—I mean apart from concerts of orchestra, chamber club or choral society—made little or no money; they were lucky if they paid expenses. Was this due to the general business depression? Or is the day of the miscellaneous concert over?

And how about the Symphony concerts and Mr. Paur, who has just finished the fourth year of his engagement?

There is no need of my discussing the technic of the or-

chestra itself. I do not believe that there is now its equal in Europe. I do not believe that in any city is there such a band of virtuoso musicians. Perhaps Mr. Finck may differ with me. I understand he has expressed the opinion in print that better woodwind and brass are to be found in New York whenever Mr. Seidl leads. I do not mean to misrepresent him. I regret to say I seldom see his articles in the *Evening Post*; I am acquainted only with the monthly digest of his likes and dislikes published in the *Looker On*. From this I recognize the fact that he is a humorist, an unconscious humorist, and therefore the more humorous. And if he did make comparisons to the injury of the Boston orchestra I am perfectly willing to let him have his little joke.

When an orchestra has reached such technical proficiency, when so many of the players are accomplished musicians as well as masters of their instruments, the question of the success of a Symphony season must be largely the question of the fitness of the conductor.

You have heard the orchestra under Mr. Paur. We hear it twenty-four times a season. To expect a conductor to be invariably brilliant when he has so much to do—for there are the concerts at Cambridge and Providence, as well as those given on the excursions from Washington to New York—is perhaps unreasonable. The average of the performances should rather be considered.

Mr. Paur has many excellent qualities. I do not believe that he is a man of high imagination or even a poetic soul. And yet at times he staggers this belief by a most unexpected and genuine display of emotion as well as brilliancy. In such music as the *Romeo and Juliet* of Berlioz, the *Pathetic Symphony* of Tchaikowsky, the *Scheherazade* of Rimsky-Korsakoff, the orchestra under his direction did amazing things. It has been—it is the habit for some who do not like him as a conductor to say, "Anybody could lead this orchestra. It was trained by Gericke; it was vitalized by Nikisch. If there were no one with a stick the performances would be just as good." This last statement is nonsense. And as for the sentences that precede it, it is to be said that those pieces in which last season the orchestra appeared in dazzling splendor were rehearsed for the first time under Mr. Paur.

On the other hand, Mr. Paur sometimes—yes, often—shows a singularly unimaginative spirit in conducting familiar pieces, as symphonies by Haydn and Mozart. Here his touch is heavy, often clumsy. He seems to be without historical perspective. He tries to find music in them that was never dreamed of by the composers. His choice of tempo is at times apparently without reflection, without appreciation of the melos, without regard for the time when the pieces were written. He is apt to treat Haydn and Mozart as though they were moderns. He is not content with the simple lines and discreet coloring. He urges the strings to force a pretty little tune; he attempts to inject passion into that which is contemplative.

And in music of any age he shows himself to be a victim of the slow allegro habit. He is disposed to coquet with second themes. "Ah, let me hear it; it is too beautiful," as the cellist said in *Fliegende Blätter*. Thus an allegro movement in a symphony is a mosaic piece rather than a steadily flowing, irresistible stream of music. Do not misunderstand me. I remember the letter of Weber to Präger in Leipsic, in which he declared that the tempo should not be a mill hammer, tyrannically restraining or urging on, but it should be to the piece of music what the beating of the pulse is to the life of man. But elasticity in tempo is one thing; a deliberate checking of the musical current is another. Mr. Paur, however, is not alone in his slow allegro habit. Wagner's pamphlet on the Art of Conducting, misread, with an exaggerated compliance with suggestions contained therein; Bilow's pedagogic craze and love of mystification—these are at the foundation of the rubato style of conducting, so dear to certain German conductors, who stand between the composer and the audience, until the latter becomes accustomed to considering the conductor the more important man.

I hasten to acquit Mr. Paur of any desire for personal prominence. I have never seen him make the slightest

display of vanity, conceit, affectation of any kind. When he stands at the head of his orchestra he is absorbed in his business. He is engaged with the orchestra, not the audience.

Now this very modesty, while it endears him to the great majority, has raised up enemies against him. There are persons who believe it his duty to be prominent at teas, lunches, dinners, receptions and other forms of social entertainments or functions. The proposition is made in all seriousness that the conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra should have a parlor reputation. Unless the conductor is a recognized factor in social life, the orchestra will have no "social standing." To the visitor from Mars such a musical condition would smack of *opéra-bouffe* and he might naturally inquire into the sincerity of the cultivators of the art. If he were told that the purpose of the founder of these concerts was originally to give at a low price good music, performed by an excellent orchestra, to the music loving people of Boston; that this purpose had been of late years thwarted by the desire of many, who look on the concerts as so many opportunities for fashionable display, to raise the price of the tickets by ostentatious bidding at public auction; that the moment a conductor was engaged there was more talk concerning his personal habits and dress than his musical fitness for the position, the visitor from Mars would undoubtedly shrug his shoulders, and exclaim, "What queer people!" And yet if a conductor should play the social lion and roar, he would be often in parlous state. Pitfalls and gins would be prepared for him. His roar would be misinterpreted. Young composers would find him fair game and chase him under the chandelier. Before the season were over the hunters would long for a fresh lion—and talk of a new conductor.

As a program maker Mr. Paur seldom shows skill or judgment. I admit the difficulties of the task, but it seems to me that in this labor he is too often unsuccessful. You published last week a list of the "novelties" produced during the season. It is a singular commentary on musical life in Boston that Tchaikowsky's Fourth Symphony, Smetana's *Wallenstein's Lager*, Strauss' *Death and Transfiguration*, Bizet's *Jeux d'Enfants*, Chabrier's *Overture to Gwendoline*, Dvorák's Third Slavonic Rhapsody were not heard here until the season of 1896-7. It would be an easy task to write out a list of really new pieces that have attracted attention in Europe and should have been played here. Of the "novelties" produced, the *Scheherazade* suite, by Rimsky-Korsakoff, made the most durable impression. The symphony by Tchaikowsky, the overture by Chabrier, the suite by Bizet, the symphonic poem by Strauss were well worth the playing. I still remember with pleasure the symphony by Mrs. Beach and the *Burial of Ophelia*, by Bourgaunt-Ducoudray.

But why should we have been obliged to listen to the three stock overtures of Weber or the three stock symphonies of Mozart? Insatiate Paur, could not one suffice?

The season of the Handel and Haydn was uneventful. No new work was produced, and *The Messiah* was sung twice. In certain German cities Händel's *Deborah* and *Hercules*, edited for modern use by Chrysander, delighted critics and public, but in Boston Händel is known only as the composer of *The Messiah*, "the celebrated largo" *À la Hell mesberger*, *Sweet Bird* and the *Harmonious Blacksmith*. Mr. Ffrangcon-Davies' *Elijah* was a thoughtful and judiciously dramatic performance.

The Cecilia produced Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* for the first time in Boston. If the performance was in many ways unsatisfactory, chorus and soloists may well point to the music as a reasonable excuse for certain shortcomings.

The Cecilia gave its fourth and final concert May 6 in Music Hall. The program included Battishill's *Amidst the Myrtles*, Elgar's *Spanish Serenade*, Miss Lang's *Bonnie Ran the Burnie Down*, Brahms' *Drinking Glee*, Rheinberger's *Water Fay*, Tchaikowsky's *Legend*, a piece by Illiffe,

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and a Crucifixus by Lotti. The latter was sung as though it were any correct part song by an English Doctor of Music, and the performance was a painful exposure of Mr. Lang's limitations. The rhythm in Elgar's Serenade was a stumbling block to conductor and pianist (Mr. Phippen), and the intonation was false in Rheinberger's Water Fay. The beautiful song by Battishill and Tchaikowsky's plaintive Legend, with its suggestions of plain song, were very well sung.

Mr. Lang is not a good understudy for the Roman Father. If he were he would not have allowed his daughter's amorphous, colorless, rhythmless piece to go into rehearsal.

Miss Aus der Ohe played the Bach-Tausig Toccatina and Fugue in D minor, two songs without words by Mendelssohn, a waltz by Chopin, a Berceuse by Iljinsky, her own astounding Etude and a Rhapsodie by Liszt. The waltz was played with metallic accuracy. In the other pieces she displayed fully her many admirable qualities. But Miss Aus der Ohe, I intreat you, extend your repertory! For heaven's sake leave the exasperatingly familiar rut!

The operatic event of the season was the appearance of Calvé as *Marguerite*. Edouard de Reszké's *Wotan* was to me more impressive than the genteel, perfumed *Siegfried* of Jean de Reszké. Plançon's *Mephistopheles*, Salignac's *Don José* and Bispham's *Telramund* stand out in bold relief. I remember gladly the *Siebel* of Mantelli, the *Micaela* of Clementine de Vere, and I owe Marie Engel a debt of gratitude for the delightful simplicity with which she sang the Last Rose of Summer. It is only just to add that the performance of Aida by the Imperial Opera Company was one of the chief events of the entire season.

The miscellaneous concerts were not of a high average. The most important, those of genuine worth and peculiar brilliancy, were the piano recitals of Teresa Carreño, Adele Aus der Ohe, Mrs. Szumowska and the violin playing of Charles Gregorowitsch. Mr. Joseffy, alas, was heard only in ensemble.

Whatever you may say of the music, whether you like it or dislike it, the octet by Loeffler was the most conspicuous of the new works produced by the Kneisel Quartet.

I have been much amused by Lilli Lehmann's *Auf der Festbühne in Bayreuth, 1875-1876*, published lately by Raabe & Plöthow, of Berlin. The text appeared at first in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. 'Tis a wail over the lost glory of Bayreuth, which she first saw in 1874. Ah, yes, they were glorious days when Lilli and her mother first stopped at the Sonne. Listen to this aesthetic reminiscence: "At table d'hôte were the old, fat landlord and his wife and a Bavarian captain. A good soup, a piece of beef with horse-radish sauce, a farina pudding and a glass of beer cost only 60 pfennig, and were very good." Yes, it is far different now, Lilli. You were younger then, and your voice was fresher and your figure was slimmer and everything was better.

PHILIP HALE.

#### Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, May 10, 1907.

An audience that filled every seat in Steinert Hall on Monday evening testified to the interest taken in the recital of Miss Clara Munger's pupils. The program was greatly enjoyed and some remarkably fine voices were heard. Particularly noticeable were some promising contralto voices, whose depth and richness have seldom been equaled even by well-known professionals.

The Gypsies.....	Brahms
Come, Sweet Morning.....	Miss Converse, Miss Everett.
Thou Great, Mighty Sea.....	Old French
The Blackbird.....	Miss Nassau.
Ecstasy.....	Miss Haynes.
Coming Thro' the Rye.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Les Filles de Cadix.....	Mrs. Chase.
Pleurez mes Yeux.....	(Arranged by F. L. Root.)
	Mrs. Rice, Miss Richardson, Miss Towle, Mrs. Austin.
	Mrs. Lincoln.
	Massenet
	Miss Dennison.

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I Arise from Dreams of Thee.....	
Bolero.....	(MS., first time.)
	Mrs. Rice.
O Sleep.....	Händel
Spring Song.....	Mendelssohn
	Miss Richardson.
Aria, from La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc.....	Bernberg
	Miss Towle.
Sous le Dome Épais.....	Délibes
	Miss White, Miss Richardson.
Chanson Provençale.....	Dell Acqua
	Miss Perkins.
Chanson d'Amour.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Elle et Moi.....	Miss White.
Callor Herrin'.....	Mrs. Austin.
The Bluebell.....	Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
O Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast.....	Scotch
	(Arranged by F. L. Root.)
	Mrs. Rice, Miss Richardson, Miss Towle, Mrs. Austin.

Among the well-known people who were present were Dr. and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Cheney, Mrs. Frederick Ames, Mrs. Robert Hooper, Miss Anna Ames, Miss Eva Ames, Sir Dominick Colnaghi, Lady Colnaghi, Miss Colnaghi, Mr. Gedney Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Storrowk, Mr. and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Garrison, Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan Sargent, M. Olivieri, Signor Rotoli, Mr. S. B. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Adams, Mr. Wm. Whitney, Dr. Oliver, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Joshua Crane, Mr. Whelpley, Mrs. A. Sophia Markee, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Haskell, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Kuntz.

Miss Caroline Gardner Clarke, who has just returned from a concert tour in New York State, sang for the Brookline Educational Society on Friday evening a recital of Schubert songs. Miss Clarke will be the soloist at the last concert of the Troy Choral Club on the 10th, returning here in time for the musical at Mr. and Mrs. L. Murray Kay's on the 11th at their residence in Brookline. On the 18th, Miss Clarke will sing at a concert in Worcester. At the Kay musical Mr. Burdett will be the organist, as they have a fine pipe organ which will be used as an accompaniment for some of Miss Clarke's songs.

At a musical of Miss Mary L. Stowell's pupils recently several of her pupils who are themselves teachers had some of their pupils play and the occasion was an interesting one. One of Miss Stowell's very talented pupils, Miss Emma Warren, played a Beethoven sonata with Miss Alice Gleason, a pupil of Miss Lillian Shattuck. The performance was most enthusiastically spoken of by all present, and it was predicted that these young girls would be heard of in the future.

Three organ recitals are to be given at the Union Church in Worcester on Monday evenings, May 10, 17, and June 7. The members of the choir of this church will assist, Mrs. A. Sophia Markee at the first one, Miss Aagot Lunde at the second and the tenor and bass at the third.

The closing concert of the Melourgia, which took place Thursday evening at Steinert Hall, was a very successful affair, and firmly established the reputation of this mixed voice singing society. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and almost every number of the program was encored, especially the solo numbers. Mr. F. W. Wodell, as conductor, handled his singers with a master hand, and succeeded in getting the very best effects with seemingly little effort. The soloists included Miss Edith Castle, contralto; Miss Alice J. Gleason, violinist, and Miss Lucina Jewell, pianist. Miss Castle sang five songs, among them being selections by Tosti, MacDowell and Paderewski. She was repeatedly encored. Miss Gleason gave two solos, both being received with demonstrations of delight. She plays a magnificently toned instrument, which she handles with great skill and delicacy. Of the chorus singing only words of praise can be spoken. Every selection was beautifully sung and produced a fine impression. The second season of the Melourgia goes on record as a pronounced success.

In Union Hall, Brookline, this afternoon a concert of chamber music will be given by Miss Alice A. Cummings, pianist; Mr. Thomas C. Cummings, violinist; Mr. T. H. Cabot, violoncellist, assisted by Mr. Sullivan A. Sargent.

The Beneficent Society of the New England Conservatory of Music met Friday afternoon in Sleeper Hall. Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, the president, read an entertaining paper, and there was a short musical program, followed by

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a reception to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Faeltten. The musical program consisted of a piano and violin duet, played respectively by William D. Strong and Albert Wier; a song, the original composition of one of the talented young pupils, Arthur Shepherd, sung by Percy Hunt, and a selection from Rubinstein played by Miss Nellie Dean and the director, Mr. Carl Faeltten. The appearance of the latter was the signal for cordial applause, flattering in its spontaneity. The scene of the reception, the conservatory parlors, was very prettily decorated. Flowers of the choicest variety made fragrant the tea and chocolate tables, over which bevy of the most charming of the "home" girls presided. Mr. and Mrs. Faeltten were aided in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dana, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore and Louise Chandler Moulton.

During the reception Ezekiah Butterworth read an original poem dedicated to Mr. Faeltten, entitled *Beneficence in Art*. The poem was most warm in its praise of Mr. Faeltten, whom it addressed as a "Priest of Art." Among those present were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Emil Paur, Mr. and Mrs. Singleton, Mrs. A. Shuman, Mrs. George O. Carpenter, Miss Fannie E. Ellis, Mr. Edwin Klahre, Mrs. Washington G. Benedict, Mrs. Alonzo Boothby, Mrs. M. F. Bush, Dr. Eliza B. Cahill, Miss Myra B. Child, Mrs. Henry M. Dunham, Mrs. E. H. Nichols, Mrs. E. B. Phinney, Mrs. M. E. Poland, Mrs. George E. Whiting and Mrs. Mary Wiggin.

Walter S. Hawkins, of the Cadet theatricals, is soon to make his début on the professional stage.

Monday evening, May 12, the twelfth season of Promenade Concerts will begin at Music Hall, and the opening of this series of popular entertainments will mark the beginning of the summer musical season. Mr. C. A. Ellis, the manager, is in Europe, and, as usual, the real management of the concerts will be in the hands Mr. Frederick R. Comee. His success in past years in giving the public such enjoyable entertainment for the early summer evenings is evidence of his full understanding of what people like best at this time of the year. A peculiar feature of the promenades is the fact that they are enjoyed by hundreds of people who do not care for classical concerts and who could not perhaps be induced to attend even one Symphony concert. Such folk, however, enjoy to the fullest extent at the promenades the same selections by leading composers which frequently have a place on a Symphony program. Again, regular patrons of the Symphony and other high-class concerts appear to have genuine pleasure in listening to selections which they have heard during the winter season, and these people also show their appreciation of the lighter class of music which is provided at the popular concerts. It was during the season when John C. Mullaly was conductor that the bold experiment of giving what may be considered as "heavy" music, as it is understood by many people, was first tried. With some of the Wagner overtures and similar selections created among the patrons a strong liking for that class of music, and when such numbers were given there was left no doubt as to the wisdom of the experiment. Closer attention was then paid to music of the severe order than to that of a more frivolous character, and this respect and liking for the best compositions have been strengthened with each new season of promenades. In the class of light music probably the favorite selections are oftener found in selections from well-known popular operas than in other pieces. In the past seasons of these concerts there have been several conductors, among them being Ad. Neuen-dorff, Mr. Mullaly, Wilhelm Rietzel, E. Gruenberg, Franz Kneisel, A. de Novellis, T. Adamowski and Max Zeach. All these conductors have been members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with the exceptions of Mr. Neuen-dorff and Mr. de Novellis. This season there are to be fifty musicians, chosen from the Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Zach is to be the leader for the first four weeks of the season, and Mr. Leo Schultz, who sits at the first desk of the cello play-

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ers in the Symphony ranks, is to be the conductor during the remaining four weeks.

The program of the opening concert on May 10 is as follows:

Marche Hongroise, from The Damnation of Faust.....Berlioz  
Overture, Le Roi l'a Dit.....Délibes  
(First time.)  
Waltz, Snowballs.....Ziehrer  
(First time.)  
Selection, Wizard of the Nile.....Herbert  
(First time.)  
Ballet music, Feramors.....Rubinstein  
Dance of Bayadères.  
Candle Dance of the Brides of Kashmere.  
Prelude to Act III. of The Cricket on the Hearth.....Goldmark  
(First time at these concerts.)  
La Colombe.....Gounod  
Prelude to The Meistersingers of Nuremberg.....Wagner  
Entrée Triomphale des Boyards.....Halvorsen  
Overture, Pique Dame.....Suppé  
Waltz, Artists' Life.....Strauss  
March, Austria.....Zach

It will be seen that this includes four of what are called "first time" selections. A specialty will be made of these novelties all through the season. During the opening week several other numbers will be introduced for the first time in Boston.

Equally good programs have been arranged for all the nights of the first week. Among some of the overtures to be played in that time will be that to Oberon, Weber; Barber of Seville, Rossini; Merry Wives of Windsor, Nicolai; Martha, Flotow; Tannhäuser, Wagner; Fra Diavolo, Auber; Zampa, Herold; Mignon, A. Thomas, and Rienzi, Wagner. These alone constitute no small undertaking, and with them there will be many other fine selections during the first evenings of the series. Some of the other good things promised are selections from Lohengrin, Faust, Il Trovatore, Queen of Sheba, Valkyrie, Cavalleria Rusticana, Sylvia, Carmen, Hungarian Dances by Brahms, a polonaise by Liszt, the Peer Gynt suite of Grieg, Massenet's Le Dernier Sommeil de la Vierge, Slavonic Dances by Dvorák, Hymn to St. Cecilia, Gounod, and many other enjoyable numbers, including for lighter music selections from La Fille de Madame Angot; The Mandarin, De Koven's new opera; La Grande Duchesse, The Gypsy Baron, Poor Jonathan, El Capitan, Robin Hood, several Strauss and Waldteufel waltzes, marches and other popular music. All these varied selections have been given places in the programs of the first week, and a genuine treat is thus in store for music lovers.

Regular patrons of these concerts will be much interested in the first playing of this season of the famous Grubenlichter, the waltz by Zeller, which was the most popular number played all through last year. It will have its initial hearing this season on the first Saturday evening, and other numbers to be played that same evening include The Wizard of the Nile, Herbert; overture to Mignon, A. Thomas; Espana, waltz, Waldteufel; Robin Hood, De Koven; ballet music from Sylvia, Délibes; Hymn to St. Cecilia, Gounod, with violin solo part; Graceful Dance, Sullivan; overture, Rienzi, Wagner; selections from Carmen, Bizet. Besides these there will be one or two other numbers of less importance. A program embracing so many enjoyable things in one evening has rarely been offered at these promenade concerts.

#### Boston Press on Parsons' Pupils' Recital.—

The advanced pupils of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Parsons, assisted by Riley Phillips, baritone, gave a thoroughly artistic musicale at Steiner Hall last night. The pupils include some of the best amateur pianists of the city, and their work was admirable, reflecting the careful training and something of the artistic temperament which has made Mr. and Mrs. Parsons' position so secure and enviable in the world of music. Miss Spier, Miss Howd, Miss Asher, Miss Hubbard and Mr. Cahill were the participants of last evening's program. Mr. Phillips sang Honor and Arms and St. Quentin's Conquered with his usual artistic finish.

Last night at Steiner Hall occurred the eleventh recital by the advanced pupils of Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Parsons, assisted by Riley Phillips, baritone. The program was an especially good one, and included such ambitious numbers as Beethoven's sonata, op. 31, No. 2, by Miss Howd; Chopin's etude, C minor, by Mr. Cahill; Paderewski's nocturne, Miss Hubbard; Liszt's Rhapsody No. 8, Miss Asher; D'Ouville's Gavotte and Hungaria, duet by Mrs. Parsons and Miss Spier, and Godard's minuet (from string quartet), by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. Each and every number received the most conscientious and artistic rendition. Mr. Phillips, who is a baritone of great promise, showed that he was in his element in the realm of song in the artistic treatment given his two selections, Honor and Arms, by Handel, and Conquered, by St. Quentin.



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**BEFORE** many weeks the carolling of the birds in the trees, the rustle and murmur of a genuine *Waldwehen*, will have replaced the warblings of the more sophisticated songbirds of the drawing room circles or the combined tones of "flute and violin" and other favored instruments.

Again a summer will come round, and the month of June, that rare and leafy month, will find the big, gay world turning its toes and—Heaven save the mark!—its nose away from the disemboweled Fifth avenue to more rural scenes or the noisy, jostling crowds of the Jubilee festivities.

The ultra fashionable, the *nème du beau monde*, the would-be, the has-been, all like to emphasize either conditions by crowding into a packed ocean liner and "running across" to enjoy the spring season in Paris or the season in London before entering into the hard working summer season at home.

Anyone who has read the accounts, graphic to a point of suffering, of the Paris correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, will know why the spring time marks the season of the year in that metropolis, the paradise of the dead American and the home of many a living one. When the gray, oozy, slimy days of winter pass into the balmy days, when the *marronniers* burst into bloom along the Champs Elysées, then the living come to life, if such a paradox can be understood.

We have scarcely with us such a musical, artistic side to Society (always with a big, big S) as one finds in either Paris or London. In the former place, as a clever student once expressed it, "Art is the only thing they take seriously." They play at religion, politics and government, but art of any sort has a fixed standard. One must reach that in singing, elocution, drama and painting, or be banished beyond the pale.

With us in New York all these things come in as adjuncts. Entertaining, as it has been brutally put, means "a chop for a chop." There are few *salons* where witty *conversations*, feasts of reason and overflows of soul, garnished with recitations, polished as to diction, and music by the latest composer, interpreted by the coming exponent thereof, have a place. All these things the French will have, and the English, although they take their pleasures at length and sadly, insist upon them.

Who in New York takes such a place and in such a way as Widor, Bemberg, Chaminade (long supposed by many to be a mere man), and Fauré in Paris?

Wolff and Hollman, the spoiled darlings of London, fell a bit flat in New York. Here they seldom lunched informally with dukes and duchesses. Of course we haven't any here, but that is details; we have their equivalents.

Who is the Tosti of New York? What soulful, sad eyed De Lara charms birds off bushes here? What tuneful, silver voiced wine merchant have we, the Gloriosi of *Trilby*, the De Soria of the present day of Paris and London? Who is our ineffable Laurence Kellie, who sings songs of

eighteen stanzas before your very eyes, and all, but the eyes, of his own composition?

Each social season, for that is what I speak of musically, brings us a fresh attraction from the other side. Some sink, others swim—and get there.

The professional and artistic sides of society have in this democratic country a place by themselves, much more marked than in the new R. F. of France or the monarchy of England. One is necessary to the other, say what you will.

One of the most brilliant entertainments (that word is chosen with *arrière pensée*) of last week was the concert of the Women's String Orchestra Society. This club is composed of young women of New York society who have talent and perseverance and who play extremely well on their various instruments. With the assistance of such well-known artists as Mlle. Leontine Gaertner and Mlle. Edyth Le Gierce there is perhaps an added force to their performances, but for so-called amateurs they do remarkable work.

When I read or hear of their performances I involuntarily think of a familiar bicycle advertisement encountered in all the papers. An excellent "high grade" wheel places itself before the public with the remark: "We make wheels too." The Women's Orchestra seems to me always to preface its concerts with the remark: "We can play a bit ourselves." And well they do it, too, on violins, cellos, violas, basses and harps. The third concert of this society was given on Thursday evening, May 6, at Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall, when they had the assistance of that rare singer, Mlle. Alice Verlet. Mr. Carl V. Lachmund is the conductor, and the active members are:

Violins.—Lillian V. Parslow, Laura B. Phelps, Elise Fellows, Charlotte Deming, Florence Austin, Clara Beach, Janet Allen, Emma Cohn, Nellie S. Udelle, Ethel F. Ellis, Emilie Wagner, Selma Goldman, Minnie Hahn, Irene Wickizer, Mary E. Rogers, Isobel B. Couper, Ruth Magne Small, Marie Marshall.

Violas.—Lucy E. Neidhardt, Corinne Flint, Sara Sheinart, Hattie B. Tidd, Christine E. Munoz.

Violoncellos.—Leontine Gaertner, Helen Collins, A. Mathilde Dressler, Evelyn Fidler.

Bass.—Olga Severina, Selma Gaertner.

Harp.—Inez Carusi, Mlle. Edyth Le Gierce.

The president is Mrs. Nicholas Fish; the honorary president serves in the person of Mme. Camilla Urso. Other officers and associate members are comprised in a smart list of names, including Mrs. C. B. Alexander, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Miss Breese, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Mrs. Henry Villard, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mrs. Wilbur Bloodgood, Miss Amy Fay, Mrs. C. I. Pardee, Mrs. Charles D. Stickney, Mrs. J. C. Wilmerding, Mrs. D. Phoenix Ingraham, Messrs. J. Grant Craemer, Clarence Andrews, J. E. Schermerhorn, W. C. Whitney, George Schrader and Rudolph E. Schirmer.

The following program was given before a large and brilliant audience:

Serenade, op. 58.....Tchaikowsky  
Andante non troppo, allegro moderato. Walzer. Elegie.  
Finale (Tema Russo).

Madrigal.....Chaminade  
Mariage des Oiseaux.....César Franck  
Mlle. Verlet.

Gestaendniss (The Declaration).....Krug  
From Liebesnovelle, for string, orchestra and harp.  
(By request.)

Shadow Song, Dinorah.....Meyerbeer  
Mlle. Verlet.

Largo.....Händel  
Sketches.....Goetze  
Allegro maestoso. Allegretto. Allegro moderato.

On Wednesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Spencer T. Driggs, of No. 151 West Forty-seventh street, tendered a musicale to Mlle. Alice Verlet prior to her departure for Europe. Mlle. Verlet's success has been so marked and delightful during her stay in America that it was a pleasure to the assembled guests to congratulate her in person. A charming musicale was given, among the artists being Mme. Anna Lankow, who sang Wagner's *Träume*. Mr. Hecht and Mr. A. Schneider, pupils of Mme. Anna Lankow, sang, as did Miss Inez Grenelli and Miss Effie Stuart. Musical numbers were also contributed by Miss Amelia Heineberg, pianist; Mrs. Antonia H. Sawyer, Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers, Mr. F. W. Riesberg and Mr. Joseph Pizzarello. Mlle. Verlet, in unusually fine voice, sang for the first time in America *Aubade*, by Louis H. Hillier; *Le Baiser*, by Meyer-Helmund; *Luther de Cremona Bird Song*, by Hubay; a grand aria, *Serenade de Parsant*, by Massenet. Among the artistic and social gathering were Mr. William C. Carl, Mr. C. S. Childs, Mr. Marriner, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Mabel Lindley Thompson-Hartmann, Mme. Rosa Linde, Miss MacClanahan, Miss Margherita Norris, Dr. and Mrs. Frances Foerster, Miss

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Society was well represented in the large audience present at the Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall when Miss Marie Seymour Bissell gave her ninth annual musicale for her pupils. Among those present were Miss Grace Allan, Miss Mary Beach, Miss Fannie Foote, Miss Edith Hosen, the Misses Williams, Mrs. Leila Wood, Mrs. G. H. C. Ensworth and Mrs. Fred Hovey.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Charles Huntington Gardner, of 607 Fifth avenue, gave a musicale and reception to the members of the Emma Willard Association on Friday afternoon last. The president of the association is Mrs. Russell Sage, and among its officers are Mrs. Charles H. Gardner, Mrs. J. Romeyn Mallory, Mrs. Hiram Schoonmaker and Mrs. John P. Munn. Among its members and invited guests were Miss Helen Gould, Miss Bashford Dean, Miss Christine Terhune Herrick, Miss Kate Upson Clark, Miss Margaret Sangster, Miss Margaret Welch, Mrs. Austin Flint, Mrs. Eastman Johnson, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton and Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The following musical program was given:

Piano solo, Sorrentina.....	Lack
Mrs. Mary H. Metcalf.	
Song, All Through the Night.....	
Miss Lottie G. Langstaff.	
Piano solo, Minuet.....	Paderewski
Miss Inez E. French.	
Piano solo, Air de Ballet.....	Chaminade
Miss Gladys Vivian.	
Waltz Song.....	Torrey
Miss Kate Laimbeer Abbott.	
Piano solo, La Naide.....	Thorne
Miss May C. Hueston.	
Song, Doris.....	Nevin
Miss Martha B. Caldwell.	
Piano solo, Song of the Brook.....	Lack
Miss Inez R. Levy.	
Song, Sognai.....	Schira
Miss Alice G. Price.	
Violin solo, Fantaisie.....	J. Daube
Miss Helen G. Forsdick.	
Piano solo, Spring Dawn Mazurka.....	Mason
Miss Sarah T. Shepherd.	
Recitation, Selections.....	
Miss Maud Mather.	
Duet, Le Grace.....	Bohm
Eleanor M. Cox and Ethel P. Havens.	

Among the delightful receptions given recently was that which Mrs. Alfred Mills Judson, president of the National Society of New England Women, gave to its members at her residence, No. 302 West Eighty-ninth street. About 250 were present, and the feature of the afternoon was the singing of Miss Blanche Duffield, who gave Dell' Acqua's Vilanelle, and other selections. This young lady received enthusiastic praise for her charming, unaffected manner joined to a lovely voice. Mme. Doria Devine accompanied her songs, and was warmly congratulated upon her pupil's success.

Quite the most quaintly attractive and novel entertainment for many a day was that given by the Young People's Club on Saturday last at the house of Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones, No. 222 Madison avenue. Following are the members of this artistic organization, and when it is considered that the oldest member is barely fourteen years old their work seems really marvelous:

First Violins—Phebe Bogart, Oscar Roos, Henry Rossiter Worthington, George Jones, Gilbert E. Jones, Jr.  
Second Violins—Margaret Judson, Dorothy Perry, Charles Worthington.

Cellos—Miss Helen Collins, E. W. Putnam.  
Emil Gramm, director.

It is an encouraging sign of the times to know that these youngsters are encouraged to develop the artistic side of their natures, and it may mean that in time a race of critics will spring up to displace entirely the *blasé* or stupid audiences too often found in fashionable circles.

After the tableau Christmas Music within Monastery Walls," the long white monk's cloak was retained by the performers, and the effect was indescribably quaint and

pretty. This bit of costuming seemed to accord well with their evident earnest spirit.

Orchestra—	
Volksliedschen.....	Komzak
Märchen.....	
Tableau, Baggage de Croquemitaine.....	
Paul Chapin, F. Kirkland, Tom Kirkland, Gilbert E. Jones.	
Quartet, Canzonetta.....	
George Jones, H. Rossiter Worthington, E. W. Putnam.	
Tableau, I Am Grandpapa.....	
Miss Elsie Schefer, Eleanor Lee.	
Musical tableau, Christmas Music within Monastery Walls.....	
Tableau, Blanchisseuse.....	
Miss Gertrude Smith.	
Violin solo, Mignon Fantaisie.....	Singelee
Master Alex. Hackel.	
Tableau, My Sister Is Out.....	
Cornelia Lee, Margery Curtis, George and Gilbert E. Jones, Jr.	
Cello solo, Berceuse.....	Godard
E. W. Putnam.	
Tableau—	
The Two Gourmands.....	Bouguereau
Spring Flowers.....	
Gilbert E. Jones.	
Orchestra—	
Babilage.....	Gillet
Au Moulin.....	

Among the mothers and friends who applauded were Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones, Mrs. Charles C. Worthington, Mrs. George Andrews, Mrs. H. S. Kingsley, Mrs. Reginald Wenshaw Ward, Mrs. Leon Marié, Miss Julia Henry, Miss Von Stade, Miss Bessie Bradhurst, Miss Frances Ogden Jones and Mr. Peter Marié.

### Nordica in Bayreuth.

JANE WHITCOMB desired to know, in the last issue of this paper, who sang *Lohengrin* to Nordica's *Elsa* in Bayreuth in 1894, and we publish a few statements in reply:

24 West SEVENTY-FIFTH STREET, CITY, May 6.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

I see one of your correspondents wants to know who sang with Nordica in *Lohengrin* at Bayreuth in 1894. We heard her sing with Van Dyk and I have the program before me.

A. HENDRICKS.  
Mrs. Charles H. Kloman, Montclair, N. J., mails to us a *Lohengrin* program of Bayreuth, dated Friday, July 20, 1894, with the following cast:

Heinrich der Vogler.....	Herr Grengg
Lohengrin.....	Herr Van Dyk
Elsa von Brabant.....	Frl. Nordica
Friedrich von Telramund.....	Herr Popovici
Ortrud.....	Frl. Brema

However, on this program it is stated in lead pencil: "At short notice and without a rehearsal Emil Geerhäuser sang in Van Dyk's place." We have returned the program to Mrs. Kloman.

### Defending Reszke.

Editors *The Musical Courier*:

In *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of the 14th of April, 1897, I found quite a few remarks pertaining to Mons. Jean de Reszke and his salary. The writer of those lines indulges to call the salaries paid, to that noted singer, by the Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Co., a fraud.—Why, who pays him the money, the Opera Co., or the writer of those lines?—If it does not go out of his pocket, what business is it of his?—I thought, the pages of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, were devoted to Art criticisms? It is more interesting, to the music-loving people, how a singer sings, than what his salary is.

The Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau Co. endeavored to give us Opera performances of a first class character and have succeeded admirably, for the performances were, with a very few exceptions, very good, some even most excellent and the thanks, they receive from, I am glad to say the minority of the press, consists in offenses and attacks, against the salaries paid to their first tenor.

Jean de Reszke does not need America, he can find audiences, that will recognize the excellency of his singing and acting, on any part of the European continent. Furthermore it is not the foreigner Jean de Reszke who was paid, but the singer, and where is the American singer who can but reach him? Find him, if you can!

On page 19, of the same number, it is mentioned, that Herr Doeme, Mme. Nordica's husband, sang "Parcival," at Bayreuth, a few years ago, but with no word, the manner of his rendering the rôle, is mentioned. Well, Mr.

Doeme sang "Parcival" in 1894, but, luckily for the hearers, only once, and why did he sing it? Not because he was invited, to do it, but because Mme. Nordica threatened to leave Bayreuth, if Mr. Doeme would not be allowed to sing "Parcival." Ask some one, who heard him and see, what you will hear about his singing. Not very much, that will sound complimentary; I am sure.

That the management was bankrupted, was not the fault, of the singers, but that of the ignorant American audiences, that do not know a good thing, when they see or hear it.

True greatness will always cause the know-nothingdom to rise against it and Jean de Reszke does not need to be afraid of those enemies, who only work, in the dark and haul, from their safe corners; who are afraid, the light cast by genius may hurt their eyes and may show their envy, which they conceal, under the glittering cloak of a tribute of Art. Jealous little creatures, who attack every body and every thing, that stands above them and treat every body, as an enemy, that has to much honor, as to associate, with such dwarfs, who dwell, in the perpetual darkness of intellectual poverty; their highest ambition being to calumniate. H. B.

It is no one's business what Reszke's salary is.

The press has no business to exist. If a paper tells the truth, its motive should at once be assailed by all who differ with it. Jean Reszke does not need America; that's the reason he comes here every year when a contract is offered to him. He can earn more in Europe than he earns here, but they pay him less there because they do not appreciate a great artist over there as we do here. Europe is not in it with Reszke, and that's the reason he comes here, particularly because he wants to learn how to spell English and vote with Tammany against gold if he can get more silver than he gets gold now, and turn around and sell that silver at a price that will bring him more gold net in Europe. Nit?

Yes, the opera company paid Reszke the salary, and then it busted. That is very good, because it always happens just that way in God's own country. Why shouldn't it? We can increase our tariff rates when we are Republicans, and when we are Democrats we can sell bonds to raise the money. We are the chumps of the age, and we ought to be happy, and we believe we are.

**David Mannes' Success.**—Godard's Concerto Roman-tique was Mannes' chief number, played with orchestra at the Sunday night people's concert, Carnegie Hall, Mr. Frank Damrosch, conductor. He received three recalls after his performance of this seldom heard work, and two enthusiastic encores following the Prize Song from The Meistersinger. Mr. Mannes will spend the summer in study in Germany, and on his return will be heard with some of our large musical societies.

**Albert Lockwood Is Busy.**—Mr. Lockwood hurried from the last Musurgia concert to play at the Joseph Jefferson supper at the Union League Club. May 1 he played these numbers at the Bartenweuffer concert, Steinway Hall:

Sonata in E minor.....	Grieg
Ballade, G minor.....	Chopin
Polonaise, A flat.....	

May 4 he played at the Bloomingdale Nursery Charity Concert at the Majestic, and he has filled a number of private engagements recently, his services as pianist for musicales and matinee soirées being in constant demand.

**Dr. Dufft and Miss Gaertner in Plainfield, N. J.**—The Midmer Glee Club, of which Mr. W. E. MacClymont is musical director, had a very successful concert last week. The *Daily Press* said:

Dr. Dufft was at his best. His selections had been well chosen to show his clear and powerful voice. Miss Gaertner had perfect command of her instrument, and the full, rich tones were greatly appreciated by the many music lovers present.

William E. MacClymont, musical director of the club, played two piano solos, one of which, Polka Caprice, was his own latest composition. It was well received.

The club itself met with an enthusiastic reception. Its selections were of different styles and showed well the versatile talent of the club. The number Hushed in Slumber Deep, by Dr. Dufft and the club, was particularly well rendered.



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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
530 Fulton Street, May 10, 1907.

WHO was it said that accompanists are born, not made? Well, it's too bad that more of them are not born, or that the manufactured ones don't go out of the profession. Singers! violinists! just imagine the joy of never having any other than a born accompanist! Audiences, just fancy the delirious joy of listening to a singer or a 'cellist or a violinist where the ensemble is not a case of "if you get there before I do, tell them I am coming too"; where the accompanist doesn't throw in accents, staccatos, sforzandos and things where they will do the most harm; where he doesn't bang out the minors and hush up the majors; where just as the singer is going to work up to a dramatic climax he makes a largo and ritard because,

Like the pianist from Rio,  
Who attempted a Beethoven trio  
His technique was scanty,  
And he played it andante  
Instead of allegro con brio.

It was this beautiful poem, by the way, that first attracted me to THE MUSICAL COURIER all of—well, a great many years ago.

No, I'm not done yet. I want to say a few words about the other kind of accompanist. I mean the man who knows it all and who wants to show you that no singer is worth more than a mere obligato to his virtuosity, where his personality is obtruded upon you above all possible charm that the singer may possess. Then there is the accompanist who would rather dispense with the keyboard than with the pedals. Yes, indeed, when it comes to manufacture accompanists they come in assorted styles and sizes. To use a RAconteurism, I feel better now!

The affair of great prominence this week was the service of the American Guild of Organists given at the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday evening. The elaborate program was magnificently given, with the exception of the Palestrina Processional Hymn, in which the choir pulled hard away from the organ for a few of the opening bars, after which everything ran very smoothly. This was the musical program given:

Voluntary, Prælude and Andante.....Rheinberger  
Mr. Herve D. Wilkins, of Rochester.  
Services and anthem, Venite Exultemus Domino.....Arthur Foote  
Mr. Abram Ray Tyler, Brooklyn.  
Anthem, Holy Redeemer.....Fauré  
Mr. Charles H. Morse, Brooklyn.  
As It Began to Dawn.....Dudley Buck  
Mr. G. Waring Stebbins, Brooklyn, with solos by Mrs. Etta Miller Orchard, soprano; Mrs. Tirzah Hamlen-Ruland, contralto, and Mr. Chas. Stuart Phillips, tenor.  
Offertory.....Tours  
Congregational hymn.....Monk  
Voluntary Grave, allegro maestoso e vivace (Sonata II.).....Mendelssohn  
Mr. Richard V. Percy, New York.  
Recessional.....Dykes  
The chorus was formed from the choirs of the Emmanuel Baptist, First Presbyterian, Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian, New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal and Plymouth churches, the personnel of which is: Sopranos, Miss Minnie E. Gaylord, Miss Mabel Mackenzie, Mrs. J. C. Newkirk, Mrs. Etta Miller Orchard, Miss Julia E. Terrell; tenors, Mr. Fred A. Grant, Mr. Vernon Hughes, Mr. George Semour Lenox, Mr. George Leon Moore, Mr. Sidney L. Taylor; contraltos, Miss Agnes Anderson, Miss Antoinette Cooke, Miss Miriam Gilmer, Mrs. Tirzah Hamlen-Ruland, Miss Hattie T. Sweeney; basses, Dr. J. Frederic Gillette, Mr. Henry Allen Price, Mr. Frederic Reddall, Mr. Royal Stone Smith, Mr. Edwin J. Webster.

Dr. Lyman Abbott gave the address. The officers for 1897-8 are: Honorary president, Dudley Buck; warden, Gerrit Smith, Mus. Doc.; sub-warden, R. Huntington Woodman; chaplain, Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D. D.; secretary, Henry G. Hanchett, M. D.; registrar, Will C.

Macfarlane; treasurer, Walter J. Hall; librarian, Sumner Salter; auditors, John S. Camp, Frank Taft.

On Wednesday night the first concert of the Central Glee Club of the Y. M. C. A., with Mr. Clarence T. Steele as director, gave a concert in Association Hall. This club is formed from the sight-singing class which was established by Mr. Steele this fall, and in point of this fact the work done was highly creditable in every sense. Mr. Steele had the assistance of Miss M. Louise Mundell, contralto; Chevalier J. Niedzielski, violinist; the ladies' Tuesday night class, and Mr. Joseph Loerman, accompanist.

Miss Mundell, whose delightful and well trained voice cannot be heard too often by those who appreciate a beautiful natural voice under high cultivation, sang with her customary success:

Now Thou Art Mine.....Meyer Helmund  
Cradle Song.....Homer-Norris  
Thy Beaming Eyes.....MacDowell  
If I but Knew.....Wilson G. Smith

Mr. Steele sang in an agreeable light tenor Trotère's Asthore.

Chevalier Niedzielski gave some violin numbers that wrought the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm. The accompaniments were inadequate. The audience was large and appreciative.

On the same evening the New England Society of Brooklyn gave an evening of readings and music from the works of New England authors and composers to an invited assembly. The success of the evening was unqualified, due to the charming hospitality of the prime movers in this affair, and the excellence of the program presented.

Mr. Frederic Reddall gave as prelude some interesting historic notes. The chorus, composed of Miss Ethel Anne Chamberlain, soprano; Miss Hildegard Hoffmann, soprano; Miss Gertrude Black, contralto; Mrs. Tirzah Hamlen Ruland, contralto, and the Dudley Buck Quartet, whose personnel is: Mr. H. E. Distelhurst, Mr. William Luton Wood, Mr. Everett S. Swalm, and Mr. Frederic Reddall, sang some ancient church music, Lift Up Your Heads, Hopkins, and O Lord Our Governor, Marcello. Miss Grace D. Rider read selections from James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, William Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, John Greenleaf Whittier and Edmund Clarence Stedman. The Dudley Buck Quartet sang Speed Away (L. H. Sigourney), The Old Oaken Bucket, J. B. Woodbury, Katydid (Oliver Wendell Holmes), J. H. Brewer, The Old Granite State, of Hutchinson, was sung by Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. Ruland, Mr. Distelhurst, Mr. Swalm. The ladies of this quartet, in addition to Miss Black and Miss Hoffmann, sang a group of dainty songs by Margaret Deland and Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. The West Wind, Bryant, J. C. D. Parker, was beautifully given by Miss Chamberlain, Mrs. Ruland, Mr. Distelhurst and Mr. Reddall. The solos sung were: My Lady, J. G. Whittier, George Osgood, by Mr. Distelhurst. Raft Song, M. Deland, E. Nevin; Burst Ye Apple Buds, Long, Stephen Embury, by Miss Chamberlain; The Three Singers, Longfellow, Tours, by Mrs. Ruland, in a voice of superb quality and with great delicacy of interpretation; The Creole Love Song, Stedman, Buck, by Frederic Reddall. The hymn, The Song of the Landing, Hemans Brown, by the chorus and the audience closed a most delightful program.

On Tuesday evening Mr. Hugo Troetschell, of the German Evangelical Church, gave a fine organ recital, in which Miss Hildegard Hoffmann participated, to the pleasure of all present. The great educational work, however, is shown by the appended program, which was the first of a series of free recitals in which Mr. Troetschell presents organ works from the fifteenth to the nineteenth centuries:

1419-1473 (German school), Conrad Paumann.—Andante from the Fundamentum organistæ.  
1510-1586 (Italian school), Andrea Gabrieli.—Ricercara (Doric).  
1514-1564 (Italian school), Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina.—Crucifixus, from the Missa Papæ Macelli.  
1583-1604 (Italian school), Claudio Merulo.—Toccata del Terzo Tuono.  
1598-1623 (English school), William Byrd.—Pavane, the Earl of Salisbury.  
1603-1633 (French school), Jean Titelouze.—Verset, de l'Hymne Exultet Coelum.  
1583-1644 (Italian school), Girolamo Frescobaldi.—Pantasia about the Cuckoo's call.  
1587-1654 (German school), Samuel Scheidt.—Prelude, Da Jesus an dem Kreuze stund.

1635-1707 (German school) Georg Muffat.—Toccata.

1635-1686 (German school), Johann Jacob Froberger.—Capriccio.

1637-1707 (German school), Dietrich Buxtehude.—Choral, Lobt Gott, ihr Christen allzugleich.

1633-1706 (German school) Johann Pachelbel.—Ciaccona.

If students in the field of music would watch for these bits of intellectual food they could themselves improve the musical atmosphere, which would be vastly more advantageous than bemoaning the cruelty of fate which keeps them in crude America. The next recital will occur on Saturday at 4:30 and is well worth public attention.

Mr. Abram Ray Tyler, assisted by Miss M. Louise Mundell, also gave another of his delightful organ recitals to an audience appreciative of his talent.

Dr. R. W. Crowe, ex-organist of St. Agnes' Church, has decided to reside in New York, although he retains his organ at the State Street synagogue. As Dr. Crowe is a man of deep musical knowledge and attainments it is a source of regret to lose him from the ranks of Brooklyn musicians. The choir of the synagogue has been dismissed for the present, but will resume with the same personnel in the fall.

The following flattering notice is worthy of mention: In its review of the concert of the Brooklyn Quartet Club of May 3 the New York Staats Zeitung says:

Mr. Fiqué's reputation as a choral director of the first rank is well established. In yesterday's concert, however, he has proven himself to be an orchestral conductor of equal skill. His orchestra was composed of artists from the Metropolitan Orchestra and the numbers performed included Weber's Jubel Overture, Siegmund's Love Song, Ride of the Valkyries and Magic Fire Scene, a Lorely Fantasia, by Neavada, Gavotte Humoresque, by Fiqué (which was redemanded and repeated), and the William Tell Overture, by Rossini. In these selections, as well as in the accompaniment of the soloists, Mr. Fiqué held his forces firmly in hand.

Mrs. Katherine Noack-Fiqué appeared as vocal soloist, rendering the cavatina from Gounod's Queen of Sheba, and evincing excellent method. Her voice is a mezzo soprano of broad quality and carrying power, and her singing was expressive and sympathetic. Mrs. Fiqué is a pupil of Carl Duff.

At a recital given by the pupils of Mrs. Laura Phelps-Crummey she had the assistance of two piano pupils of Mrs. Berta Grosse Thomason, whose work showed beyond doubt the absolute mastery that Mrs. Thomason has over her pupils.

Grant Burns played an arietta by Lack, in which he brought enthusiastic applause from the large audience and in the gigue of Godard Grace Pinney, a young miss, played with remarkable musical intelligence and an enviable tone and technique. Mrs. Crummey also showed some good results through her pupils, many of whom were very tiny ones, which made their earnestness the more amusing and interesting. The program was closed with the adagio and allegro of Schumann, beautifully given by Mrs. Phelps-Crummey, violin, and Mrs. Berta Grosse Thomason, piano.

Mrs. Grace Haskell Barnum and Dr. Henry G. Hanchett gave the pupils and guests of the Adelphi the benefit of their musical abilities, which in both cases are known to be very great.

Mr. Walter S. Carter, president of the department of music of the Brooklyn Institute, will tender a complimentary organ recital to the department. As the recital is to be given by one of the most popular organists in America, Mr. Harry Rowe Shelly, the compliment is the more appreciated.

Next week the era of light opera begins, and the Boston Company, including Clara Lane and J. K. Murray, will be at the Montauk. and at the Academy of Music under Max Freeman will be a company with Helen Bertram, Miss Shorter and other equally attractive names.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

**Edmund J. Myer's Buffalo Summer Vocal School.**—Mr. Myer will open his school in Buffalo by a song recital and lecture on July 7. The school will be especially for teachers and singers; frequent lectures and song recitals will be given, and for two months Mr. Myer proposes to make it lively, musically, in the Queen City. Mr. Myer is a well-known authority on vocal music, his books, Position and Action in singing, Truths of Importance to Vocalists, The Voice from A Practical Standpoint, Voice Training Exercises, Vocal Reinforcement, having created a decided stir in the vocal world. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Myer will attract a large class of student-teachers in the beautiful city by the lake.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
226 Wabash Avenue, May 8, 1897.

MR. WILLIAM H. SHERWOOD was greeted by a well-filled hall to-day, when he played a program of profoundly good music and of very varied character. I overheard a well-known pianist say to another: "This program should have brought every musician in the city here." Central Music Hall certainly was a scene of enthusiasm when Mr. Sherwood appeared and opened the program with Händel's Fire Fugue. This was always a particular favorite of Mr. Sherwood, and he played it with old-time fire, but with more broadened experience and riper judgment than formerly. Bach's gigue, in B flat, and gavot in G minor, with Beethoven's sonata, op. 111 (two movements only), completed the first part. Five Chopin numbers were next on the program, and Mr. Sherwood's interpretation of the D minor prelude was in keeping with its stormy character. The weird effects were admirably played, altogether making it one of the most noticeable selections—noticeable for technical delicacy and for the tremendous powerful basses. It is difficult to single out any particular composition. Mr. Sherwood was at his best and showed the immense grasp he possesses over an immense field of piano literature. The Godard etude was a superb example of technical pianism, while the Liszt polonaise in E was a veritable tour de force.

To-day's concert proved that it was indeed time for Mr. Sherwood to give a recital in his native city. At the close of the concert Mr. Sherwood held an informal reception.

This is the program:

Fire Fugue, in E minor.....	Händel
Gigue, in B flat.....	Bach
Gavot in G minor (from third-English suite).....	Bach
Last piano sonata, in C minor, op. 111.....	Beethoven
Polish song (Maiden's Wish), arranged by Liszt.....	Liszt
Preludes in C, F and D minor, Nos. 1, 23 and 24, op. 28.....	Chopin
Impromptu in F sharp, op. 36.....	Chopin
Soirée de Vienne, No. 6.....	Schubert-Liszt
Romance in F sharp, op. 28.....	Schubert-Liszt
Maestoso, Semper Energico (second movement of fantasia), op. 17.....	Schumann
Prelude from Etudes Poesies.....	Haberbier
Organ fugue in D.....	Guilmant
(Arranged for piano by Madame Rive-King.)	
Serenade in D minor, op. 93.....	Rubinstein
En Route (concert etude).....	Godard
Solvej's Lied, from Peer Gynt, op. 55, Vol. II.....	Grieg
Spinnerlied, from Flying Dutchman.....	Wagner-Liszt
Isolde's Liebestod, from Tristan and Isolde.....	Wagner-Liszt
Grande polonaise in E.....	Liszt

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop is carrying everything before her out on the Coast. San Francisco, Oregon, Los Angeles and Sacramento papers all teem with praise of our Chicago artist, who has now won laurels North, South, East and West. She sang at Salem (Oregon) May 3, Portland 4, Tacoma 5, and has dates right up to the end of next month. She has simply been fêted everywhere, her tour being one long triumphant progress. She has just refused an offer to sing at six concerts in and around Los Angeles (about August 1), as she is obliged to take a look at Chicago during that month. It is now eight months since Madame Bishop commenced the tour and with but one short stay in Chicago has been traveling and singing to the delight of everyone and satisfaction to herself.

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Kimball Hall was literally packed at Earl Drake's concert Tuesday. Many persons were unable to obtain even standing room and waited in the corridor. Mr. Emil Liebling, Mr. J. H. Kowalski, Mrs. Carrie R. Crane and Miss Cora Sinsich were the artists assisting Mr. Drake.

The program opened with Schubert's Rondo Brilliant, op.

70, in B minor, played by Messrs. Liebling and Drake with fine musicianship. All the little nuances were delicately observed, both violin and piano being in perfect accord. Then Mr. Drake played Godard's adagio with good taste and expression, allowing his wonderful violin full scope. His instrument is said to be the highest priced violin in the city, and certainly it has a most glorious tone. Mr. Drake followed with the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dance, played with dash and good technic, showing that, notwithstanding his arduous teaching, he is keeping steadily to his ambition of reaching the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. He played in fine style Vieuxtemps' concerto, No. 5 (A minor), By the Sea, Schubert-Alard, and mazurka, Wieniawski. Mr. Drake deserves congratulations upon his successful performance and the concert generally. To the artists who assisted only praise can be given.

Mr. Emil Liebling gave a masterly interpretation of Beethoven's sonata op. 31, No. 2. It was really a treat to hear this famous musician (both theoretically and technically) play in his own inimitable manner. The sonata proved one of the events of the evening, and Mr. Liebling, in response to an insistent demand, gave an encore. A group—a serenade in B, Des Abends in C, minuetto scherzoso—constituted Mr. Liebling's second contribution to the program. The numbers of this group were examples of finish and beautiful workmanship and artistic to the last degree. Mr. Liebling understands himself, his piano and his audience, and always gives a scholarly performance. There is no more popular artist in America than Emil Liebling, either personally or artistically. The years have but added to the respect and esteem which the musical profession has for one who is always ready to help a fellow artist and who to personal sympathy adds practical aid.

The vocal numbers were given by Miss Cora Sinsich, a soprano at present studying with Mr. J. H. Kowalski. Miss Sinsich sang with excellent enunciation, and depth of feeling Doris, by Nevin, and with clarity and brightness One Spring Morning, by the same composer. She has a lyric soprano, at once clear and captivating and especially brilliant in the higher notes. This was evidenced in the Bolero from Sicilian Vespers, which Miss Sinsich sang in remarkably telling effect. It was the first time I had heard this young lady in a large hall and I was surprised that her voice carried so well. Every word was clear and distinct, and every note was the result of earnest study and application. Miss Sinsich should succeed in her musical career.

Mrs. Carrie R. Crane played a good accompaniment and Mr. Kowalski was most valuable to the concert and conducted in no small measure to the success enjoyed. His playing of the several accompaniments was worthy his reputation.

Mr. Emil Liebling's pupils give a recital next Saturday, playing the following program:

Menuet Moderne.....	Conrath
Etude, op. 5.....	Miss Kahn.
Nocturne in A.....	Miss Goodman.
Mazurka.....	Miss Keck.
Polonaise de Concert.....	Miss Sloman.
Capriccio Brilliant, op. 22.....	Miss Mitchell.
Finale, from concerto op. 16.....	Miss Lee.*
Andante and Variations, for two pianos, op. 46.....	Mr. Hirsch.*
* With second piano.	
Miss Mary Angell, for whom a concert is being arranged	

by the Amateur Club, gave a recital in Minneapolis Friday, April 30. It was a great success, Miss Angell gaining much praise from the critics and much applause from the public.

Joseph Chapek, his violin pupils, string orchestra and Mrs. Augusta Chapek (contralto) gave a concert in Steinway Hall Thursday. This was the program:

Overture, Le Macon.....	Auber
String Orchestra.	
Violin solo, Concerto op. 104, adagio and rondo.....	De Beriot
Miss Shirley Mann.	
Violin solo in unison, Birthday March, with string orchestra accompaniment.....	Hollaender-Chapek
Adolph Kausal, Irving Klein, William Reese and Harry Wittenberg.	
Aria, Dost Thou Know That Sweet Land? from Mignon, with orchestra accompaniment.....	Thomas
Mrs. Augusta Haenel-Chapek.	
Violin solo, Airs Bohemiens et Styriens.....	Leonard
Louis Trnka.	
Violin solo, Mandolina Capriccio, played in unison, with orchestra accompaniment.....	Chapek
Miss Shirley Mann, Miss Ella Smith, Messrs. O. Fischer, Dr. A. Gaebler, M. Prindiville, N. Schramm, J. Sikyta, R. Steffek, Ch. Trnka, L. Trnka, M. Weiskopf.	
Violin and piano duet, From My Home.....	Smetana
Mr. and Mrs. Chapek.	
Violin solos—	
Berceuse.....	Simon
Obertass, Mazurka.....	Wieniawski
Mr. Rudolph Steffek.	
Violin quartet, Bridal Chorus, from Lohengrin.....	Wagner-Hermann
Messrs. F. Sikyta, M. Prindiville, M. Weiskopf and O. Fischer.	
Violin solo, Ballade et Polonaise.....	Vieuxtemps
Mr. William Stein.	
Cinderella March.....	Papini
String orchestra.	

The American Conservatory holds its eleventh annual summer session from July 7 to August 3. There will be eight lectures by Mr. Hattstaedt; eight musical lectures on the training of the young in musical knowledge by Mrs. Gertrude Murdough; eight lectures and vocal recitals by Mr. Karleton Hackett. The Tonic Sol Fa method will have eight lectures devoted to it by Mr. Robert Shaw, and Mr. Adolph Weidig will give eight lectures on harmony and composition.

Mr. Hattstaedt's work in music education is so well known that comment is scarcely necessary. Hundreds of teachers and advanced students from all parts of the country have attended his lectures and have invariably acknowledged their excellence and practical value.

The eight lectures of this session will embrace many important subjects, such as: The piano teacher, his mission and requirements; old-fashioned and modern methods in teaching; the different methods of developing touch and technic; phrasing and expression; selection of material for teaching, &c.

Richard Buhlig, a very talented pupil of Miss Margaret Cameron, of the Gottschalk School, is to be tendered a benefit concert on Thursday. Mr. L. Gaston Gottschalk and several artists from the lyric school, of which Mr. Gottschalk is principal, will assist. The event promises to be musically interesting and artistic. Mr. Buhlig is quite young (fifteen or sixteen years old) and is remarkably musical, and has made very rapid progress from Miss Cameron's tuition.

One of Mr. Victor Heinze's students, Miss Ethel Smith, played Schumann's Etudes Symphoniques at the Woodlawn Club and was most enthusiastically received.

The Apollo Club celebrates the twenty-second year of Mr. Tomlins' connection with the club May 10. Elijah will

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be sung by our local artists, and will have the assistance of Mr. Plunket Greene, who will be heard here for the first time this season.

Miss Celeste Nellis left Chicago Thursday for a concert tour through Kansas. This clever little artistic lady is deserving of all possible success. Miss Nellis is an especial favorite, and not only on account of her playing, as she combines a welcome modesty with a really artistic temperament and a delightfully sincere manner. Here are a few extracts from press notices on Miss Nellis' performance:

The young artist Miss Celeste Nellis astonished all present by her marvelous technique and force. Her power is extraordinary in one so young, and she seems to possess all the qualities conducive to piano virtuosity; it is now only a question of time with Miss Nellis. She played the Rubinstein concerto D minor and Saint-Saën's Dance Macabre with Mr. Sherwood, who is naturally very proud of his talented pupil and delighted with her success. His own sparkling composition, *Exhilaration*, she played with crystalline purity, giving it all those delicate touches which this perfectly charming little piece demands.—*THE MUSICAL COURIER*.

Topeka people are justly proud of the young artist Miss Nellis, who is appropriately styled the star pupil of the Chicago Conservatory.—*Topeka State Journal*.

The most successful feature of the concert was the admirable playing of Miss Celeste Nellis. She again charmed her many admirers who are watching her career with interest. She has a very refined, dignified style, phrases well, and unites much good taste with brilliancy. She is very talented, and the enthusiastic applause she receives testifies to her fine success.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

When Miss Celeste Nellis, Mr. Sherwood's talented pupil, lightly touched the piano keys no one anticipated the brilliancy and breadth of her executive ability. This delicate, slender girl, almost fairy-like in appearance, controls the piano with the power of an artist, and interprets the thought of the composer with remarkable truth and feeling.—*Arts of America*.

Miss Nellis' first selection was a concerto, which she played with complete confidence. There was an accuracy of execution and delicacy of perception that commanded attention at once.—*Topeka Daily Capital*.

Of Miss Celeste Nellis especial mention must be made, because of the degree of virtuosity she has attained and the intelligence that marks her playing.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Miss Celeste Nellis is one of the most promising among the younger pianists of the city, and is likely to earn a distinguished name. She played with a fine elastic touch and in a sympathetic and artistic manner.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Among the many aspirants for musical favor and popular recognition is numbered the charming artist, Miss Celeste Nellis. As a pianist she has now an enviable position among Chicago music lovers, and is destined to win national fame.—*Chicago Graphic*.

There are lectures and lectures. That given by Mrs. Daniel M. Cobb, at Highland Park, on *The Influence of Music on National Character*, is one of the best lectures given this season. It was very concisely and artistically worked out and evoked the greatest praise, several notable women giving it as their opinion that Mrs. Cobb had written a most clever treatise on the subject. Piano illustrations were given by that very capable pianist Marie L. Cobb, than whom there is no one here can more daintily play. Tchaikowsky, Chaminade, Liszt, Brahms, Saint-Saëns were all represented, the selections being exquisitely played by Miss Cobb.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

### Stagno Dead.

ROBERTO STAGNO, the tenor, died recently at Genoa of heart disease. He was connected with the company at the Metropolitan Opera House during the first season of opera given there under Henry E. Abbey's management. He was born fifty-six years ago in Sicily and commenced his musical career in the chorus. Later he sang in Milan, Turin, Venice, &c., and then went to London to sing at Her Majesty's Theatre, where his reputation was first made. He subsequently sang in Russia, Spain and in his own country.

He sang here in Robert the Devil, The Huguenots, I Puritani, Rigoletto and Ballo Maschera, as well as in other Italian operas, and he attributed his failure to repeat his European successes in this country to the intrigues of Campanini, who was then the leading tenor of the company, and whose methods were very much elaborated by Jean Reské. Stagno is said to have been a master at machination himself, and it is told of him that in Spain he conducted a musical paper for the purpose of advancing his interests in the struggle with Tamberlick, whom he aspired to rival.

Stagno was the original *Turiddu* in the first production of the *Cavalleria Rusticana* at Milan, and Gemma Bellinconi, the noted Italian prima donna, with whom he had been identified during recent years, was the *Santuzza*. Since that performance he had been heard of rarely, and his last appearances outside of his own country were made in Vienna three years ago.

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### PHILADELPHIA in music is a city of cliques!

No one who has lived here three months will deny the fact. There are a few good musicians, a few good schools of music, good concerts occasionally, but the efforts toward advancement, enlightenment, respectability even, in musical affairs are mostly thwarted by a provincialism, a lack of communication with one another, a lack of interest in one another; each man for himself, &c.; each school for itself, and so most musicians and most schools stay in their own little ruts with a sublime indifference to the advantages to be gained from comradeship.

There is, besides, the clique that "patronizes" music. It has money and leisure, and here and there, it has brains and musical ability. It "takes up" an artist, receives him, fêtes him, flatters him and—drops him for another. Now all this is not so objectionable until the very amateurish performers of this set are invited by a so-called professional to "assist" at a fashionable concert. The purpose of drawing a few dollars into the concert giver's pocket is too obvious. As amateurs these players cannot be judged according to accepted standards, and yet they continue to come before audiences and murder good music, when the public has been led to expect a serious performance.

There is another way that can scarcely be considered respectable by which certain of our professionals increase their income and which I mention only as a warning. A high-priced organist, for instance, "kindly" offers his assistance to an ambitious but impecunious student. He gives him a few lessons, "manipulates" the committee of some suburban church, gets his pupil out there for "good practice," and pockets the year's salary. Profitable as this scheme is, there are, happily, few gentlemen of this sort, but I should advise students either to pay the price for lessons or go to work and earn the money.

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It is an encouraging fact, however, that an enterprise like the Philadelphia Symphony Society under Mr. Gilchrist arouses such general interest as was manifested by the audience at the Academy of Music last Wednesday evening. The overture to *Der Freischütz* opened the program, followed by the vespers *Alciphron*, by Frank G. Cauffman; a suite of Norwegian melodies by Grieg; Walther's Prize Song, with Beethoven's Second Symphony as a final number. The Grieg number has not before been performed in Philadelphia. Mme. Harman Force, the soloist, sang an aria from *Hérodiade* and a Gounod number, *O Redeemer Divine*, in a very acceptable manner. The society is based upon very liberal principles and is an increasingly powerful factor in the musical education of our city, for which it deserves the highest credit.

The Thomson recital proved a success. James Fitch Thomson sang very well, except where the tremolo appeared in his voice, when he was inclined to flat. The aria from *Reine de Saba*, by Agnes Thomson, was sung with a freshness, a spirit and finish that won for her rounds of applause. Victor Beigel, the pianist, showed a powerful technique and fine pedaling, with a special aptitude for the wild Hungarian melodies. The accompanists were Mr. Selden Miller and Mr. William Elliott.

Mr. E. Gholmeley Jones gave a pupils' concert in Musical Fund Hall on Thursday evening.

The Calvé concert announced for Saturday afternoon was withdrawn with the explanation that friends of the artist had been lost in the Paris fire and that Calvé herself was in such a nervous condition as to be unable to sing.

Mr. Michael Cross, for twenty-five years conductor of the Orpheus Club and a prominent musical figure in the city,

has declined re-election to the position of conductor on account of ill-health. The many friends of Mr. Cross wish him a speedy recovery.

Walter Damrosch and his Symphony Orchestra are to be at Willow Grove for the season, opening with a grand inaugural concert on May 29.

The city fathers have decided to make an improvement in the music at Fairmount Park this summer. It was high time! The contract has been given to Mr. S. H. Kendle, of the First Regiment Band, for \$10,368, who is to play from 4 to 10 o'clock on six days of the week, from June 12 to September 4.

At Calvary Church Mr. Chas. Elliott has been appointed organist and a double quartet instituted in place of the former single one. Mrs. McCormick, the contralto, and Miss Lena Tappan, from the Oxford Church, have gone to the church at Eighteenth and Spring Garden streets.

Mr. Fred. Hahn, a talented young violinist, for several years a member of the Boston Symphony, is in Philadelphia now under an oculist's treatment, and intends to make his future home here.

The list of soloists for the Saengerfest was completed this morning by Mr. Edmund Wolsieffer, the efficient and hard-working chairman of the music committee, and is as follows:

#### FIRST CONCERT—MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 21.

Mr. Eugene Klee, director.

Soprano, Mrs. Marie Kunkel-Zimmerman.....Philadelphia  
" Miss Jennie Foell....."  
" Mrs. Emma Mechelke-Vogt....."  
Contralto, Miss Josephine Richardson.....Brooklyn  
Tenor, Mr. Wm. Bartels.....Philadelphia  
Basso, Mr. Robert Schurig.....Philadelphia  
Baritone, Mr. Carl Schachner....."

#### SECOND CONCERT—TUESDAY EVENING, JUNE 22.

Mr. Carl Samans, director.

Soprano, Miss Emma Juch.....New York  
Tenor, Mr. James H. McKinley....."  
Piano, Mr. Leopold Godowsky....."

#### THIRD CONCERT—WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 23.

Mr. Samuel L. Hermann, director.

Soprano, Miss Sophie Traubmann.....New York  
Violin, Miss Maud Powell....."

This triennial festival has already assumed large proportions. Mr. Arno Leonhardt, the president, who has long been identified with the Saengerbund; Mr. Wolsieffer, who is not only an able executive but a thorough musician, and the three festival directors mentioned last week, are leaving no means unemployed to bring about a perfect success. The sub-committees are in efficient hands. A complete list of the officers and directors is given below.

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First Vice-President.....Henry Koch.  
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P. W. Federsmidt.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Fred. Schlaich.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
Henry Koch.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
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Dr. G. Kellner.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
John D. Lankenau.....	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
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M. FLETCHER.

Miss Margaret Reid.—Reports from Cannes, France, have shown that Miss Margaret Reid (formerly of Indianapolis) continued uninterruptedly the success made earlier during the season at the opera there. The special performance at the close of the season was honored by the attendance of the Prince and Princess of Wales, who personally congratulated the successful American artist. Lord Brougham, who accompanied the members of the royal family, gave a special dinner in honor of Miss Reid. Miss Reid is now engaged at Covent Garden for the London season, and will be heard from, as she is a thoroughly equipped operatic artist although she is an American.

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## THE MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA.

Published Every Saturday during the Year.

GREATEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM FOR ALL

MANUFACTURERS AND IMPORTERS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OR PARTS THEREOF.

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ESTABLISHED JANUARY, 1880.

No. 897.

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The London *MUSICAL COURIER* is published every Thursday from 21 Princes street, Cavendish Square, Oxford Circus, W., London, England. This paper, while containing the salient points of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*, of New York, devotes special attention to music throughout Great Britain and the British Colonies.

Spectimen copies, subscriptions and advertising rates can be obtained by addressing the London office, or

THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

Union Square, West,

New York City.

THE newer journalism has unearthed a boy fiddler who is charged with arson. What next? Boy cornetists and child tympanists might be profitably jailed without having committed arson.

CABLEGRAMS of Sunday last state that Paderewski will appear in a concert in June in London under the management of Robert Newman, the date set being June 15, in Queen's Hall. If he is under Mr. Newman's management this may be looked upon as a possible confirmation of the rumor that Paderewski and his secretary had become estranged.

SURELY the millennium is at hand. Magistrate Mott actually fined and imprisoned a fiend in human shape who made the night hideous with a truck load of two dozen steel rails. The amended corporation ordinances contain a clause relating to malicious mischief. Now let the good work go on, and banish bells, whistles and cable car gongs. Greater New York may yet become a paradise.

FRANK DAMROSCH has been appointed by the Board of Education to the office of Supervisor of Music in the public schools of this city at an annual salary of \$4,000. Mr. Damrosch will begin his duties September 1. The appointment is a singularly happy one. Mr. Damrosch is not only the son of a distinguished musician but he is a capital musician himself, an American born and a public spirited citizen. We feared that some foreigner or native of the rural parts might get the position, but the Board of Education showed for once that it was not hopelessly degenerated in judgment. Mr. Damrosch's work with the Peoples' Singing Classes demonstrates the wisdom of the board in its selection.

AS quickly as it became apparent that America would be closed to them next season the Reszké-Lassalle combination, with Grau as matador, began negotiating for a Berlin season of a few weeks next fall. These people have never sung in the great cities of Germany, although Jean Reszké stated over his own signature that infamous falsehood that he had as much guarantee a night in the "principal cities" as he had here. He averaged here about 12,500 frs. a night, while in Continental Europe he gets from 1,000 to 1,200 frs. a night; but which are the "principal cities" of his appearance? Rome? No. Milan? No. Madrid or Barcelona? No. Munich? No. Copenhagen? No. Hamburg? No. Stockholm? No. Amsterdam or Antwerp? No. Brussels? No. Hanover or Leipzig or Dresden or Frankfurt or Bayreuth or Mannheim or Karlsruhe (all with great opera houses)? No. Berlin? Now negotiating, as the *Berliner Courier* says. Oh, yes; he sings in Warsaw once in a while—once in every few years. "Principal cities!" Jean Reszké is just the kind of a private character that modern opera is apt to evolve. The facts prove it.

### THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

When Tamagno was here he used to complain that the only applause he ever got came from the galleries, and not the boxes or the orchestra stalls. He, of course, did not include in the estimate the frantic bravos of the claque that he always had standing near the stage whenever he sang. But if the accounts are to be believed Tamagno has created a tremendous impression in Paris, where he has sung in several parts at the Grand Opéra. As he can only sing in Italian, it was necessary to get around the positive rule that forbids any other language than French to be sung on this national stage. The situation was met by assigning the tenor's performances to the evenings not in the regular schedule of the season, and he sings now on other than the subscription nights at the opera. The Italian Embassy has given a dinner and fête in his honor, and he appears now to be the hero of the hour, and Paris is making a fuss over him in its own brilliant, ebullient and peculiar manner. This should be some compensation for the coldness of New York, which refused to take the slightest interest in the great Italian singer, even in those works in which he was really fine.—*New York Sun*.

WELL, which is right? Was New York right in its indifference or is Paris right in its fervor?

The *MUSICAL COURIER*, by the way, asserted that Tamagno was a great singer. It praised his admirable qualities and was not bitter over his deficiencies. That, however, is not the question. Do those "frantic bravos" of Paris console Tamagno for New York's frigidity? What's the criterion, anyhow? Paris rejects Calvé. Do the Yankee dollars console Calvé for the disapproval of Paris? Or does she not care as much about it as a comlier woman cared for an antique "judgment of Paris"? This same city which has "frantic bravos" for Tamagno (unregarded in

## MUSICAL COURIER

### TRADE EXTRA.

This paper publishes every Saturday *The MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA*, which is devoted to musical instruments and to general information on topics of interest to the music trade and its allied trades.

The *MUSICAL COURIER TRADE EXTRA* is especially adapted for the advertising of musical instruments of all kinds, as it reaches all the firms in the music trades of America.

New York) rejects the Reszkés altogether. Paris won't have Jean at any price. And New York can't get anything but Jean. Is Paris right? Or New York?

Let us reason together.

Tamagno's lack of a great success here was not his fault, and it was not wholly the fault of the audiences; the Reszkés are expert in whipping the devil round the stump. Paris, it may be conceded, has a nice and discriminating taste in opera singers, and yet it approves Sibyl Sanderson? Oh, that's merely because she is one of M. Massenet's charitable impulses. And Paris won't have the Reszkés at any price? No; and it is instructive to note that the only countries that will have the Reszkés are those two countries—America and England—which are distinguished, properly or improperly, as unmusical. For some years now the countries where musical culture is at once most general and most genuine have rejected or disregarded the Reszkés. So there seems to have been a pretty general agreement with the judgment of Paris.

As to Tamagno and the "frantic bravos"? Well, Tamagno has demonstrated that one may be a great artist and yet miss that sort of success that makes for Yankee dollars. The converse of this case seems to be fairly well proved by the Reszkés.

### GRAU AND RESZKE.

THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau Company, Limited, was held at the Metropolitan Opera House last Wednesday. About two-thirds of the stock was represented.

The following directors were elected to conduct future operations of the company, which, it may be said in brief, will be confined to the sale of the Tremont Theatre, Boston, its conduct until sold, and then the final winding up and dissolution of the company:

For directors, as holders of preferred stock—Robert Dunlap and Milward Adams, in place of the late William Steinway.

For directors, as holders of common stock—Edward Lauterbach, Thomas P. Fowler, John B. Schoeffel, Maurice Grau and F. C. Prentiss, in place of the late Henry E. Abbey.

There not being a quorum of these directors present, an election of officers for the year was deferred until such quorum could be had.

The report of the proceedings in full were published in the *Herald* as follows:

The directors of the past year presented a lengthy report showing the status of affairs at present, and recommending the release of Messrs. Grau and Schoeffel from their contract binding them not to give opera on their own account. The report was unanimously accepted, and the suggested release was formally granted.

The report makes a full statement of the business of the company since its organization in July, 1896, to May 1, 1897; shows how flattering were the season's prospects until the illness of several principal singers and the disastrous Western tour; pays a tribute to Mr. Grau's determined and successful efforts to complete the season, and his hurried raising of a guarantee fund at a critical period, and presents the accountant's report of an examination of the books.

Shorn of a mass of figures, the accountant's report shows in effect that the total receipts from all sources—money borrowed, stock sold, receipts at the opera house, &c.—amounted to \$902,553.40. The total expenditures of all kinds—expenses of the grand opera season, mortgage paid off on the scenery at the Metropolitan, money paid back to the Steinway estate, the organization expenses, settlement with creditors who declined to come into the reorganization scheme, &c.—amounted to \$814,906.98. In other words, the expenditures were \$12,383.48 more than the revenue from all sources.

On the final balancing of the books, on May 1, 1897, it appears that practically all obligations owing by the company have been paid off, or cash is ready to pay them off, except the amount due to those who provided the guarantee fund raised by Mr. Grau when in Chicago.

This amounts to \$96,833.33, and to partly meet this the scenery and costumes at the Metropolitan are to be sold to the opera house for \$20,000. This will reduce the indebtedness (except to the stock-



holder creditors) to about \$7,000—a remarkably good showing under the extraordinary adverse fortunes of the company this season. As the Tremont Theatre has been earning something, this may be even still further reduced or wiped out shortly. After that the Tremont will probably be sold and the company be wound up.

And so Mr. Grau remains in power, or rather Mr. Grau's balk Jean Reszké is virtually the victor, and to him belong the spoils—we mean the spoils he can win during the season of 1898-9. That is a mighty fine notion to sell to the opera house—Reszké's opera house—the scenery and costumes. We wonder what some of the more disgruntled stockholders will have to say of this curious sale? Mr. Grau sells to Mr. Grau—we mean Mr. Reszké—the costumes and scenery of the Abbey, Reszké and Schoeffel—we mean of the Reszké, Grau and—it all amounts to the same thing—whitewash characterizes the whole proceeding and figures never looked prettier. Of course the creditors of Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau have to be content with the statements, &c., but we wager considerable grumbling has been indulged in. Some of it has reached this office.

In the meantime Maurice Reszké and his man Friday, Jean Grau—they have exchanged names as a token of friendship—are preparing a noble scheme for season after next by which art will be benefited at so much percentage and the country treated to another dose of Reszkéism. But perhaps before that time public sentiment may have undergone a more radical change. This spring, when the bottom fell out of the Reszké-Grau machine, the public's eyes were opened, and each successive development is not calculated to restore confidence. Since the days of the Tweed ring there has not been such a flagrant case of machine politics in art as the Reszké-Grau ring up at the Metropolitan Opera House.

#### HOW IT PENETRATES.

ONE of the most eminent journalists of America stated it as an axiom that no journalistic effort could be made a permanent success unless it were transformed into a propaganda kept continuously before the public mind. This precept was scrupulously followed by this paper in its campaign against the opera humbug and the inflated and extortionate prices paid to foreign singers, and, furthermore, the resulting ostracism exercised against American singers.

How all this journalistic work has penetrated the whole musical world is apparent to all intelligent musical people, and as additional evidence in the same direction we merely desire to reproduce from last Sunday's *Herald* the following:

Although it is many years since Madame Gerster delighted New York opera-goers with the charm of her wonderful voice, she is still gratefully remembered by those who had the rare pleasure of hearing her in the fullness of her powers. Other great singers have made their appearance and scored their triumphs since Madame Gerster retired from the stage, but the New York public have not forgotten the great vocalist who so long gave them delight through her extraordinary vocal accomplishments.

All sorts of rumors have been sent abroad at one time and another about Madame Gerster, her ill health, her unhappy prospects, her melancholy state of mind over her present condition, &c. These bits of groundless gossip have been the cause of deep regret to her well wishers, the musical public, and it may interest them to know that only a few days since a letter was received in New York from Madame Gerster which puts at rest all these silly rumors. It is written from her home in Berlin, where she has a school of music that greatly interests her. The letter is written in the cheeriest tone, tells of the interest she takes in her work, chats about her many pupils, taking almost girlish delight in the young voices, especially those of some American young women, whom she hopes to place on the operatic stage as genuine surprises.

In the letter she goes into ecstasies over their voices, their delicious tone and fine dramatic quality, "but alas!" she adds, "both are Americans and in their own country stand no chance with the opera habitués, who prefer any foreigners to their own countrymen. I shall, however, continue to perfect their studies in every way \* \* \* and feel sure they will do me great honor."

So it seems that even Madame Gerster, in her retirement, keeps in touch with American operatic doings, and has heard much that has been talked of in connection with the difficulty that American singers meet with in endeavoring to secure a successful hearing before their own people.

THE MUSICAL COURIER is determined to create a national sentiment that will give to our own American singers, teachers, players and composers the same opportunity afforded to visiting foreigners. This prejudice against Americans must be abated, and they must be placed on an equality with foreigners so far as public treatment is concerned. If Americans possess no musical merit let us discover it, but they cannot be relegated to obscurity because they happen to be Americans and not foreigners.

Mr. Damrosch and Mr. Ellis are going to bring a whole lot of cheap foreigners over here and a couple of high priced, extortionate singers to use as advertise-

ments, and to gloss over the mediocrity of the foreign aggregation. Let us discard the whole enterprise. Philadelphia and Boston are the two cities to make an example of this nefarious system which drives Americans out of public life in music.

Mr. Damrosch composed an opera, *The Scarlet Letter*; he could get no one to stage it here and had to do it himself, and then it failed and could not be repeated this past season. Who is going to produce it in Europe? No one. He claimed that it had merit. Then why should we open our opera houses to European novelties that are without merit when works with merit are discarded in Europe because they are of American origin?

We must have some artistic sense, or we would not pay Reszké ten times as much and Melba and Calvé ten times as much as unappreciative Europe pays them. Goto—or there is something wrong somewhere. Where is it? In the national disdain we have for our own people, and this is fostered by the Damrosches, the Ellises, the Graus, the Wolfsohns and all the managers who seek only the sensational European, always keeping the American back in the dark, unknown, unseen, unheard.

But it must stop, and we guarantee that it will stop. The Damrosch-Ellis scheme will not succeed, and none of these foreign incursions will in the future prove remunerative. The people will end them. THE MUSICAL COURIER'S work has penetrated.

THE cultivation of the mood and duty of patriotism is not quite so important as it was a few decades ago. There is less occasion for the American to red-let the fact that he is an American. In the arts especially it is true that a passion for what is essentially Yankee maybe profitably broadened into a passion for the planet. It is unwise and uncritical to contend that in a great, fresh, mechanical country like ours the arts should have attained the trim beauty and fruitfulness of the time-tilled fields of the old world.

THE MUSICAL COURIER upholds no such uncritical contention.

It demands for American art and the American artist merely that fair consideration which is the due of each. As it is, it is not to be denied that the American composer and the American performer alike are at the mercy of the foreigner. Their artistic opportunities come almost wholly through the foreigner's time-serving sufrage. What chance has the reproductive artist? What chance has the singer—the virtuoso in any branch of music? Unless he be a foreigner his chance of any broad success in this country is visionary as the flying machine. The foreigners take all. They overrun every field of music. They get the engagements. Here and there fugitive engagements are secured by agile American artists, but the steady flow of important and profitable engagements sets toward the foreigner.

How are native singers to be trained and formed? Without an exception it is true of the executive musicians of America that they have required the stamp of European approval in order to attain a place of recognized esteem in American opinion. Even then they are handicapped by the fatal gift of American nationality. They succeed only in despite of nature and their stars.

The fact that the interpretation of music is monopolized by the foreigners has one effect which is far more serious than the exclusion of the native born singer and the native born performer. It boycotts the American composer. Here is a clean stroke at the productive arts. This is woeful still.

The foreign singer will not sing American songs. The foreign virtuoso will not play American music; the foreign orchestra leader will not. American music is not heard in Europe. The foreigner will not bring it out, and the American who might has no conspicuous and profitable engagements.

Even in America how rare are the opportunities of hearing American compositions?

Nothing can be clearer to any impartial person than that there is something radically wrong in this state of affairs. We have musicians—native musicians—like MacDowell and Chadwick, Ethelbert Nevin and Dudley Buck, Strong, Parker and Arthur Bird, and residential Americans like Vogrich and Klein; these and a score of others. The sum total of their artistic production is very great. Yet what headway have

they been able to make against the flat and oily tide of public nescience and indifference? Very little headway, very little.

The reason is plain as a pike-staff.

They can't get at the audiences.

The profitable engagements are "bagged" by the foreign performer of music.

This foreign person will not perform American music.

The American cannot secure the public engagements where he might equalize matters.

The result is disastrous to the American composer. He is shut out from his audience. He sows, but he may not reap. In bitterness or in patience he cultivates the sad science of renunciation. It is all he can do; the foreigner has taken everything else.

And the future of American music—

What's the future of the flying machine?

One seems to be as visionary as the other.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

### Bureau of Information

AND

### Forwarding of Mail.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has opened a BUREAU OF INFORMATION and a Department of Mailing and Correspondence on the third floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union Square. Elevator service will enable all professional people, musical or dramatic, or those engaged in the musical instrument business or all allied professions and trades, to reach the floor set aside for correspondence and mailing and as a general Bureau of Information on all matters pertaining to the profession or trade.

The attendance and service are all

#### GRATIS

and no fees of any kind whatever are charged.

The accommodations embrace:

I. *Correspondence*.—Which means that desks and all material are at hand for letter writing, telegraphing and cabling.

II. *Mailing*.—Persons traveling abroad or in this country can have their mail promptly forwarded by having it sent care of THE MUSICAL COURIER, and the itinerary of the traveler recorded here from time to time.

III. *Addresses*.—We are now prepared to furnish the addresses of the better known musical people on both sides of the Atlantic, so that instant communication can be secured.

IV. *In General*.—In short, this department will serve as a general Bureau of Information for all musical or dramatic artists and professional people, who at present have no central place of meeting or of inquiry. THE MUSICAL COURIER is located in the very heart of the musical district of the Union, and it herewith invites the musical world to make the Bureau just opened its general headquarters.

#### EXPLANATION.

One of the most vexatious and most frequent queries, "Where can artists be reached?" will now be readily solved, for we have opened a Post Office or Correspondents' Department to which all letters may be addressed. If artists before starting on a tour, either in this country or abroad, will kindly leave their itinerary with us, their letters will be promptly remailed to their proper destination. Aside from the advantage the expeditious reception of your correspondence offers you, THE MUSICAL COURIER will be in constant touch regarding your whereabouts, and can at all times accurately inform inquirers where you can be communicated with.

Centrally located as is the office of THE MUSICAL COURIER, in the very heart of the musical district, we have now opened a Reception Room for the benefit of our patrons. Cool and light, easily accessible by elevator and suitably furnished for reading and writing, we herewith extend a most cordial invitation to all interested in musical and dramatic life to avail themselves of its facilities.

Stationery will be furnished gratuitously, and here also artists may meet their manager or friends for a social chat or business interview.

THE PRINTING BUREAU is another important and new feature, for by special arrangements made with the Blumenberg Press we can execute all profes-



sional printing at special rates when ordered through our Bureau. The Blumenberg Press is one of the most perfectly appointed printing plants in the country, equipped with every modern appliance, and is prepared to execute any work, from the simplest to the most ornate and elaborate printing order, at short notice and reasonable rates. Programs, invitations, catalogues, posters, books and brochures, illustrated magazine work and commercial printing will be done to the perfect satisfaction of our patrons. *Rush orders a specialty*, and samples of work can be shown, and estimates will be cheerfully furnished when required.

In the Reception Room catalogues of all the newest musical publications will be on view, also directory and visitors' register. Here also will be open for the inspection of visitors the diagrams of concert halls, lecture rooms, theatres, &c., which may be engaged for entertainments, lectures or musicales.

THE MUSICAL COURIER offers its services cheerfully and gratuitously in each of the above-mentioned departments, and contemplates in the near future the addition of other useful and progressive appointments to further extend and enhance its useful sphere.

The Reception Room is now open, and is located on the second floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square, West.

### Milwaukee M'Liss.

I AM very fond of reading the pennings of that M'Liss-like lady of Milwaukee. Yet what can she mean when she says or writes: "And absolutely forget the melodious inspiration upon which Wagner lavished his genius for orchestral coloring?" And almost in the same breath: "There is nothing as base as imitation and nothing as noble as a lofty creation."

Is not all of Wagner's descriptive music the embodiment of nature? Was he not (his hearing) always alert to the sounds about him? Has any student (not only of notes but principally of sounds of nature) the audacity to say that Wagner did not imitate? Then that student (?) can be depended upon playing as accurately as a hand organ and composing with a compass and yardstick.

I wonder if Lady von Tetzel has spent as much time jotting sounds and harmony—and, greatest of all, melodies, of the wood—as she has spent with her piano (or any other instrument, for that matter)?

What about Siegfried? Is this grand piece of work a fantasia or exaggeration, or a small bulk of nature chiseled to fit the master's brain (three or four hours of life imitated with sounds)?

Sound, form (pose) and color are natural fibres; distinct, yet of one mother. With rare exceptions all modern music has not the slightest suggestiveness of nature; in other words, *no imitative qualities* or properties.

I am positive when Miss von Tetzel tires of modern music it is not because it imitates, but because of the absence of all imitation of naturalness. Almost each American student of art (in any branch) has the strange (strange to the master) desire for money making, before he really knows what to make it with. A few technicalities mastered with the fingers and voice and knowledge of *rules* of composition are thought to suffice for the composer's toolchest. An ass might make an impression of his hoof in the sand and some persons would call it "modeling in clay."

Sincerely,

AUG. G. METZ.

MAY 7, 1897.

**Mr. Thomas J. Ambrose, a Powers' Pupil.**—Mr. Thomas J. Ambrose delighted his many friends at the Oratorio recital given by the Alumnae Association of St. Mary's School, on May 4 last, by singing really grandly the parts assigned to him. Mr. Ambrose has a rare baritone voice of great compass and is a pupil of Mr. Francis Fischer Powers. It is safe to say that if this young man improves in the future as he has in the past the time is not far distant when he will be one of the shining lights of the musical world.

**Jenny Busk-Dodge.**—The pupils of Mrs. Jenny Busk-Dodge, the excellent voice and singing teacher of Cincinnati, gave a song recital at the John Church Company's establishment, in that city on May 4. The *Enquirer* says this of Mrs. Busk-Dodge, and we indorse every word of it:

It was a recital given by the pupils of Mrs. Jenny Busk-Dodge, who, by her artistic work and genuine musical taste, has already made a strong impression on this musical community. Mrs. Dodge is a singer herself, and some years ago her voice was heard to advantage at home and abroad. She has breathed the musical atmosphere of the Continent, and is thoroughly conversant with the spirit of the masters of song. Her individuality she knows how to communicate to her pupils. That was a feature distinctly shown in the recital. There is an easy flow to the singing of her pupils, and yet it is well accentuated. She places proper value on breathing and phrasing, and knows how to teach the spirit of the music.



### THE VAMPIRE.

(Verses written by Rudyard Kipling for the picture by Philip Burne-Jones in the New Gallery.)

A fool there was and he made his prayer  
(Even as you and I)  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care)  
But the fool he called her his lady fair  
(Even as you and I)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste  
And the work of our head and hand,  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I)  
Honour and faith and a sure intent  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant)  
But a fool must follow his natural bent  
(Even as you and I)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost  
And the excellent things we planned,  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why  
(And now we know that she never knew why)  
And did not understand.

HERE is a little story that might faintly indicate as an idea the pursuit of the ideal, but I have elected to call it

### THE RECURRING STAIRCASE.

I saw her first on the Recurring Staircase. I had turned sharply the angle of the hall and placed my foot upon the bottom step and then I saw her. She was motionless; her back I saw, and O the grace of her neck and the glory of her arrested attitude! I feared to move, but some portent, silent, inflexibly eloquent, bade, haled me to the staircase. That was years ago. I called to her, strange calls, beautiful sounding names, I besought her to bend her head, to make some sign to signals of urgency; but her glance was aloft, where, illumined by the scarlet music of a setting sun, I saw a rich, heavy mullioned embrasure, multi-colored glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight. Again I prayed my Lady of the Recurring Staircase to give me hope by a single dropped glance. At last I conjured her in Love's fatal name, and she moved languorously up the steep slope of stairs. As if the spell had been thwarted I followed the melodious adagio of her footsteps. That was many years ago. She never mounted to the heavy mullioned embrasure with the multi-colored glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight; I never touched the hand of My Lady of the Recurring Staircase, for the stairs were endless and I stood ever upon the bottom step, and the others below slipped into eternity, and all this was many years ago, and I have never seen the glorious glance of My Lady of the Recurring Staircase.

"The remembrance of his playing consoles me for being no longer young."

This sentence, charmingly phrased as it is charming in sentiment, could be uttered by no other man but Camille Saint-Saëns. He wrote of Liszt, and as the natural son of the Hungarian composer, musically speaking, Saint-Saëns is perhaps better qualified to speak of Liszt than most critics, and his adoration is perfectly excusable, for to him Liszt was the protagonist of that school which threw off the fetters of classical form only to hamper itself with the extravagances of the romantic. They all came from Berlioz, Saint-Saëns' violent protest to the contrary; only this much may be urged in the latter's favor: a great movement like the romantic movement in music, painting and literature appears simultaneously in a half dozen places. It is in the air, and is catching. Goethe dismissed the whole movement in his usual Jovian fashion, saying to Eckermann: "They all come from Chateaubriand," and it is a very fair criticism, for in the writings of the author of *The Genius of Christianity* may be found the

germ plasm of all the artistic disorder, the *farouche* color, the *bizarrierie*, the morbid extravagance, the introspective analysis which in Amiel's case almost amounted to mania, all of which are the keynotes of the group. Stendhal was the St. John of the movement which captivated the powerful imagination of Franz Liszt, as it later caused the orphic utterances of Richard Wagner.

Saint-Saëns sets great store on Liszt's original compositions, and I am sure when all the brilliant, empty, operatic paraphrases and so-called Hungarian rhapsodies are forgotten that the true Liszt will shine more brightly.

With Rafael Joseffy I listened the other night to a Hungarian Gypsy orchestra, and heard real Hungarian music—not the virtuoso stuff of Liszt, but the living, leaping, mad music of Magyarland. How cheap and tinkling are these piano rhapsodies of Liszt, and how the old bones do rattle!

We smile at the generation that could adore The Battle of Prague, the Herz variations and Kalkbrenner's fantasias, but the next generation will laugh at us for tolerating Liszt's rhapsodies when Brahms has written two such wonderful specimens as the B and G minor Rhapsodies.

Gush and glitter always rule childish brains. Technically the Liszt arrangements are excellent finger pieces. You may show off with them and make much noise and a reputation for virtuosity that can be shattered if a Bach fugue were selected as a test. One Chopin mazurka contains more music than a Liszt rhapsody, which are overdressed pretenders to Magyar blood. Any Gypsy band can better give the true flavor of Hungary Liszt's pompous, affected introductions, spun-out scales and transcendental technical feats, all foreign to the wild, native simplicity of Hungarian folk music.

I need not speak again of Liszt's wonderful transcriptions of songs of Schubert, Schumann and Franz, nor of his own original, nor yet of his three concertos for piano. All these are witnesses to the man's geniality, cleverness and charm. I wish to speak only of the compositions for piano solo composed by Liszt, Ferencz of Raiding, Hungaria. Many I salute with the "Eljen" of patriotic enthusiasm, and I particularly delight in quizzing the Liszt rhapsody maniac who bores me as to his knowledge of the etudes—those wonderful continuations of the Chopin etudes—of his acquaintance with the *Années de Plerinage*, of the *Valse Oubliée*, of the *Valse Impromptu*, of the sonnets after Petrarch, of the nocturnes, of the F sharp impromptu, of *Ab-Itato*—that etude of which most pianists never heard—of the apparitions, of the legends, of the ballades, of the mazurka in B minor, of the Elegies, of the Harmonies Poétiques, of the Concerto Patetico, of many other pieces that contain enough music to float into glory—as Philip Hale would say—a half dozen piano composers of this fag-end of the century.

The eminently "pianistic" quality of Liszt's original music commends it to every pianist. Joseffy once said to me that the B minor sonata was one of those compositions that played itself; it lay so beautifully for the hand, and while I have not encountered many self-playing B minor sonatas, nor even many pianists who can attack the work in a manner commensurate with its contents, yet I am thoroughly convinced of the wisdom of the great pianist's remark. To me no work of Liszt, with the possible exception of the studies, is as interesting as this same fantasia which masquerades in H moll as a sonata. Agreeing with my friends who declare that they cannot find a trace of a sonata in the organic structure of this composition, and also with those who swear that this work is an amplification of the old obsolete form, and that Liszt has simply taken Beethoven's latest sonata period as a starting point and made a plunge for futurity; agreeing absolutely with these warring factions, and thus choking off the contingency of an interesting argument, I repeat that I find in the B minor sonata of Liszt most fascinating music.

What a tremendously dramatic work it is! It certainly stirs the blood—it is intense and it is complex. The opening bars are so truly Lisztian. The gloom,



the harmonic haze, out of which emerges that bold theme in octaves, the leap from the G to the A sharp—how Liszt has made that and the succeeding intervals his own! Power there is—sardonic power, as in the opening phrase of the E flat concerto, which is mocking, cynical, but tremendous. How incisively the composer taps your consciousness in the next theme of the sonata, with its four knocking D's! What follows is like a drama enacted in the nether world. Is there really a composer who paints the infernal, the *macabre* like Liszt? Berlioz had the gift, so had Raff, so has Saint-Saëns; but the thin, sharp flames of hell hover about the brass, wood and shrieking strings of Liszt's orchestra.

The chorale, which is usually the meat of a Liszt composition, soon appears and proclaims the composer's religious belief in powerful accents, and I am swept away with conviction until after that burst in C, when comes the insincerity of it in the following harmonic sequences. Then it is not real heart-whole belief, and after the faint return of the opening motive comes the sigh of sentiment, of passion, of abandonment, which engenders the belief that when Liszt was not kneeling before a crucifix, he was to a woman.

He dearly loves to blend piety and passion in the most mystically amorous fashion, and in this sonata, with the *cantando espressivo* in D, begins some lovely music, secular in spirit, mayhap intended by its creator for pyx and redos.

But the rustle of silken attire is in every bar; sensuous imagery, faint perfume of femininity lurks in each trill and cadence. Ah, naughty Abbé, have a care! After all thy chorales and tonsures, thy *credos* and sackcloth, wilt thou let in the evil one in the guise of a melody in whose chromatic intervals lie dimpled cheek and sunny tress; wilt thou allow her to make away with thy resolutions?

*Vade retro Sathanas*, and it is done; the bold cry so triumphantly proclaimed at the outset is sounded with chordal pomp and power. The hue and cry of diminished sevenths begins, and so this ruddy, moving picture, with its swirl of intoxicating colors, goes on kaleidoscopically. Again the devil tempts this musical St. Anthony, this time in octaves and in A major, and he momentarily succumbs; but that good old family choral is heard again, and if its orthodoxy is in spots faulty, it serves its purpose, for the evil one is routed and early piety breaks forth in an alarming fugue, which like that domestic disease is short-winded. Another flank movement of the "Ewigé Weiblich," this time in the rich and seductive key of B major, which is made mockery by the strong man of music, who in the *stretta quasi presto* views his early amorous disorder with grim and contrapuntal glee. He shakes it from him, and in the triolens of the bass frames it as a picture to weep or rage over.

All this leads to a *prestissimo finale* of startling splendor. Nothing more exciting is there in the literature of the piano. It is brilliantly captivating, and Liszt the conquerer, Liszt the magnificent is stamped on every octave. What gorgeous swing, and how the very bases of the earth tremble at the sledgehammer blows from this cyclopean fist!

Then follow a few bars of that very Beethoven-like *andante*, a moving return of the first themes, and silently the first *lento* descends to the subterranean depths whence it first emerged, then a true Liszt chord sequence and a stillness in B major.

The sonata in B minor contains all of Liszt's strength and weakness. It is rhapsodical, it is too long, it is full of nobility, a drastic intellectuality and sonorous brilliancy. To deny it a prominent place in the repertory of piano music were folly.

It is not my intention to claim your consideration for the rest of Liszt's original compositions. In the *Années de Pelerinage*, redolent of Vergilian meadows, with soft summer airs shimmering through every bar, what is more delicious than the etude *Au Bord d'une Source*? It is exquisitely idyllic.

Surely in those years of pilgrimage Liszt garnered much that was good and beautiful, and it was all without the taint of the French *salon* or Continental concert platform. Away from the glare of gaslight this extraordinary Hungarian patterned after the noblest things of nature. In the atmosphere of

salons, of the Papal Court and the public Liszt was hardly so admirable a character.

Oh, I know of certain hysterical cries calling heaven to witness that he was anointed of the Lord. Pooh! if he had not had to cut and run to sanctuary to escape two women we never would have heard of Liszt the Abbé!

Why is it when you are about to enjoy some music, some verse, some painting, some sculpture, that the ass with an "ite" to his profession of art, tells you to hunt for symbols or else you will miss the atmosphere of a Maeterlinck, an Ibsen; asks you to search for mystic meanings, else Liszt's music is an enigma; beseeches you to hunt for cosmic analogies, or to pay the penalty and be pursued by a Browningite with glossaries and gibes?

I take Liszt to have been a great man, with all the defects, virtues and vices that go to make up any man who amounts to anything outside of a book.

The Mephisto Valse from Lienau's Faust, in addition to its biting, broad humor and Satanic suggestiveness, contains one of the most voluptuous episodes outside of a score by Wagner. That halting, languorous, syncopated, valse-like theme in D flat is marvelously expressive, and the *poco allegretto* seems to have struck the fancy of Wagner, who did not hesitate to appropriate from his esteemed father-in-law when the fancy struck him.

He certainly considered *Kundry* Lisztwise before fabricating her motif for Parsifal. In the hands of a capable pianist the Mephisto Valse can be made very effective.

I have before referred to the twelve great etudes; they should be on the desk of every student of advanced technics. So should the Waldesrauschen and Gnomenreigen, and I cannot sufficiently praise the three beautiful etudes de concert. The ballades and legendes are becoming favorites at recitals, and the polonaise in C minor, compared to it the familiar one in E major, seems banal.

Liszt's life was a sequence of triumphs, his sympathies were boundless, he appreciated Chopin, he unearthed Schumann's piano music, he materially aided Wagner and he discovered Robert Franz; yet he had time for himself, and his spiritual nature was never submerged. I wish, however, that he had not manufactured the rhapsodies and the Liszt pupil!

The big four—the Kneisel Quartet—with Timothée Adamowski, left for Europe last Saturday morning. Friday evening Rafael Joseffy tendered the boys from Boston a little supper at Lüchow's and invited some New York men to meet their brother artists. It was decidedly a "small and early" affair and was eminently a success. Charles F. Tretbar, Victor Herbert, Nahan Franko, Vance Thompson, George Munzig, the painter; Adolf Link, Al. Neumann, Roland Perry, Kneisel, Roth Svecenczki, Schroeder, "Tim" Adamowski, Herr Mütter, Arthur Giles and Rafael Joseffy, the host, managed to enjoy themselves until the fatal hour of Raines struck, and then like good citizens dispersed for bed—or poker, I don't know which. Harry Rowe Shelley and Max Heinrich sent messages of regret.

It's not very new, but it's always good:

Leo the Thirteenth was greatly in demand as a diner-out while filling the office of nuncio at Brussels. Always severe in matters of propriety, he was deeply offended by a baron who passed him a snuff-box on the lid of which was enameled a feminine figure *en déshabillé*. Controlling his annoyance, his future holiness replied: "Very pretty. Is it your wife?"

**Mrs. Parson Price, Conductor.**—It is not generally known that this lady, wife of the well-known vocal teacher, is conductor of a chorus of twenty-five female voices. Among the hundreds of pupils taught by Mr. Price in New York may be mentioned: Miss Annie L. Walker, soprano; Miss Ida Klein, soprano; Miss Margaret Fuller, soprano; Miss Julia Marlowe, mezzo soprano; Miss Ida Conquest, mezzo soprano; Miss Nora O'Brien, mezzo soprano; Miss Maude Adams, mezzo contralto; Miss Margaret May, mezzo contralto; Miss Ellen Rowland, mezzo contralto; Miss Inez J. Carusi, contralto; Miss Maud Hoffman, contralto; Miss Laura Burt, contralto; Mr. George C. Pearce, tenor; Mr. J. H. Childs, baritone; Dr. T. C. Jones, baritone; Rev. Wm. P. Fisher, baritone; Mr. Wm. Armour Thayer, baritone; Mr. Lewis J. Geary, basso; Mr. Walter B. Crabtree, basso, and Mr. A. A. Schaefer, basso.



BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,  
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,  
LONDON, W., May 1, 1907.

SIR JOHN GORST has fixed the 24th of May for an interview with a deputation of representative musicians who are anxious to induce the Education Department to give greater encouragement to the teaching of the staff notation in elementary schools. The deputation will be introduced by Mr. J. W. Sidebotham, M. P., who is a Bachelor of Music.

The season of the Royal Opera will be preceded on Saturday by a special opera concert to be given at Covent Garden in aid of the Prince of Wales' Hospital Fund, and in which the leading members of the opera company who may then happen to be in town will take part. The opera season will open, probably with Faust, on May 10, and on the following Saturday Madame Seville, the Australian prima donna, will make her Covent Garden debut as *Manon* in M. Massenet's opera.

M. Van Dyk is expected to arrive in London early next week, in order to rehearse *Der Evangelimann*, which will be the first novelty of the season.

Giuseppe Pizzi, of Milan, has constructed a "harmonicon" with twelve tones or modes, which affords this advantage, that by means of a single position of the major and one of the minor there is furnished the twenty-four modes, and the transposition of musical pieces is obtained from the twelve major and twelve minor scales without any study of the instrumental register being needed. The invention is patented and applicable to any keyboard instrument, such as the harmonium, piano, &c.

Signor Pizzi has discovered a mass composed by Donizetti for the funeral of Bellini, in 1839. It will be performed in August in the Cathedral at Bergamo with grand orchestra, chorus and soloists. Other music by this composer has also been brought to light, including an overture, twelve quartets for strings—which are said to be very fine and may be published shortly by a well-known house—a classical symphony for strings and other orchestral works. Some of these will be performed during the celebration at Bergamo in August, under the direction of Signor Pizzi.

Mme. Dyna Beamer, singer to the Court of Holland, will give a concert on May 5 in Steinway Hall.

Herr Augustus Hyllested, the Danish pianist, will give three concerts, under the direction of Mr. Ernest Cavour, in St. James' Hall, on May 4, 17 and 20. At the first he will conduct a performance of his symphonic poem, which ends with the double chorus of Psalm 150 and the Lord's Prayer.

Mr. Maurice Grau is expected to arrive in London to-day, and after attending to important matters concerning the forthcoming season at Covent Garden will go on to Paris for a few days. Rehearsals will be in full swing by end of next week under Signor Mancinelli and Herr Anton Seidl.

Chev. Emil Bach's opera, the *Lady of Longford*, has been translated into German, and will be given at Dr. Löwe's Theatre, Breslau, on April 30. The work has been rearranged since its performance at Covent Garden, and we trust that it will meet with favor on the Continent.

Dr. J. F. Bridge gave a lecture at the Crystal Palace last night, on Sixty Years of Music, as one of a course of lectures to be given there, to demonstrate the progress made in science, art, literature, &c., during the longest reign.

Signor Puccini and Signor Tito Ricordi leave London this evening for Berlin, where they will probably make arrangements for the performance of *La Bohème* in the German capital, and, perhaps, other important operatic centres in the Fatherland. The work will be produced at Venice next month.

The benefit *matinée* for the widow of the late Mr. Charles Harris, at the Gaiety Theatre, has been postponed for two weeks, from April 29 to May 13. The postponement has been rendered necessary by the rehearsals for the forthcoming reproduction of the *Yeoman of the Guard* at the Savoy Theatre, as most of the Savoy Company are also in the cast of *Trial by Jury*, which Mr. W. S. Gilbert has consented to personally rehearse for the Harris benefit.

Mr. Edward Elgar's *King Olaf* will be given by the



Worcester Festival Choral Society on May 4, when the composer will conduct. Among the soloists engaged for the occasion is Miss Regina de Sales.

Among the callers at this office, this week, have been Miss Nina Bertini Humphreys, Mr. Reginald Little and Mrs. M. Hallowell Campbell and Miss Campbell.

## CONCERTS.

The second series of symphony concerts began on the 24th inst. with a program entirely devoted to Brahms, with the exception only of Schumann's overture to *Genoveva*, op. 81, and an orchestral arrangement of Beethoven's sonata in A flat, in memoriam of the recent death of the master. The performance at this moment of Brahms' works, in particular the grand symphony in D, tends to make us realize more than ever the loss of him to whose genius we owe such treasures.

The symphony, full of life's warmest pulsations, contains all the manifold qualities of the master's writing, his spontaneity of exquisitely flowing melody and the gigantic power of structural form, without any of the complexities of style which sometimes make his composition difficult to understand at first hearing. It was magnificently played. The Tragic Overture and the Academic Festival Overture, op. 80, were also on the program. The themes of the latter are well-known German students' songs, worked out with wonderful dexterity into a brilliantly effective piece of music. The humor with which the Lederne Fuchs is chased through all the instruments of the orchestra must have raised a storm of delight when it was first heard in Germany.

Mme. Blanche Marchesi sang four of his best known Lieder, and, for the first time, we did not altogether admire her conception. She was not in full command of her voice, owing to recent illness, and it would have been an improvement if she had transposed *Dunkel wie Dunkel* into a lower key, which would have been far more effective, in her case, for the Beethovenian climax at the end. Alto *Liebe* is a dreamy poem—Brahms followed the meaning of the words in his music—and there is no passion in the last two lines, "Ein alter Traum erfasst mich, und führt mich seine Bahn." Had she so understood it she would have read it to perfection, as she did *Feldernsamkeit* and *Wiegenlied*. *Sandmännchen* as an encore never fails to delight an audience. Mr. Wood's orchestra was superb, with the exception of the brass, the intonation of which was more than once strongly doubtful.

The most interesting concert of the Crystal Palace series is always the extra one given for Mr. Manns' benefit; and this rule was in no way broken on Saturday. The vocalists of the occasion were Madame Albani and Mr. Andrew Black, while Miss Maud McCarthy played the Mendelssohn violin concerto. Madame Burmeister-Petersen gave a fine performance of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia; and the program included, as its chief orchestral works, Brahms' Song of Destiny, Schumann's D minor Symphony, and the Leonora Overture No. 3.

Mr. Grossmith held his audience in a continual spell of merriment during his humorous and musical recital on the 8th inst. in St. James Hall. How Beethoven took himself to write a sonata and the fantasia *Setz les Perles*, one must have heard to fully realize the amount of humor this extraordinary artist infuses into each of his themes. When the "porks" growl in the bass, and "the pearls," the bag for them, the string to fasten them in, the knot, &c., were musically represented, we had program music enough to convulse everyone with laughter. Another exquisitely clever bit of humorous music is the melody of *Three Blind Mice*, à la Mendelssohn, Mozart, Gounod and Chopin. First the mice are involved in a song without words; then they curl their tail at the end of a little Mozartian piece on the same theme; Gounod makes them slip into O that we two were Maying, and for Chopin they draggle again their tails in a little paraphrase in the minor—really pretty, characteristic, and most amusing. Finally, Mr. Grossmith wishes us to realize the contrast of the *Three Blind Mice* vulgarized on the barrel organ, which is, of course, equally comic. Space forbids the enumeration of all the other items. If Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Beerbohm Tree could have heard their own speeches from their clever imitator, they would agree to his proposition that next he would represent Hamlet, with which he closed the performance amid roars of laughter.

## THE BOHEMIANS.

Our Manchester correspondent writes: "The production for the first time on any English stage, of Signor Puccini's

new opera, *The Bohemians*, which seems destined, as indeed it richly deserves, to bring fame to its composer, took place here last Thursday night. It may be said at once that the first performance by the Carl Rosa Opera Company was a brilliant and unmistakable success, in spite of the lamentable indisposition of the tenor.

The lovely quasi-timid phrase, "half sly, half shy" with which *Mimi* reveals her name to *Rudolf*; her repetition in the dying scene of the words he had spoken to her at their first meeting—"How frozen are your fingers; let me warm them into life"—belong to the quiet order of beauty; but no less beautiful, though in another manner, is *Musetta's* song in slow waltz tempo, in which she gives some account of herself, or the passage in which she asserts to *Marcel* her right to do just what she pleases. But, indeed, the music throughout is charming; the various motives are thoroughly distinctive and characteristic of the personages and scenes they are intended to depict, and beautiful effects are obtained in almost every page with the slightest expenditure of means.

The large audience on Thursday and again on Saturday were not slow to recognize these merits. At the first performance the whole of the last part of Act II., from *Musetta's* song, and at the second the duet between *Rudolf* and *Marcel* were re-demanded and encored. After every act the curtain was raised four or five times, and the composer received a most enthusiastic ovation. He was visibly pleased with the warmth of his reception, and he must have been more than satisfied with the manner in which his work had been produced. Principals, orchestra, chorus, had evidently their hearts in their work, and the result was one of the greatest successes ever achieved by a first performance, a result to which the excellent staging—the scene outside the Café Womas was a masterpiece of its kind—also contributed in no small degree.

Of the play as a whole it may be said that "it strikes surely and skilfully a string which has vibrated at one time or other in the heart and brain of every man who possesses a brain and heart." The somewhat delicate subject has been treated for the most part with great discretion; but the episode of *Benoit*, the landlord, might be dispensed with. It is quite superfluous; it delays the meeting of *Mimi* and *Rudolf*, with which the real interest of the action commences; it leads to nothing, and it exhibits the four companions in a somewhat unpleasant light.

F. V. ATWATER.

## New York College of Music Commencement.

THE New York College of Music held its nineteenth annual commencement and concert on Saturday evening, May 8, in the college hall. The following was the program:

Piano solo, Air de Ballet.....Chaminade  
Miss Gussie Zuckerman.  
Song, Tannhäuser, Dich theure Halle.....Wagner  
Miss Lina Kohlbusch.  
Violin solo, concerto (andante).....Mendelssohn  
Miss Josephine McKenzie.  
Piano solo, concerto A minor (third movement).....Schumann  
Miss Gertrude Rubin.  
(With accompaniment of a second piano.)  
Violin solo, concerto (second movement).....Rode  
Miss Tillie Stiller.  
Piano solo, concerto, F sharp (first movement).....Hiller  
Master Harry Graboff.  
(With accompaniment of a second piano.)  
Songs, opera Cinq Mars, Cantilena.....Gounod  
Miss Mamie Kenney.  
Piano solo, polonaise, A flat.....Chopin  
Miss Katharine Campbell.  
Address by the president, Mr. Everett P. Wheeler and presentation of medals and diplomas.

The pupils' concerts given at the New York College of Music are always of a professional degree of excellence, but on Saturday night the program was of more than usual interest—not over long, varied and interpreted superlatively well. Each year Mr. Lambert brings forward some new pupils, whose musical finish and authority hardly permit their being named in the ranks of amateurs. This year Mr. Lambert has not disappointed us, and little Miss Gussie Zuckerman, who played the Chaminade Air de Ballet with extraordinary clarity and finish, and Miss Gertrude Rubin, who played the third movement of Schumann's A minor concerto with unusual breadth, were to us new evidences of the excellence of Mr. Lambert's tuition.

The work of Miss Katharine Campbell and Master Harry

Graboff is well-known to us. Little Master Graboff was easily the star of the occasion and astonished his hearers by his phenomenal brilliancy and power in the first movement of the Hiller F sharp concerto. This little boy has talent.

Miss Campbell played the rather hackneyed Chopin A flat polonaise with a spirit and finish which are anything but hackneyed. Miss Josephine McKenzie and tiny Miss Tillie Stiller gave violin solos, and also astonished their hearers by their mastery of their instrument.

Miss Lina Kohlbusch, sang the *Dich theure Halle*, with pure tone and breath. Miss Mamie Kenney was ill and her solo was replaced by a baritone solo, *The Palms*.

The program was concluded by an address from Mr. Everett P. Wheeler and the distribution of medals.

## William R. Chapman's Busy Season.

DURING the past season there have been few musicians as successfully active as William R. Chapman, the well-known conductor, teacher and composer. Mr. Chapman has just ended a season which has been phenomenally successful and unusually busy, and on May 8 left New York for Maine to prepare carefully there the choral work for the great Maine Festival to be held in October, and at which Mr. Chapman will conduct.

On the eve of his departure for more hard work in Maine Mr. Chapman seemed so full of energy, so unwearied in the cause of art, so thoroughly ready for new musical campaigns, that one marveled at the fact that since the 15th of last October this eminent choral leader has conducted 260 times (including rehearsals) and has traveled over 20,000 railroad miles. Not only this, but during this time Mr. Chapman has kept up his teaching in New York, has not neglected his composing, and has been three times to Maine, in which State he conducted in no less than twenty different cities. During the season Mr. Chapman has conducted with the Apollo Club of New York, the Rubinstein Club of New York, the Apollo Sixteen, the Rubinstein Club of Poughkeepsie, the Gounod Society of Hackensack, the Hudson Festival Chorus of Hudson, N. Y., the Catskill Choral Society, and the Trinity Choral Club of New Rochelle.

In reviewing his season Mr. Chapman dwells with much pleasure and stress on his remarkable success in the fine work done with Mr. Seidl in the production of the *Faust* Symphony. However, Mr. Chapman alludes but casually and very modestly to recent successes and artistic work. He is full of keen expectancy and enthusiasm at the prospects of the Maine Festival, which it is safe to predict will be a red letter event in the musical history of this country. There are thirty-five prominent soloists engaged, headed by Madame Nordica—a really remarkable aggregation of well-known names and talent.

The "dummy," or catalogue announcement, of the festival has just been published and is very artistic. It gives one a fair idea of the large aim and proportion of this festival.

It is to active preparation for this great festival that Mr. Chapman will devote most of his time this summer. The indefatigable conductor purposes getting all the choruses in line before the hot weather, and intends giving twenty preliminary concerts before the end of June.

On June 23 Mr. Chapman will return to New York to fulfill his engagement as conductor at the summer concerts to be given at the Larchmont Casino. Mr. Chapman has also been offered the conductorship at the Round Lake Festival, to be held during the latter part of August, but has been compelled to decline this offer on account of conflicting engagements in Newport and the preparations for the Maine Festival. It would seem nearly impossible with this list of achievements staring one in the face to believe that Mr. Chapman could find time for his teaching and composing. But he does find time, as a large class of earnest pupils and practical results in the lines of both teaching and composition prove. A charming little song of Mr. Chapman's, *This Would I Do*, is at present having a phenomenal sale, no other song by an American composer since the publication of *Oh Promise Me* having proved so popular.

Mr. Chapman will return to his winter work after the Maine Festival, which takes place in October. We will be glad to welcome this earnest, magnetic musician again, and in the meantime we wish him the greatest artistic success he merits and satisfying results he always obtains in every line of his work.

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NEW YORK, May 10, 1897.

**POSITIVELY** the swellest musical social affair

I have this winter attended was Tom Karl's musicale reception to meet Mr. Ben Davies. Here were gathered many shining lights in the world of music—indeed who was not there? Miss Henrietta Beebe, Lucille Saunders, Fannie Bulkley, Lillian Littlehales, Ben Davies, Mrs. Dillenbaugh-Otis, Tom Karl, Harvey Worthington Loomis, Ruben Demorest, Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Albert McGuckin, Mrs. Theodore Toedt and others participated. Of these young Demorest, aged nine years, aroused most curiosity, and Miss Beebe greatest interest. The boy "plays the piano like one possessed"; he demonstrated rare poetic and technical charm in the performance of these pieces:

Study in A minor.....Heller  
Solfège in C minor.....Bach  
Scherzino.....Moszkowski

He has also the very rare gift of fixed pitch, and readily named any note or succession of notes struck on the piano. It is said that Paderewski is interested in him, and no wonder, for his is a genuine piano talent.

Interest in Henrietta Beebe is naturally great, for she was so many years the representative American singer that this title will not easily be wrested from her. Her voice is again fresh and sweet as of yore, and the singer's refined vocal method is undeniable. She was most vigorously applauded, and, I may say, affectionately received, for no one woman has done more for English song. Davies sang a setting, just out, of *This Would I Do*, by—no, not Chapman, but a Londoner, S. Liddle, dedicated to himself. Pretty Fannie Bulkley, a daughter of Fannie Bulkley Hills, showed that she has inherited much from her mother, and of course Tom Karl sang straight to everyone's heart. The elegant decorations, the many pretty women, with hair in hair, the beautiful big rooms, the fine music and the lavish supper served, all combined to make the evening and place a most brilliant affair.

A brief notice of The Messiah performance of last Monday by the People's Choral Union and advanced classes (a chorus of 1,000 voices), the Symphony Orchestra and Miss Eleanore Meredith, Mary Louise Clary, Theodore Van York and Ericsson F. Bushnell, is hard to write. Hard because of the vastness of the subject, the merit of the chorus and the uniformly good solo parts. A chorus of this size is necessarily unwieldy, especially when the singers are green, as is supposedly the case in this instance. And so, while the general effect was grand, there were hitches—I had my score and can point them out if desired. These were, however, simply small blemishes and in no way hurt the general impression—i. e., that here was a splendid choral body, with a growing capacity, one which must hereafter be reckoned with in the New York chorus life.

Curious 'twas that the one man, above all others, to whom this is due, and who led this vast choir that evening—that his name does not even appear on the program, Conductor Frank Damrosch, who, by the way, has just been appointed Supervisor of Music in the Public Schools, salary, \$4,000 per year, a position earned by him and falling naturally to him because of his long and entirely voluntary work since 1892 with this People's Choral Union.

Miss Meredith's singing of *Rejoice Greatly* was simply magnificent, the long phrases, some containing fifty and sixty notes, sung without an intermediate breath, yet with no hint of exhaustion. In this she was brilliant, plastic; it will be remembered that she made a special hit with this air at the Worcester Festival last year, the *Gazette* especially praising her accurate intonation, when she had as confrères Nordica, Rieger, Dufft, Evan Williams and others. Her singing was the notably brilliant event of the evening, and in *I Know That My Redeemer Liveth* there was breadth and artistic devotion. Clary found many admirers, Van York was "dead sure" and effective, and Bushnell is the model oratorio bass of America. With all this solo talent the fact remains, however, that the big chorus was the sensation of the evening; since the Cleveland Sängers-

fest in 1894 I have heard nothing to compare with it in volume and imposing effect. To Mr. Damrosch and his assistants, who did the vast amount of drilling of the various chorus sections, be all praise and acknowledgment.

The following is an excerpt from a letter recently received by A. F. A. from a prominent American singer, now in Paris:

Paris is lovely now and chock full of Americans, music students predominating, although there are many art students of course. It breaks my heart to see the many poor girls being robbed of their money by the teachers who profess all manner of things for them, telling them they have vocal and physical equipment for grand opera. So they go on and on and never accomplish anything, for the first prime requisite, voice, is lacking. At a prominent teacher's matinée musicale recently I found it painful, the large number of poor voices, and to hear the same girls go on and talk about their future in opera and what had been promised them by their teachers! Fugh! It's disgusting; the hypocrisy, the swindle of it all! Not one in a hundred will ever be heard of. Money gone, many in debt besides, they drift back to the land of the free, only to take up voice teaching in some small inland town or Western seminary, or starve or worse still in New York. It is simply heartrending, and I cannot too strongly warn young American singers to stay at home unless they have the two big requisites—dollars and voice.

Yours, M. B.

All of which emphasizes the fact that there are honorable, upright teachers right here at home who are entirely capable of guiding our youth without holding out to them that Will-o'-the-Wisp, opera. Why, some of our very best church and concert singers never set foot, as students, on European soil. Eleanore Meredith, Josephine S. Jacoby, Katherine Bloodgood, Corinne Moore Lawson, Mary Louise Clary, Mary H. Mansfield, Marguerite Lemon, Shannah M. Jones, Mrs. Gerrit Smith—I cannot name more for lack of space—occupy the very choicest positions here and are American taught.

Mr. Robert Burton's matinée musicale at the Waldorf on Tuesday afternoon presented this list of artists: Miss Marguerite Lemon, soprano; Mr. Robert Burton, tenor; Mr. Maurice Kaufmann, violin; Mr. Hans Kronold, violoncello, and Mr. Orton Bradley at the piano. The program was as follows:

Zardas.....Hubay  
Mr. Maurice Kaufmann.  
To Mary.....White  
Mary Hamilton.....Allitsen  
A May Morning.....Denza  
Mr. Robert Burton.  
Why So Pale?.....Tschalkowsky  
Miss Lemon.  
Andante Religioso.....Thomé  
Tarantelle.....Popper  
Mr. Hans Kronold.  
Adelaide.....Beethoven  
Mr. Burton.  
A Sunshine Song.....Grieg  
Widmung.....Schumann  
Miss Lemon.  
Berceuse.....Godard  
Serenade.....Pierne  
Mr. Kronold.  
The Sands o' Dee.....Clay  
A Song of Sunshine.....Thomas  
Mr. Burton.

Mr. Burton has been here some three months, arriving from England in the middle of the season; he has sung much in a semi-private way since his arrival, but I believe this was his first important appearance. He has a tenor voice of considerable range, a fervent delivery, enunciates distinctly—these Englishmen all do—and an easy manner. When he becomes acclimated I have no doubt the voice will become clearer; in the meantime his merit as a singer is sufficiently pronounced to encourage in him the belief of ultimate success in this very much to be avoided field. He seems to have become acquainted with a nice lot of people also—a factor not to be underestimated, as witness these names, patronesses and patrons of the occasion:

Mrs. William Bergé, Mrs. Charles Carroll, Mrs. M. B. Clark, Mrs. J. W. Clark, Mrs. Swits Condé, Mrs. Ogden Doremus, Miss Estelle Doremus, Mrs. James Fairman, Mrs. John Lyon Gardiner, Mrs. Edward E. Humphreys, Mrs. Charles Isham, Mrs. J. C. Jackson, Mrs. George Kent, Miss Anna Leary, Mrs. Albert Loening, Mrs. James F. Matthews, Mrs. W. R. Mowe, Mrs. M. V. de Neufville, Mrs. Frederick Nielson, Mrs. John M. Pendleton, Mrs. Henry B. Plant, Mrs. James Randall, Mrs. E. Marcy Raymond, Miss H. Duer Robinson, Mrs. C. H. Royce, Miss Mary Cecilia Ryan, Miss Strickland, Mrs. George Burroughs Torrey, Miss Mary V. B. Vanderpoel, Mrs. Herman Vogel, Mrs. Edgar T. Welles patrons.  
Major-General Wesley Merritt, Mr. W. R. Mowe, Mr. William B. Ross, Mr. Edgar T. Welles, General Wilson.

I arrived too late to hear young Kaufmann. Miss Lemon was somewhat hampered by a too generous toned accompaniment; especially was this the case with the rarely sung Tschalkowsky song. Her Widmung was, however, more

than well sung, and earned for her an enthusiastic recall. I heard one frivolous man ask something about "lemon-squeezers" in connection with some fervent wishes of his own—and no wonder, for the pretty *Marguerite* was certainly most fair to look upon! Kronold played the Thomé piece with a nobility of tone and breadth of conception inspiring to even the most indifferent listener; but please shelve such unmusical trash as that Popper thing! It is unworthy the 'cello and 'cellist; for a summer hotel after-dinner piece, yes, but deliver us at an artistic concert!

In Weber Hall on the same evening was given this program:

Piano solo, *Première Ballade*.....Chopin  
Mr. Hubert de Blanck.  
Scena é Duetto, *Il Guarany*.....Gomes  
Madame Chalia and Sig. Del Papa.  
Couplets de Toredor, *Carmen*.....Bizet  
Mr. Emilio de Gogorza.  
Violin solo, *Polonaise No. 2*.....Wieniawski  
Mr. Pedro de Salazar.  
Nobil Signoré Salute, *Huguenots*.....Meyerbeer  
Spring Flowers.....Reinecke  
Spanish Love Song.....Chaminade  
Mme. Rosa Linde.  
Cielo e Mar, *Giaconda*.....Ponchielli  
Sig. Dante Del Papa.  
Piano soli—  
Etude de Concert.....Hubert de Blanck  
Sérénade.....Hubert de Blanck  
Gavot.....Hubert de Blanck  
Tarantelle.....Hubert de Blanck  
By the composer.  
Scena ed Aria, *Ballo in Maschera*.....Verdi  
Madame Chalia.  
Quartet, *Rigoletto*.....Verdi  
Mesdames Linde and Chalia, MM. Del Papa and Gogorza.  
Sig. Pizzarello at the piano.

Do you notice that every soloist at this concert has a "de" in his name? Including Linde—only hers comes last. Well, this nobility prefix had no influence on the character of the concert, else would the violinist have played with nobler tone—his bow arm behaved badly that evening, especially in the scale-staccato in the polonaise. Nobler, however, Linde could not have looked or sung; she simply delighted the feminine heart with her gorgeous gown, and I may say delighted all hearts by her artistic singing; she gave us a low G, followed by a high A which was amazing. Speaking of "gorgeous" reminds me that Gogorza gave an interpretation to the well-worn (but not worn-out) Toredor song which was Tagliapietra, Del Puente and Fergusson rolled into one. He was rapturously applauded. Mr. de Blanck was disturbed, as was the audience, by the inconsiderate chatter proceeding from behind the portières whence were located the artists; he showed superior qualities as pianist—and I need not say this of Pizzarello, Madame Chalia sang with rather forced tone quality, and the same or a good deal worse might be said of Papa. What's the use of this intense, strained, red-in-the-face vocalization? I never hear a certain Italian tenor whom we all know that I do not expect him to crack right in two! Surely there can be passion without rant, fervor without frenzy!

Paolo Gallico gave an informal musicale at his studio last week to meet Mr. Gregorowitsch, which was very enjoyable. Several of his best pupils took part, and this program was carried out:

Concerto in A minor.....Schumann  
(Last movement.)  
Miss Augusta Kahn.  
Concerto in G minor.....Saint-Saëns  
(Last movement.)  
Miss Carrie Freedman.  
Hungarian Fantasia.....Liszt  
Mr. Ralph Morck.  
Polonaise in E flat.....Chopin  
Miss Esther G. Burke.

As these young pianists all appeared in Carnegie Lyceum later, with orchestra, an event of which THE MUSICAL COURIER will take due cognizance next week, detailed mention is here superfluous. Mr. Gregorowitsch added to the pleasure of the above program by playing Wieniawski's *Souvenir de Moscou* and Zarzyck's mazurka; he also played with Mr. Gallico the Rubinstein sonata in A minor.

Mr. J. W. Parson Price's ladies' choir concert on Monday evening was a nice affair, Miss Clara S. Beach, violinist; Miss Amanda Hanstein, mezzo soprano, and Mr. J. H. Childs, baritone, and Miss Mathilde LePage and Miss Kate Shaw, accompanists, assisting. Mr. Childs sang *It Is Enough*, and Molloy's *Rose Mearie*; he is a pupil of Mr. Price. The following ladies form the choir: Miss Julia O. Baker, Miss Kate A. Berger, Miss Dora G. Boehm, Miss Elizabeth Boehm, Miss Jessie E. Corwin, Miss Lilly G. Dusenbury, Miss Amanda Hanslein, Miss Mary E. Kay,

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Miss Etta Lochner, Miss Kate LePage, Miss Mathilde LePage, Miss Lillian Munroe, Miss Mary McQuirk, Miss Clara Peterson, Miss Mabel Pearse, Miss Elizabeth Schieveria, Miss Catherine Schmahl, Miss Kate Shaw, Miss Margaret VanWicklen, Miss Elsie Watson, Miss Maybelle Wilkins, Miss Burnetse Wilkes, Miss Vera Wilkes.

The house was entirely sold out, and the evening was another success for the talented conductor, Mrs. Price.

Mr. Price has removed his studio from 18 to 22 East Seventeenth street. His new circular bears these testimonials:

1 BENTINCK STREET, Manchester Square, London.

I can confidently state that Mr. Parson Price's knowledge of the voice, both male and female, and his style of singing entitle him to a high rank among teachers.

MANUEL GARCIA.

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FANNY DAVENPORT (mezzo-soprano).

I take particular pleasure in recommending Mr. Parson Price as a voice teacher for speaking and singing.

JULIA MARLOWE (mezzo-soprano).

At a concert at the Park Avenue Hotel last Thursday, under the auspices of Mrs. Foster Gaines and Mrs. Frederick Train, the following program was given:

Eine Sprache.....	Marya Blazejewicz
This Would I Do.....	Chapman
Piano solo, Rondo Capriccioso.....	Mendelssohn
Marya Blazejewicz.	
Aria, from the opera of Paul and Virginia.....	
Mlle. Yvonne de Tréville.	
Piano solo, Valse Etude.....	Raff
Herr H. Lauterbach.	
Duet, Nearest and Dearest.....	Caraccioli
Mlle. Yvonne de Tréville and Earle Percy Parks.	
Piano solos—	
Song Without Words.....	Marya Blazejewicz
Polish Dance.....	
Marya Blazejewicz.	
Song, Gypsy John.....	Clay
Earle Percy Parks.	
Piano solos—	
Etudes.....	Chopin
Valse.....	
Herr H. Lauterbach.	
Vienneses Chansons.....	
English Ballads.....	
Mlle. Yvonne de Tréville, with harp accompaniment by herself.	

Helene Bartenwerffer's second concert in Steinway Hall was a successful affair, one who was there tells me. The following program was given:

Wiegenlied für das Herz.....	Hans Hermann
Es blinkt der Thau.....	Rubinstein
Uber's Jahr.....	Bohm
Miss Helene Bartenwerffer.	
Sonate, E minor.....	Grieg
Mr. Albert Lockwood.	
Liebeslied from Die Walküre.....	Wagner
Mr. Victor Clodio.	
Liebestreu.....	Brahms
Wiegenlied (by request).....	Knetsch
Der Zeisig.....	von Wittich
Miss Helene Bartenwerffer.	
Ballade.....	Chopin
Polonaise.....	
Mr. Albert Lockwood.	
Ninon.....	Toati
Mr. Victor Clodio.	
Habanera from Carmen.....	Bizet
Miss Helene Bartenwerffer.	
Duet, Act IV., Trovatore.....	Verdi
Miss Helene Bartenwerffer, Mr. Victor Clodio.	
Accompanist for Miss Helene Bartenwerffer, Mr. Emil Rhode.	
Accompanist for Mr. Victor Clodio, Mr. Eugene Bernstein.	

I went to eleven other concerts that evening, and so did not get to this; but I can vouch for Miss Bartenwerffer's artistic singing and good looks combined. Lockwood we all know, and Clodio's impassioned singing is a lesson to the phlegmatic Teutonic intellectual school.

The annual luncheon of Clio at the Savoy, is always a charming event, not only to the members, but to the guests who are so fortunate as to receive an invitation to the festive occasion. The musical numbers were especially pleasing. The piano solos by Miss M. L. Todd, the violin by Miss Dora Valesca Becker and soprano numbers by Miss Dennison were so excellent as to demand repeated encores.

Miss Becker played selections by Sarasate, Raff and others, and shone to especial advantage at the luncheon. Miss Emma K. Dennison should be heard more frequently, so full of expression is her singing, and so marked was her success. She is said to be extremely busy with her many vocal pupils, however, and this interferes with her public appearances.

An oratorio recital was given under the auspices of the Alumnae Association of St. Mary's School, of this city, on Tuesday evening, May 4, at No. 8 East Forty-sixth street. Selections from The Messiah, The Creation, The Hymn of Praise and Elijah were rendered by the ladies of the association, assisted by a number of gentlemen under the direction of Mr. H. R. Humphries, with Dr. Geo. B. Prentice at the organ. Especially fine were the selections from the Hymn of Praise, rendered by Mrs. Geo. F. Shady, Jr., and Miss Mary Ambrose, and the aria But Who May Abide, from The Messiah, sung by Mr. Thomas

J. Ambrose. Mr. Ambrose is a pupil of Mr. Francis Fischer Powers, with whom he has made a special study of oratorio.

The following is from Eva Wadsworth-Vivian's (that prominent singer and vocal teacher), new circular:

Climatic influences are a fertile cause of bad colds and other ill effects upon the breathing apparatus, a fact which no one appreciates more than the writer, but it has been found that by adopting a system of breathing gymnastics and practicing them faithfully serious consequences may be avoided. These exercises require plenty of fresh air and are, therefore, good ventilators for the lungs. If properly and regularly taken, in the course of a couple of months a gain of weight as well as in circumference of chest will ensue.

Here is an example drawn from personal experience. One of my pupils in San Francisco, Cal., is a young lady from Canada who was inclined to pulmonary troubles. She had studied instrumental and vocal music in the East and was a thorough musician. She had a more than ordinarily good voice, sang with intelligence, and thinking the vocal practice was what was needed for her chest difficulty, she still continued to study. It was my good fortune to be made her teacher. Having heard her sing I saw that the essential thing—proper breathing—was still lacking. I immediately began the teaching of a series of breathing exercises. It was only a short time before she began to feel the beneficial effect of the régime throughout her entire system, and inside of three months she found that the enlargement of her chest was such that the waists which she had worn with comfort had to be either enlarged or discarded.

More than that, she found at the end of a year and a half that the haunting fears of consumption had disappeared.

A reception and musicale was given the alumnae of Emma Willard Seminary last Saturday, at which several of Mrs. Vivian's pupils appeared; this was at Dr. Gardner's school for young women, where Mrs. Vivian is teacher of vocal music.

Ethan Allen Hunt, the tenor, has sung in Brooklyn, Brantford, Toronto, Philadelphia, Hudson, Peekskill, Montclair and numerous other cities; he has a large and varied repertory, as may be seen by a look at this list:

Judas Maccabæus.....	Händel
St. Paul.....	Mendelssohn
Creation.....	Haydn
Stabat Mater.....	Rossini
Hymn of Praise.....	Mendelssohn
Rose Maiden.....	Cowen
Walpurgis Night.....	Mendelssohn
Eve.....	Massenet
Narcissus.....	
Arminius.....	Bruch
Elijah.....	Mendelssohn
Come Let Us Sing.....	
Messe Solennelle.....	Gounod
Messiah.....	Händel
Rebekah.....	Barnby
Golden Legend.....	Sullivan
Crusaders.....	Gade
Requiem.....	Verdi
Redemption.....	Gounod
Alpha and Omega.....	Rutenber
Israel in Egypt.....	Händel
Samson and Delilah.....	Saint-Saëns
Prodigal Son.....	Sullivan
Don Munio.....	Buck
Evening Hymn.....	Reinecke
Holy City.....	Gaul
The Lily Nymph.....	Chadwick
Crucifixion.....	Stainer
Pilgrimage of the Rose.....	Schumann
Jephtha.....	Händel
Samson.....	

Mr. Hunt was for some years past solo tenor of St. Paul's Chapel, Trinity Parish.

Of the current "children's day services" not one I have seen will compare with the twenty page pamphlet by Addison F. Andrews and P. A. Schnecker, words and music alike being natural and suited to the youthful mind. These are the titles of some of the hymns: Children's Day, Onward and Upward, Olive Plants and a rhymed setting (by Andrews) of the Beatitudes which is most ingenious.

Among several out of town music folk in whom I am interested, because I know of the good work they are doing, are Mrs. Nellie Hibler, of Bradford, Pa., and Mr. Edward R. Myer, of Elmira, N. Y. The former writes me:

I inclose a notice of the success of one of my pupils, Mr. Lancey. He has a very fine voice, and received many flattering notices, besides being well paid for his work in Jamestown. He is not a baritone, however, but a tenor—he sings B flat easily—but as he has a large range was able to take the part of Henri in Chimes of Normandy very well.

Mr. Myer's students' concert at the residence of Mr. W. W. Fish, Elmira, was devoted to compositions by Beethoven, Graben Hoffman, Haydn, Chopin, Buck, Grieg and Rubinstein, and was given by Miss Letitia Horgan, soprano; Miss Marguerite Wilson, contralto, and Mr. Edwin Cook Fish, pianist. Mr. Myer is a nephew of the well-known vocal teacher here, Edmund J. Myer.

I recently fell over Joseph Baernstein, the basso, who on the street car was intently studying Bruch's Arminius. He tells me he has now five oratorios in his repertory—

easy to believe, for a man who puts in his odd moments as he was doing is bound to learn. This voice is sure to be frequently heard next season—he is a pupil of Oscar Saenger.

#### CHOIR NOTES.

Heinrich Zoellner, the well-known composer and conductor of the Liederkrantz, has been engaged as conductor of the large choir at Temple Emanu-El, succeeding Adolf Neuendorff.

Mr. Charles A. Hetzel, who was for many years bass at the Church of the Incarnation, has been engaged in the same capacity at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church (Dr. Parkhurst's), in the so-called second quartet.

Miss Helen A. Tappen is the new contralto of Philips' Memorial Church (Presbyterian), Madison avenue.

Mr. Martin W. Bowman, who was for three years tenor of Dr. Behrend's Church, Brooklyn (Hanchett), has left that position to become solo tenor at the Church of the Redeemer, Morristown, N. J.

Mr. F. C. Potter, of Meriden, Conn., has succumbed to influences, financial and otherwise, strong enough to induce him to leave permanently for Atlanta, Ga., where he will be organist-director of the First Methodist Church.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, gave a dinner to meet the new members of his quartet choir—Miss Minnie Gaylord, soprano, and Mr. George Leon Moore, tenor—last Saturday evening.

Mr. P. A. Schnecker goes as usual to Elberon, N. J., June 1, where for the three months following he will have charge, as for years past, of the music at the Moses Taylor Memorial Church. His quartet will consist of Mrs. Shannah M. Jones, soprano; Miss Ruth Thompson, alto; Mr. A. E. Distelhurst, tenor; Mr. Ericsson F. Bushnell, bass. Mr. Schnecker has begun his twenty-sixth year as organist-director at the West Presbyterian Church, Dr. Evans', formerly Dr. Paxton's.

Mr. William C. Baird has just finished twenty-five years of musical service at Clinton Avenue (Brooklyn) Presbyterian Church, where he is baritone and musical director, and to mark this event a reception was given him by the church last week. But this was not all that was given him, by any means. There was a loving cup from the choir and a purse of \$1,000 from the church; the Mendelssohn Glee Club quartet (of which he has been a member some years) sang; there were speeches and greetings galore, and a generally good time was had. All of which shows the esteem in which Brother Baird is held by his church confrères.

Mrs. Shannah M. Jones will sing at the Beethoven Trio concert on the 17th at New Brunswick, N. J.

At the Alpha Delta Phi initiation and installation, McGill Chapter, Scottish Rite Hall, last night, this male quartet sang a new chant, words and music by the celebrated first tenor: Addison F. Andrews, first tenor; Charles M. DuMond, second tenor; Walter H. Crittenden, first bass; Dr. W. B. Clark, second bass. It is also rumored that Brother Andrews has composed and dedicated to the Musurgia a humorous mixed chorus, entitled Us, or We, or Ourselves.

Thirteen picked singers now constitute the new choir at the "Old First" Church (Presbyterian), on Fifth avenue, Mr. William C. Carl organist-director.

This is the authentic list: Sopranos, M. Ida Benedict, Ida M. Ryerson, Ellen Fletcher, Mrs. Hyneman; altos, Nellie C. Davis, M. Carrie Holmes, Mrs. Hannah Tremaine; tenors, John A. Gallagher, Gustav Ripps, Edward A. Gray; basses, A. E. Andrews, E. M. Levinson, Andrew Schneider.

This was the program sung the first Sunday by the new choir, May 2:

Cantate Domino, in C.....	Dudley Buck
The Lord Is Exalted.....	John E. West
The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.....	H. H. Woodward

(Together with a choir hymn.)

The Broadway Tabernacle so-called "second quartet" is now complete for the coming year. It consists of Mrs. H. C. Connell, soprano; Miss Augusta Van Atta, contralto; Mr. R. D. Brown, tenor, and Mr. G. R. Pegley, baritone. The first quartet remains as previously, except the new tenor, Mr. W. R. Squire, the remaining members being Miss Marie S. Bissell, soprano; Miss Bessie Chittenden, alto; Mr. George M. Greene, organist, and that fine man and composer Mr. Charles B. Hawley, baritone and musical director.

Mr. Albert Gérard-Thiers gave his last reception musicale at his studio on Lexington avenue last Friday afternoon; but as I had other appointments, and as Albert G. neglected to inform me who were in his menagerie on that occasion, I can give no further information.

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## PAUR REVIEWED.

## Comments on the Season.

THE Boston Symphony Orchestra has closed its sixteenth season, the schedule of works and performances and other interesting data having been furnished by our Boston correspondent and published in the issue preceding this.

We reproduce herewith extracts and articles from Boston papers, giving additional estimates of the character of the season and also surveying the capabilities of Mr. Paur, the conductor.

In the opinion of this paper there is no orchestral body in the United States that can compare with the Boston Symphony Orchestra in any of the essential forces necessary to make such a body useful. In precision, attack, *esprit du corps*, volume of tone and particularly tone quality this orchestra has simply distanced any and every orchestral organization in America, and is on an equal footing with the two or three important European orchestras. With Mr. Paur, the present conductor, this perfection has been attained, and it is therefore with pleasure that we give space to the reports of some of the Boston papers:

*Boston Herald, May 2.*

The sixteenth season of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, just ended, and the fourth season of Mr. Paur's control of the orchestra, calls for a brief review. Of the orchestra it may justly be said that it has never been on a higher and more brilliant plane of efficiency than the close of last night's performance left it. Mr. Paur has steadily grown in favor as the conductor of this splendid organization, and the results show that, all things considered, he is the best equipped conductor that has as yet directed the orchestra. Mr. Gericke had many admirable qualifications for the position, and by his skill in disciplining it, and the constant care he exercised in bringing it to a state of technical perfection, first made it notable among the great orchestras of the world, but something of fire and largeness was sacrificed to his fondness for extreme finish in execution, and to his singular prejudice against letting the brass assert itself even when such assertion was a crucial element in a performance.

Mr. Nikisch was not without merit of a certain kind, and was abundant enough in artistic spirit, but he had little sympathy with the classic composers, whom he modernized remorselessly, and into whose music he injected overmuch of his own supersensitiveness. In addition, he was a very poor disciplinarian, and the orchestra degenerated under his lead until it had lost nearly all of the finer qualities that had been imparted to it by Mr. Gericke. Mr. Paur, on the other hand, is broader and more eclectic in style, is a thorough disciplinarian, and it was not long after he took control that the orchestra began to recover rapidly what it had lost under his predecessor, and it now stands recognized beyond cavil as an organization unsurpassed in its kind.

The programs of the season presented a larger proportion of works not heard here before than has been usual. Among them were Bourgault-Ducoudray's *Burial of Ophelia*, Bizet's *Jeux d'Enfants*, Chabrier's *overture to Gwendoline*, Dittersdorf's *Symphony No. 3 in C major*, Duparc's *symphonic poem, Lenore*, Dvorák's *Slavonic Rhapsody No. 3*, the same composer's *overture to Othello*, and *rondo for cello and orchestra, op. 94*; selections from the ballet of Gluck's *Don Juan*, Goldmark's *prelude to part 3 of The Cricket on the Hearth*, Händel's *overture No. 1, in D major*; Schütt's *concerto for piano, No. 2, in F minor*; selections from Humperdinck's *Königskinder*, Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade*, Saint-Saëns' *suite for orchestra in D major*, Schillings' *prelude to Act III. of Ingwelde*, Smetana's *symphonic poem, Valdystynur Tabor*; Richard Strauss' *tone poem, Death and Redemption*; Tschalkowsky's *symphony No. 4, in F minor*; Weingartner's *arrangement of Weber's Invitation to the Dance*, Mrs. Beach's *Gaelic Symphony*, which had its first performance anywhere, and Mr. Arthur B. Whiting's *fantasia for piano and orchestra in B flat minor*. Twenty-three works in all, or a trifle over one-fifth of all the works presented.

Of the composers represented in the season's programs Wagner heads the list with ten works, Beethoven follows with nine, Brahms with seven, Mozart, Schumann and Dvorák with five each; Weber with four, Haydn, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Liszt with three each; Berlioz, Bizet, Gluck, Goldmark, Händel and Massenet with two each, and Bargiel, Mrs. Beach, Ducoudray, Chabrier, Cherubini, Chopin, Cornelius, Cowen, Dittersdorf, Duparc, Getz, Grieg, Humperdinck, Lalo, Leoncavallo, Loeffler, Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Schillings, Schütt, Smetana, Richard Strauss, Volkman and A. B. Whiting with one each. As will be seen, the selections were fairly distributed among composers of different nationalities. One hundred compositions were performed.

The soloists were Messrs. T. Adamowski, Richard Burmeister, G. Campanari, Ben Davies, Carl Haller, Max Heinrich, Rafael Joseffy, Franz Kneisel, C. M. Loeffler, Pol Plançon, G. W. Proctor, Alwin Schroeder, Leo Schulz, Martinus Sieveking, A. B. Whiting, Mme. Teresa Carreño, Mme. Melba, Miss Lena Little, Miss Adele Aus der Ohe.

There were seven piano soloists, four violin soloists, five vocalists and two cello soloists.

The first concert of the seventeenth season will take place Saturday evening, Oct. 16.

*Boston Advertiser, May 3.*

The symphonic season came to an end in a blaze of glory on Saturday, with a Wagner program. It was a magnificent climax, and although it was entirely orchestral, the absence of solo numbers did not seem to diminish the ardor of the public, for a very large audience was present, and the applause was constant and unstinted. Mr. Paur received a very marked welcome as he took the stand.

It was a catholic program, not bounding itself by Wagner's later hobbies, but presenting all phases of the music of this genius. The list ranged from *Rienzi* to *Parsifal*. The prelude to the latter opera began the concert and received a commendable reading. We have heard Mottl sentimentalize the beginning of this *Vorspiel* even in the sacred precincts of Bayreuth; but there was no mawkishness in the interpretation of this occasion.

Those who imagine that Wagner is always restless in modulation should study the treatment of the Communion theme in this prelude; it is as diatonic and almost as fixed in tonality as if it were written by one of the old Flemish masters.

Now followed the *Faust* overture. It is a *Faust* almost without a *Marguerite*, the opposite of Gounod's conception, which gave to us a *Marguerite* with a very slight dash of *Faust*. It is a sorrowful, pessimistic *Faust*, who carries on his struggle through this number, and the sombre subject produces rather indigestible music, yet Wagner loved the work, for he rewrote it long after he had made his first draft of the composition. The performance was a superb one, and the work seemed to have more meaning than ever before, because of the beauty of the interpretation.

But with the two *Lohengrin* preludes the more comprehensible Wagner appeared upon the program. Here one finds theories rather than hobby-horses; there is judicious proportion, and Melos does not yet thrust out Melody. The violins have plenty of difficult work in the treatment of the Holy Grail motive, which forms almost every part of the first prelude. Musicians made a furious protest when Beethoven, in his *Egmont* overture, sent his violins up to C, but here we have Wagner using still higher passages for the violins in harmonics, and also upsetting the old-fashioned notion that heaven and celestial ecstasy must needs be represented by harp, and harp alone. Our first violins are so well equipped that they could have furnished fourteen solo violins instead of the four demanded at the end, and the shading of the delicate passages was all that a Wagner would have desired.

The prelude to the third act of *Lohengrin* also gives opportunities to the violins as well as to the trombones, and both instruments were most effective in the popular climax. This number was the first part of the opera to become popular, and long before the whole work had attained to regular representation this prelude was a standard work in the concert repertory.

The *Siegfried Idyl*, which followed, was a comparatively easy work for our orchestra. The work proves (if such proof were at all necessary) the absolute sincerity of Wagner's latest theories. Here is a composition which was not intended to go beyond his own family circle, yet in it the composer uses every device displayed in his public works; leitmotiven, continuity of melody, freedom of modulation, all are there in full measure, and the reiteration of guiding figures is as conspicuous as in any of his latest operas.

There are two principal figures in this work, the *Melody of Peace* and the *Siegfried*, the *World's Treasure* motive, and these are repeated and repeated in a manner that, were anybody else the composer, would have led to great monotony, but here seems never to pall. These two themes are interwoven in a manner that breaks the contrapuntal slate, yet is undeniably beautiful in spite of its transgressions. The final interweaving in augmentation is ineffably tender, and was charmingly shaded.

And now came the "crime of his youth," as Wagner used to call it, the *overture to Rienzi*. We cannot ride this hobby-horse with Wagner; the overture has some noble points that ought to keep it from any chance of that oblivion to which its composer wished to consign it. The *Prayer* is as lofty as the *prayer in Dvorák's Spectre's Bride*, to which it has some affinity, and the short development is dramatic and fitting, but the closing theme is undeniably vulgar, more vulgar than anything in *The Huguenots*. The trumpet calls were finely shaded and deserve especial mention, as, by the way, does the horn playing in the *Idyl*.

*Waldweben*, from *Siegfried*, was again a great triumph for the violins, which are divided into myriad-voiced harmony in this number. When one compares the puny effect of this number as recently given in Mechanics' Hall with its ineffable beauty on this occasion, comment is unnecessary, yet we must add that the weakness of the former performance was by no means the fault of the conductor.

The *Ride of the Valkyries* made a fine ending to a memorable concert. This is one of the finest horse shows in all music; beside these tonal bronchos, Berlioz's trotters on the road to Hades, Raff's *Leonore* team, Saint-Saëns' Phaeton span, all seem like horse car animals. What a whinneying and rearing! What wild animal spirits! One such number might be a man's passport to the company of the great masters. And it lost nothing in the performance. The musicians seemed all aglow with enthusiasm, and it was natural that this excitement should extend to the audience. Great applause followed the number, but this applause meant something more than an appreciation of the *Waldweben*-rit; it finally culminated (after the conductor had been recalled four times) in enthusiastic cheering, and

it meant that Boston is sensible of what Mr. Paur and the men have done this season.

They have brought the orchestra far beyond any organization that America has ever possessed; they have made our band the peer of the greatest European orchestras. There has been no previous season when the technique of the orchestra has been as high as at present.

Every musician must needs acknowledge this truth, without in the least endeavoring to detract from the merit of those who have gone before; we have had an enterprising conductor, and a most refined conductor (who weeded our orchestral garden for us and planted the seeds of our present harvest), and a poetic conductor, too; but the results of the present are beyond anything that has been in America's music before.—Louis C. Elson.

*Saturday Evening Gazette, May 1.*

Last night in Music Hall the Symphony Orchestra gave its last concert of the season. The program was devoted to Wagner, and the following were the selections: *Parsifal* prelude, a *Faust* overture, *Prelude to Acts I. and II., Lohengrin*; a *Siegfried Idyl*, *Rienzi* overture, *Siegfried Forest Sounds*, *Ride of the Valkyries*.

It is a rare pleasure to hear Wagner interpreted under Mr. Paur's baton, for the spirit of the works is brought out with the utmost perfection, and with the largeness of style and finish of detail that mark all the work of this peerless orchestra and its masterful conductor. The *Siegfried Forest Sounds* was given with the rarest poetic charm and delicacy, and the *Ride of the Valkyries* with a spirit, dash and brilliancy that were irresistible.

Of the season's work of Mr. Paur and his orchestra it is hardly necessary to write, for it is well known, and to praise it would be a twice-told tale. It is late in the day to repeat the trite truth that in Mr. Paur Boston has found its ideal conductor the educated, experienced musician of wide sympathies and faultless taste, who knows how to command as well as to interpret. Under his care the orchestra has reached a degree of excellence never before attained, an excellence that closely approaches the point of perfection. The concerts literally merit the descriptive epithet classic, and they have proved a source of unalloyed delight to every educated lover of music. Mr. Paur and his orchestra of talented musicians are to be congratulated on the fine and enduring work they have done during the season.

*Boston Evening Transcript, May 3.*

The program of the twenty-fourth and last Symphony concert of the season, given in the Music Hall on Saturday evening, was made up wholly of works by Richard Wagner. The list was as follows:

*Prelude to Parsifal.*  
*Eine Faust Overture.*  
*Prelude to Act I: Introduction to Act III. of Lohengrin.*  
*Ein Siegfried Idyl.*  
*Overture to Rienzi.*  
*Waldweben, from Siegfried, Act II.*  
*Waldweben-rit, from Die Walküre, Act III.*

The selections, as well as the order in which they came, were singularly felicitous. It is no easy matter to make out a good Wagner program of purely orchestral pieces, and we heartily congratulate Mr. Paur on his "bonne inspiration" on this occasion. The *overture to Rienzi* cut the program in two, as it were, just in the right place and in the right way. Its rather glaring brilliancy well relieved the strain upon the attention of the *Siegfried Idyl*, and left one fresh for the more poetic atmosphere of the *Waldweben*. The *Ride of the Valkyries* wound up the evening with all due brilliancy.

The performance was, for the most part, admirable in the extreme; the *Faust* overture and the *Siegfried Idyl* were given with especial splendor and artistic perfection.

Mr. Paur was very warmly greeted by the audience as he first stepped up to the flower-hung conductor's desk; but this little complimentary allusion to its being the last concert of the season gave no idea of what came afterward. The shouts and hand-clapping when the concert was over knew no bounds; if Mr. Paur has not broken the record of popularity with the audience, he has certainly fairly tied it. A heartier farewell and *au revoir* could hardly be imagined.

*Boston Herald, May 2.*

The last concert of this season's series by the Boston Symphony Orchestra took place in Music Hall last evening. The program was devoted wholly to Wagner, and was:

*Prelude to Parsifal.*  
*A Faust overture.*  
*Prelude to Act I. of Lohengrin.*  
*Introduction to Act III. of Lohengrin.*  
*A Siegfried Idyl.*  
*Overture to Rienzi.*  
*Forest Sounds, from Siegfried, Act II.*  
*The Ride of the Valkyries, from Die Walküre, Act III.*

The audience was a very large one, and its enthusiasm was exceeding, as is always the case with a Wagner program for a symphony concert attraction. The selections were skillfully made and contrasted, and presented the composer in his most lucid and pleasing vein. The noble *Parsifal* prelude stands apart as one of the loftiest of Wagner's inspirations. After this the range was all the way from the *Faust* overture, with its symphonic proportions, down to the vulgar, but inspiring and always exciting, *circus overture to Rienzi*.

The orchestra has been heard in all these works again and again, and there is nothing new to be said of them, and little more of the manner in which they were read and performed, except that they were never so completely well rendered before. The *Faust* overture was interpreted with perfect clearness and powerful effect. The really wonderful beauty of tone of the string orchestra has rarely been made so convincingly apparent as it was in the *Parsifal*

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prelude, nor its splendid virtuosity more brilliantly exemplified than in the Ride of the Valkyries. In fact, the sixteenth season closed, as was fitting it should, with a display of the powers of the orchestra at their very best. The achievements of conductor and players reflected the highest honor on both, and that the audience felt this was shown in the exceptionally hearty applause it bestowed on the performances through the whole concert.

Mr. Paur, who was welcomed with an unusually cordial and prolonged reception on his first appearance, became at the close of the concert the central point in a demonstration which brought him forward some half dozen or more times amid furious hand-clapping and cries of "Bravo" and "Auf wiedersehen." There was a hearty spontaneity in it that left no doubt regarding its sincerity, and he could not but have felt gratified by this testimony in which he personally and the manner in which he has acquitted himself of his task at the head of the orchestra are held by the patrons of these concerts.

#### Mrs. Jacoby in Cincinnati.

AT the Orpheus concert in Cincinnati on May 6, given at the Odeon, under the direction of Mr. Carl Graniger, a large audience filled every nook and corner of the large hall. The soloist was Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, of this city, and her success was decisive and unquestionable. The local papers speak as follows:

Mrs. Jacoby rendered a number of selections, receiving a recall after each of her two numbers in the first and second parts of the program respectively. Her first appearance was in the aria from Samson and Delilah, My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice. As an encore to this Mrs. Jacoby sang Thy Beaming Eyes, by MacDowell. Her first number in the second part of the program was Bartlett's Dream. Her next number was an interpolation. As an encore she sang Clayton Johns' Where Blooms the Rose. Mrs. Jacoby's voice, a powerful contralto, evidences careful training and possesses considerable vigor in more dramatic passages.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*, May 7, 1907.

Mrs. Jacoby left the impression of having a remarkable contralto—full, rich and of musical quality.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*, May 7, 1907.

Mrs. Jacoby, of New York, received an ovation in her songs.—*Times-Star*, May 7, 1907.

**Another Von der Heide Musicales.**—At Mr. Von der Heide's latest studio musicale the program embraced compositions by Reinecke, Mendelssohn, Buck, MacDowell, Shelley, Colyn, Hall, King, Saint-Saëns, Chopin, Chaminade, Gabriel-Marie, d'Hardelot and Tchaikowsky. In the part songs incidental solos were sung by Miss Gaylord and Miss Kalisher. The soloists of the morning were the Misses Beulah V. Gaylord, Mamie J. Metcalfe, Lulu Rupprecht (pianist), and Mr. Von der Heide. Among the guests were Mrs. Stanley Hancock, a noted English oratorio singer, and the Baroness Léota S. von Kieffer, who delighted the audience by her singing of Sans Toi at the request of the host.

Mr. Von der Heide on this occasion sang with much of his old-time abandon and expression, and above all his phrasing and diction are at all times musicianly and perfect. He also contributed a violin solo.

Miss Eleanor Foster, the accompanist, did her work in a very efficient manner.

## THE GOOD WORK PROGRESSES.

### A CALVE ANALYSIS.

(Springfield Republican.)

THE features of the second day of the music festival were the "ovation" given to Mme. Calvé and the fine singing of Barron Berthold in the evening, and the exceptionally good performance of Schumann's piano concerto by Miss Adele Aus der Ohe in the afternoon. The afternoon attendance was quite as good as is to be expected for matinees, while the audience in the evening, though large, was not the surging mass of humanity packed into every corner at \$3 a seat, and fringed along the walls at \$1.50 a square foot, which the fond imagination of the managers had seen.

The truth is that Springfield is not a \$3 town, and the people who might have been counted upon to buy the \$3 tickets had been sagacious enough to get better places and more concerts for their money by buying season tickets. Hence the phenomenal early sale, and hence, too, the sudden falling off in the demand for Calvé tickets. To this there must be added the growing feeling that no singer is worth the money. Three dollars is a large price to pay even for grand opera, the most expensive of artistic luxuries. It is an absurd sum to pay for the privilege of hearing a soprano warble a song and sing a fragmentary bit of opera. It must be said that it is an encouraging symptom of popular taste that the advance sales for Elijah to-night were much larger than for the show concert. It may be that the time is coming when the prima donna will not be absolute.

There is no need of disparaging Mme. Calvé. Everyone knows that she is one of the greatest dramatic sopranos living; that she has no equal in *Carmen*, and no superior in several other rôles. But when she leaves her proper field and makes a bid for rural applause with an imperfectly rehearsed performance of a bird song, she becomes mediocre. She should leave that sort of thing to Mary Howe. Her high tones are not beautiful, except when carried up with dramatic intensity, and lack the crystalline clearness which is the very essence of a vocal feat like the David Charmant Oiseau. There are many sopranos who can blend their voices more perfectly with the flute. Many of the chords were not even in tune, to say nothing of the discrepancy in tone color. In short, this was clap-trap, and not very successful clap-trap. She was meant for better things, and this is not at all her metier.

On the other hand, the mad scene from Thomas' Hamlet gives full scope to her dramatic fervor, and yet lost four-fifths of its effect from being detached from its context and its appropriate costume and action. The very difficulty which the artist found in expressing herself without action emphasized the lack. Opera is opera, and concert is concert, and if a concert singer takes a fragment from an operatic work she must depend upon her singing for effect and not on her powers as an actress. Mme. Calvé has been in the habit of singing this scene in costume, but it was

deemed inexpedient here. It was quite as well. A scrap of opera, minus the setting, is not in keeping with the dignity of a music festival, and it is at the best a most unsatisfactory substitute for the real thing.

Madame Calvé is a great actress. There must be a touch of the comedian in her, to judge from the way in which she is starring the provinces, making up by facial expression and little speeches in French for the crudities of her vocal performance. In Paris she would rehearse most diligently for a night of opera, and receive perhaps \$200. In Springfield, Mass., she sings one virtuoso piece, for which she is unfit, and one operatic scrap, does not deign to rehearse with the orchestra, and asks \$2,800. No wonder that foreign singers consider America an easy mark. One could discern even amid the roughness and uncertainty of the performance that she is a great singer, but the performance itself was exasperating. She kept bad time, her intonation was not true, and there were several inexcusable breaks for which the conductor was certainly not to blame. In short, her singing was the only really ragged work that has been heard at the festival.

However, there were many in the audience who were quite content at having seen and heard Calvé, and were overjoyed at an occasional exhibition of the malt extract *Carmen* expression which they had seen so often in the advertisements, and raised great blisters on their hands in their frantic applause. The prima donna promenaded back and forth, talked volubly in French, and finally said "Au revoir," but not "Good-bye," being unable to speak English. For an encore to the Charmant Oiseau she sang a French peasant song unaccompanied. She had the full share of adulation which beauty and fame insure to a singer, but it is not likely that she will appear at another festival. It was a sad waste of money that might have been spent to better advantage.

[After a while we shall find the musical intelligence of America united in the great MUSICAL COURIER campaign against foreign fraud and pretense. Men who wish to make a career in this country will also get tired of investing their time in advancing the interests of singers who charge ten and twenty times as much for singing in America than they charge in Europe.]

Besides all this, the whole project of music laid out on the foreign propaganda destroys our American musical life, and must therefore be banished, and we predict Anno 1897 that it will be banished. This paper has the force of public opinion behind it, and fortified in that manner its campaign against the foreign invasion is irresistible.]

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**Dead.**—Prof. Karl Wilhelm Alfred Ebert, a musician, born in Leipsic, Germany, and a former resident of New York, died suddenly yesterday in the home of Albert DREWITZ, in Newburgh, N. Y.

**S. P. Fachutar.**—Mr. S. P. Fachutar, the mandolin virtuoso, was in town last week on a visit from Milwaukee. Mr. Fachutar contemplates bringing the Mexican typical orchestra to New York next season.

**Carl Again in Ohio.**—Mr. Carl goes to Ohio for his fifth concert trip this season next week. To-night he plays in Chickering Hall at the Kronold concert, and Friday he will play in Bloomfield, N. J., assisted by Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist.

**Townsend H. Fellows.**—At the concert given by the Montclair Choral Club on Tuesday evening, May 4. Mr. Townsend H. Fellows, who was engaged by the club to do the solo baritone part in Max Bruch's Fair Ellen, created a sensation by his wonderfully dramatic reading of the part. He received an ovation.

**American Symphony Orchestra.**—The American Symphony Orchestra, Sam Franko conductor, has been engaged for the commencements of Packard's Business College on May 11, and Columbia University on June 9, in Carnegie Music Hall. We indorse most heartily the sentiment of Professor MacDowell in making the latter engagement; it is due to this orchestra of native musicians after the excellent work which they have done in the past three seasons.

**Powell String Quartet.**—The Maud Powell String Quartet filled its last engagement of the season on Thursday last, at a musicale given in the home of Mrs. E. J. Delehanty. An interesting program was played, including the Brahms G minor piano quartet in which the club had the assistance of Jacques Friedberger, pianist. Among engagements closed for the Powell Quartet for the season of 1897-8 are three private subscription concerts, in which the quartets by Beethoven will be given especial attention.

**Mrs. Bloodgood Busy.**—Mrs. Katherine Bloodgood's dates speak volumes for the busy and gifted contralto. She sang with her usual great success in Baltimore on April 29, at the Annapolis United States Naval Academy on April 30, at Hartford on May 3, at Mendelssohn Glee Club, New York, on May 5; in Richmond, Va., on May 7; in Williamsport on May 10, in Pittsburg on May 11, in Cleveland on May 10. Mrs. Bloodgood is also booked to sing in Ann Arbor on May 13, in Minneapolis on the 17th and 18th, in Madison on May 19 and in Milwaukee on May 20.

**Laura Crawford's Success.**—One of the features at the forty-fifth Carl recital was the organ playing of Mrs. Laura Crawford. Her numbers were Pastorale in E major, Edwin H. Lemare, and the allegro from Händel's Tenth Concerto (with cadenzas, by Guilman). Mrs. Crawford's work at the organ is most musicianly. She

plays with thorough understanding of the works, and with a clear, crisp touch delightful to hear. The large audience received her with every mark of approval, which she so justly deserved.

**Lambert Sails.**—Mr. Alexander Lambert, director of the New York College of Music, left for Europe on May 11. He goes on business connected with the college, and will return on June 8, in order to direct the special summer course.

**Nita Carritte's Success.**—Nita Carritte, as the prima donna soprano of the new opera 1900, now running in Philadelphia, has achieved a great success. The public and the critics are unanimous in praise of her singing, her acting and her charming personality.

**Reception to Albert Lockwood.**—The Association of Teachers' Alumni, Morningside Heights, Harlem, gave a reception to meet that graceful gentleman and superior pianist, Albert Lockwood, last Friday afternoon. Besides numerous encores, the large and always enthusiastic audience when Lockwood plays were treated to this very interesting program:

Sonata, E minor.....Grieg  
Ballade, A flat.....Chopin  
Barcarolle.....Chopin  
Polonaise, A flat.....Jeffery  
Gavot.....Brahms  
Two Hungarian Dances.....Liszt  
Benediction de Dieu.....Liszt  
Rakoczy March.....Liszt

**Mr. Charles E. Mead.**—Mr. Charles E. Mead, the well-known church organist, after a period of over thirty years' service in New York churches, viz., seventeen years in the Harlem Presbyterian, eleven years in the Lexington Avenue Baptist and six years in the Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church, has accepted the position of organist and director in the Congregational Church at Greenwich, Conn.

This is Mr. Mead's native town and the good wishes of many New Yorkers go with him. Mr. Mead's father and mother sang in the choir of this church before their marriage. Miss Elma Leona Robbins, the talented soprano and graduate of the Utica Conservatory of Music, who has been the soloist in the quartet of the Thirty-fourth Street Reformed Church for five years, has also been engaged in the church at Greenwich as leading soprano and soloist.

**Clementine de Vere.**—This artist has recently met with a repetition of her usual big success. See the following:

(PEORIA CHORUS)—Clementine de Vere made her first appearance to a Peoria audience, and was rapturously received. She is an artist of magnificent stage presence, and has perfect control of a beautiful and superlatively cultivated voice. In Donizetti's aria she achieved a genuine triumph. Three encores were demanded, to each of which she generously responded.—*Peoria Herald*, April 23, 1897.

While the chorus work was unusually fine and up to the standard of that organization's previous efforts, the great interest of the evening centered about Clementine de Vere. Truly she was the bright particular star, and Peoria extended to her a royal welcome.—*Peoria Journal*, April 23, 1897.

Madame de Vere has a remarkable soprano voice of great range, and with a mellow sweetness in its lower register that vied in beauty with the bird-like clearness and sweetness of her high notes. It has been many years since Peoria has listened to so finished a singer, and the audience showed its appreciation with the heartiest applause and repeated encores.—*Peoria Daily Transcript*, April 23, 1897.

(CLARA SCHUMANN SOCIETY).—The annual concert of the Clara Schumann Society was held last evening at the Opera House and was thoroughly successful from beginning to end. It is seldom that the city has an opportunity to hear an artist of the standard of Madame de Vere, and such an opportunity is duly appreciated. Her singing

last evening has never been surpassed hereabouts, her wonderful voice thrilling the audience through and through with its surpassing splendor.—*Wilkesbarre Times*, April 20, 1897.

De Vere was heard last evening in a number of fine songs, some being purely emotional and others of the type that the coloratura sopranos dote on, and in each number she worthily sustained her reputation as a great artist. She sang Liszt's well-known Loreley in the broadest artistic manner, infusing it with the deepest feeling and finest dramatic fervor. In Weber's Bells in the Valley she also showed her training as an opera singer of the first rank, singing always with fine intensity and with lovely feeling. Her tones are not only pure and flawless, but her voice is one of remarkable breadth and power. When she sang softly and daintily and gradually increased her tone volume until one marveled at such strength of voice, the audience was aroused to intense enthusiasm. In the more powerful passages, as well as in all the other quantities of tone, her voice lost none of its sweetness.

A group of MacDowell's songs was rendered with absolute perfection, and her performance was especially interesting.

De Vere, of course, roused the house with her flexible songs, wherein she sang so exquisitely as to recall Sidney Lanier's well-known thought: "The bloom and beauty of her voice somehow suggest that a rose might be a throat." Her scales at times were as dainty as a string of pearls and her trills were dazzling in their brilliancy. She sang Gounod's Slumber Song in French, and her runs were so clear and dainty that the house thought it about the gem of the evening, but that was not so. She also sang very brilliantly a number of her husband's songs, who, by the way, played her accompaniments with the touch, skill and sympathy of an artist.—*Wilkesbarre Record*, April 20, 1897.

It has been quite generally acknowledged that for floridity of style and brilliancy of method Clementine de Vere stands at the head of contemporary sopranos. Eminently powerful and resonant, too, is her voice, though she held a fine reserve always, and never seemed to any limit of power. Her piano realm is her most engaging characteristic, and she almost seemed to hold her auditors in thrall with it in the ballads and in the delightful Wiegand.—*Wilkesbarre Evening Leader*, April 20, 1897.

**Rieger in Providence.**—W. Rieger, the tenor, has recently earned the following notices:

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger, in *The Flying Dutchman*, was happily cast as Erik and the *Steersman*: his clear and pure tenor was one of the delights of the concert. He has been heard in this city a number of times, but he seemed to get a firmer grasp on the affection of music lovers than he ever did before.—*The News*, Providence, R. I.

With Mr. Rieger, the responsibilities of the rôles of Erik and the *Steersman* were in absolutely safe hands. He sang the music in surpassingly fine style, and charmed his legion of admirers here by the well-known mellowness and brilliancy of his voice.—*The Telegram*.

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger sang the rôle of *Siegfried*, and his artistic work was the feature of the concert.—*The Sentinel*, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Rieger's performance was marked by the greatest intelligence and fervor. The solo Ah, Once Again Would I Behold Thee deeply moved his listeners.—*The Wisconsin*, Milwaukee.

Mr. Wm. H. Rieger is always a welcome visitor to the city, and seems by reason of his frequent appearances here quite an old friend, and is accorded treatment worthy of such a friend. He was



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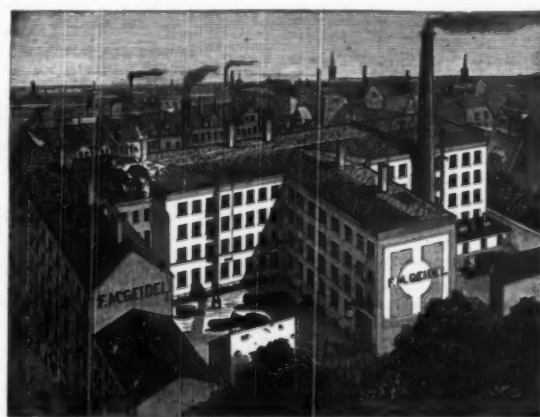
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in excellent voice last evening and his death scene was sung superbly.—*The Journal, Milwaukee.*

**Heinrich Meyn's Success.**—Heinrich Meyn, the well-known baritone, is having great success with the Calvé Concert Company. In Washington last week Mr. Meyn created a veritable furore by his singing of the Dio Possente from Faust and the Toreador Song from Carmen. The following are some of the many enthusiastic criticisms of Mr. Meyn's work:

Mr. Meyn had little to do, but his voice showed to advantage in the part assigned him.—*Hartford Post, May 5, 1897.*

Of course there must be some disappointments, and the murmur that ran through the audience at the announcement that Signor Campanari could not sing attended the high esteem in which that splendid baritone is held here. His place on the program was taken by Heinrich Meyn, who had been heard here before with the Choral Society, and who gave general satisfaction, especially in the Toreador Song from Carmen.—*Washington Post, May 6, 1897.*

Heinrich Meyn, assigned the part of Brander, had the humorous song, There Was a Rat in the Cellar Nest, and had a sufficient background in the chorus work.—*Hartford Daily Courant, May 5, 1897.*

Heinrich Meyn, baritone, has often been heard here before, and his capabilities are known. He had a rich share of the work last evening, and his numbers gave him a greater variety of expression than those of the other soloists. When as *Lucifer* disguised as a friar he sang Here Am I, Too, in the Pious Bond, he gave a humorous and sarcastic interpretation, quite apart from the buffo which might tempt some artists.—*Hartford Daily Courant, May 4, 1897.*

Mr. Meyn had much to do and did it well. While his voice is not remarkable, it is pleasing and he is a thoroughly capable and effective singer. The solo Here Am I was a splendid piece of work.—*Hartford Post, May 4, 1897.*

Heinrich Meyn is always a highly satisfactory singer. His baritone is full, soft and expressive. He possesses the dramatic spirit, and his mocking rendition of *Lucifer's* part was a strong feature. Throughout his rendition was admirable, a characteristic picture, and of strong dramatic effect.—*Hartford Times, May 4, 1897.*

Mr. Meyn was excellent as Brander; he is always very satisfactory.—*Hartford Times, May 5, 1897.*

**The Falcke Concert.**—The annual concert given by the distinguished piano virtuoso, Henri Falcke, in the Salle Erard in Paris, has added fresh laurels to this famous artist. The *Figaro* is most enthusiastic in its praise of his work, which is ranked equal to the great artists of the European capitals. This was the program:

Fantasia.....	Bach
Toccata con Fuga.....	Bach
Sonata (op. 110).....	Beethoven
Etudes en forme de Variations.....	Schumann
Etude.....	Chopin
Toccata.....	Saint-Saëns
Two Valses sérieuses.....	R. Lenormand
Notturmo.....	Grieg
Elfen spiel.....	Heymann
Rhapsodie.....	Liszt

M. Falcke has written a march for the piano, which will soon be published in America. It is arranged for two and four hands and dedicated to his friend Mr. William C. Carl, of New York, who translated his *École des Arpèges*.

**Abbie Clarkson Totten in Jersey City.**—Miss Totten's appearance at the grand concert at the First Place M. E. Church, Jersey City, was the hit of the evening. She sang these songs:

Concert Valse.....	Bailey
Day Dreams.....	Ford
My Boat Lies Waiting.....	Sobeski
For All Eternity.....	Mascheroni

The program was ornamented with her picture. Here is a recent press notice:

Abbie Clarkson Totten, the popular soprano, whose name so frequently appears as an attraction upon choir and concert programs, has made New York her home. She has been singing with great success to large audiences at the Academy of Music and other places, and her engagements for concerts, musicales and special occasions are increasing. She began her musical career at an early age. Possessing natural talent and the gift of a fine voice, she soon achieved success, and these stimulated her to earnest study under some of the best teachers. She first studied with Madame Maretzek, and afterward with Lillie Berg, and later became a pupil of the famous master, Prof. Max Maretzek, of operatic fame, and has also taken special courses of study in sacred music with other well-known teachers. She enunciates perfectly and sings with much expression, having her voice under perfect control, and possesses unusual gifts as a soloist. Her personal appearance and charming manner always make her popular with her audiences.—*New York Press.*

**Lewis W. Armstrong, Baritone and Voice Specialist.**—*The Press* said this of Mr. Armstrong's singing:

One of the pure artistic gems of the evening was the singing of Lewis W. Armstrong, of Brooklyn, the baritone soloist of the evening. A glance at him shows that he is born with artistic sense and feeling. His singing last evening shows him to be a baritone worthy of careful attention and critical approval. His voice is of unusually fine timbre, rich and resonant, and his execution is trained to a high degree. He has obtained a fine mastery of his vocal organ, and although a comparatively recent arrival upon the field, will be heard of in concert far and wide. Mr. Armstrong first sang I Fear No Fate, and for an encore gave The Palms, a selection in which he was extremely felicitous. He sought no florid effects, but sang with pure artistic feeling and expression, that moved the house as a baritone seldom does.

Brooklyn Knights of St. John and Malta sent him the following:

We desire to most emphatically express our satisfaction at the service rendered by Mr. Lewis W. Armstrong at our entertainment on Wednesday evening. He seems to be equally at home in all kinds of music, and sings whatever he attempts with the spirit and finish of a true artist. His interpretation of the songs Anchored and O

Happy Day was a revelation to us, and will not soon be forgotten. We are sure he will add greatly to the success of any entertainment. Very truly,  
A. LAMSON, Commander.

**Anita Rio Engaged.**—The prominent soprano, Mme. Anita Rio, has been engaged to sing with the Binghamton Choral Club on May 25. The other soloists will be Evan Williams and Gwilym Miles. This is the last concert by this club this season, and on account of the prominence of Madame Rio and the other two soloists it is expected to be the finest that has yet been given by this organization.

#### Otto Floersheim's Liebesnovelle.

IN the foreign exchanges which have reached THE MUSICAL COURIER office this week comes the news of the welcome given our Berlin representative's new Suite Miniature for orchestra, which has just had its first public reading in Berlin.

It was included in a program of a concert given by five American composers, with the assistance of an orchestra under Dr. Carl Muck. Charles Hulton was represented by



OTTO FLOERSHEIM.

a concert overture; Edward Herz, by a scherzo for orchestra, Ernest Carter by an andante from a suite, and Arthur Nevin by a four movement suite, Lorna Doone. Then came Otto Floersheim's piece.

The following is from the Berlin *Boersen Courier*:

Finally a Liebesnovelle, a suite miniature in six movements, by Otto Floersheim, for orchestra, was performed. The work gave great pleasure; the separate movements were rounded out melodiously and charmingly ornamented with delicate additions. The introduction and the Glücksrausch are especially to be commended, but could not the Brautzug have expressed a little more festive gaiety?

This is culled from the Paris *Herald* of April 24:

As far as command of the powers of the orchestra is concerned, the palm of the evening must be adjudged to Mr. Charles Hulton and Mr. Arthur Nevin, the former, an Englishman, working out his themes, mostly of a stormy and majestic character, with unhesitating *maestria*, while the latter, a younger brother of the well-known Boston composer, Ethelbert Nevin, is of finer and more poetic temperament, though decidedly robust than his brother. Mr. Nevin's suite, Lorna Doone, made an extremely good impression, the last movement, Riding by the Doons, being particularly marked by originality in rhythm and melody. This suite will undoubtedly be heard in concert in America before the year is out. The Berlin critics unanimously praise it, and also Mr. Otto Floersheim's suite miniature, Liebesnovelle, a pretty example of the better kind of program music. Mr. Floersheim, who is Berlin correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, has a pleasant vein of melody and perfect command of the orchestra. The applause at the conclusion of his suite was most enthusiastic. The large audience, composed chiefly of members of the Anglo-American colony, including the embassies and consulates-general, showed its appreciation of the young composers' uncommon talents throughout the evening.

**Best is Dead.**—A cable dispatch from London announces the death of William T. Best, the organist and composer. He was born at Carlisle in 1826.

**Amelia Heineberg.**—The talented young pianist, Miss Amelia Heineberg, has left New York for Nashville, where she will play on May 18 and 19 at the Musical Congress. After her Nashville engagement she will fulfill important engagements in Montgomery, Selma and other Southern cities.

**The Junior Choral Society.**—The closing concert of the season of the above-named society was held last Friday in their hall in West Thirty-Fourth street, under the direction of Mr. Frank H. Tubbs. The choral numbers consisted of glees and part songs and Cowen's Rose Maiden. Mr. Tubbs displayed discretion in program arrangement, and good judgment in conducting. The chorus numbers seventy voices, and did most excellent work.

The soprano soloist of the evening, Mrs. Raphael S. Doling, made a decided hit. Her singing of the great aria from Romeo and Juliet was of rare excellence and telling effect. Mr. B. Frank Croxton, whose fine voice is rapidly bringing him fame, sang Schumann's Two Grenadiers, winning most generous applause. Mr. Warren W. Higgons sang with exquisite taste songs of Lynes and Foote. Among our younger tenors no one possesses better possibilities. The beautiful trio from Belisario was highly appreciated as sung by Mrs. Doling and Messrs. Tubbs and Croxton. All the participants are pupils of Mr. Tubbs and reflected great credit upon him as an instructor.

#### A Von Klenner Musicale.

ON Wednesday evening, May 5, the pupils of Mme. Katherine Evans Von Klenner gave a most delightful musicale. The following is the program:

Tuscan Songs.....	L. Caracciolo
Misses Grace Harrison and Beatrice Meyer.	
Romance, Zemire und Azor.....	Spohr
Miss Wilhelmina Geis.	
Your Voice.....	Denza
Mrs. Frank M. Avery.	
Ah, Col Nebbio, Romeo and Juliet.....	Gounod
Miss Thalia Lippitt.	
Il va Venir, La Juive.....	Halevy
Mme. Alicia Touceda.	
Violin solo, Paraphrase on Weber's Last Thought.....	Weiss
Master Karl Klein.	
Plus de Tourments, Le Cid.....	Massenet
Miss Grace Gerow.	
Arioso, La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc.....	Bemberg
Miss Bessie Knapp.	
Chanson d'Abeille, Reine Topaze.....	Masse
Miss Lillian Watt.	
Giunse al Fin, Figaro.....	Mozart
Miss Lulu Potter.	
Pastorale.....	Bizet
La Folletta.....	Marchesi
Mlle. Mignon Ducos.	
Nella Calma, Romeo and Juliet.....	Gounod
Miss Maud O. Weston.	
Violin solos—	
En Regardant le Ciel.....	Godard
Air en Sol.....	Leonard
Karl Klein.	
Je dis que Rien, Carmen.....	Bizet
Miss Mildred Meade.	
Guglielmo Tell, Selva Opaca.....	Rossini
Miss Elsa Kleinschmidt.	
Rondeau, Huguenots.....	Meyerbeer
Miss Eleanor Dambmann.	
Sognai.....	Schira
Mia Picirella, Salvatore Rosa.....	Gomez
Mrs. Elizabeth Arrighi.	
O Luce di Quest' Anima, Linda di Chamounix.....	Donizetti
Miss Frances Travers.	
Mia Madre.....	Campana
Misses Kleinschmidt, Geis and Dambmann.	

Mme. Von Klenner's pupils sing with a finish and authority quite unusual to meet in amateur ranks. They show what careful training they have had at the hands of their clever teacher, and Mme. Von Klenner has just reason to feel proud of pupils that can sing in as satisfying a fashion as those who took part in the musicale of Wednesday evening. The program was of such length, variety and excellence that individual criticism in every case is precluded by a lack of space. Mme. Alicia Touceda, Miss Maud Weston, Miss Eleanor Dambmann and Mrs. Elizabeth Arrighi merited particular distinction.

Madame Touceda's voice is warm, vibrant and of ample range. She sang the aria from La Juive with unusual dramatic authority and finish. Miss Maud Weston has a flexible soprano, of large range and great purity. She sang the Gounod waltz song with genuine virtuosity. Miss Eleanor Dambmann, who sang the attractive Huguenot rondeau, is another gifted young woman. Her voice is an unusually beautiful contralto, of great range and warmth, which she uses with much artistic finish. She sang the dainty Page's Air with a great deal of spirit and delicacy. Mrs. Arrighi sang songs of Gomez and Schira with genuine artistic insight and much beauty of voice. Miss Meade seemed rather nervous in the Carmen air, but her voice is a mellow soprano, very warm in the medium and its possessor has feeling.

Miss Travers' rather light voice showed to advantage in the Luce di Quest Anima. Miss Grace Gerow sang an air from Le Cid with much dramatic feeling, and Miss Bessie Knapp gave Bemberg's La Mort de Jeanne d'Arc in a most satisfying fashion.

After this concert Mme. Von Klenner herself sang Dei Loreley, Les Filles de Cadix and other numbers. She was in splendid form, and her full resonant voice was heard to much genuine satisfaction. Little Karl Klein in violin solos was quite a star.

Altogether Mme. Von Klenner is to be congratulated on the success of her endeavors in the cause of vocal art.

#### A Knabe Sale.

THE home house at Baltimore of Wm. Knabe & Co. has just sold to the United States Postmaster General, the Hon. James A. Gary, a new scale Knabe rosewood parlor grand piano, making the tenth Knabe piano purchased by Mr. Gary.

**Bertha Bucklin.**—Miss Bertha Bucklin, the violinist, will sail for Bremen on May 3 on the Friedrich der Grosse. Miss Bucklin will spend the summer in Berlin, where she will resume study with Carl Halir, the great violinist.

**Celia Schiller.**—Miss Celia Schiller, the well-known and gifted pianist, who has passed a successful and artistic season, will sail for Europe on June 3 on the steamer Friedrich der Grosse. While abroad, Miss Schiller will visit Madame Carreño.

**Van der Stucken.**—Mr. Frank Van der Stucken directs the Indianapolis May Festivals, May 20, 21 and 22, and then after paying a three days' visit here leaves for Europe on the Fürst Bismark on May 27. He will remain abroad until early in the fall.

**WANTED.**—Cultivated voices for ladies' quartet. Fine appearance necessary. Address Manager, care THE MUSICAL COURIER, New York.





EUGENE COWLES, the big basso of the Bostonians, is being sued for divorce.

DELLA FOX was too sick to appear in *The Wedding Day* last Monday night, so the Casino was closed that evening.

GABRIELLE D'ANNUNZIO has written a one-act piece, *The Dream of a Summer's Morning*, which will be recited by Eleonora Duse during her visit to Paris.

LUDWIG FULD'S one act piece *Lästige Schönheit*, which had previously only been played at Moscow, was produced at the Court Theatre of Stuttgart with success. The text is being published in the magazine *Cosmopolis*.

THE Berlin Theatre gave lately a subscription performance of Paul Lindau's last drama, *The Brothers*. In many of his plays and romances the author has proved his deep study in criminal law and proceedings, and in the present piece makes effective use of this knowledge.

THE death of Dr. Herrman Weiss is regretted in every German theatre. Forty years ago he published in five large volumes a magnificent work on costume, which has been the foundation of later books on the subject, and has been indispensable for every designer of costumes or stage manager.

UNDER the title of *La Folie de Titania* M. Gervais exhibits at the Salon des Champs Elysées a canvas to which he has attached a quotation from Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. This is all the Shakespeare there is in it. The poor fairies, *Peasblossom*, *Cobweb* and company, are transformed into nude women, with flesh tints after Bougoureaux.

A NEW play, *The Bracelet*, has had some success at Rome. The play turns on a lady receiving as a birthday present a bracelet worth 3,000 frs. and her difficulty in explaining how it came into her possession.

This idea is, as will at once be seen, the old Diamond Necklace story of French history, filtered through one of Maupassant's short stories. The dialogue is brilliant, full of *esprit*, and the characters are well discriminated, the naughty lover being a curious sketch of the *rastaquouere* of wealth.

THE last of the classic matinées at the Parisian Odéon was *Turandot*, Princess of China. It is the work of the celebrated Venetian dramatist Carlo Gozzi, whose life was written a few years ago by J. Addington Symonds, and will be the first of his productions to appear on a French stage. It may be called a fairy piece, and the China is a land of dreams; but, of course, Gozzi introduces three masks, *Pantaloon*, *Brighetta* and *Tartegha*, which play parts in all his plays. Schiller's *Turandot*, which is still played in Germany, is a translation of Gozzi's piece.

A NEW work, *The Seductions*, has had good success at Geneva. It tells the story of a young Wagnerian musician who begins his career with a brilliant fiasco. He is, however, consoled by a rich lady who takes him into keeping, and they live in luxury for two years. But as he is not accustomed to luxury, his life depressed his spirits and awakens his conscience. Therefore he writes an opera which is a great success and brings him piles of lire; and then, as he is independent of his benefactress, he puts out that she does not comprehend him, and of course he seeks someone who does understand him. The rich lady makes no objection and utters beautiful sentiments about not wishing him to renounce his ideals for her sake, and he replies in equally beautiful language. In plain English, they are tired of each other.

THE Italian theatrical companies for the summer season are usually formed after Easter. Most of these companies are known by the name of the leading performer, and of these Eleonora Duse is the most widely famed. After a visit to Capri of some weeks to restore her health, she is in Milan preparing for her tour, and, as is her custom, she is forming her company out of third and fourth class artists. Signor Zacconi's company, which has had great success in Vienna, is like Duse's; that is, it is Zacconi with nothing else. Virginia Reiter, who is superseding Duse in Italian favor, and who, in despite of her German name, is the most perfect type of an Italian, believes that a

good actress needs a good company and has collected excellent support. These are the only troupes deserving of mention, all the rest of the fifty or sixty being low class.

SOME years ago there was a young man in Paris who was always going to write a play. Somehow or other he never got further than announcing the title of the play he was concocting; this he did year after year. But when any play with a title at all like one of his announced titles was produced, he claimed at once the authorship.

Something of the same sort seems now to be going on in the French capital. M. Grisier announced a play *Mam'zelle Bon Cœur*, whereupon M. Samson writes indignantly to the *Figaro*, "I write my pieces myself including the title. I do not owe Mam'zelle Bon Cœur to M. Grisier." M. Antony Mars has written a libretto for Planquette entitled *Mam'zelle Quat' Sous*, and M. Grisier has leaped from the frying pan of Samson into the fire of Mars by renaming his play *Mam'zelle Sans Sous*.

THE theatrical trust is made up of eight men:

Frohman,  
Hayman,  
Klaw,  
Erlanger,  
Rich,  
Harris,  
Nixon (otherwise Nerdlinger),  
Zimmerman.

It is well that the public should know who these men are. THE MUSICAL COURIER intends that they shall be known—very well known indeed—before it is quite done with them and their method of exploiting the drama. When the public is at the mercy of a monopoly it is just as well that the public should know the character of the men who control the monopoly; the people are interested in the careers of men like Huntington, Searles, Carnegie, Havemeyer, Rockefeller and other "barons," who are exploiting various products; and the people will be interested in the careers—comic, were they not so menacing—of Charles Frohman and Marc Klaw (a grasping name!), Harris and Hayman, Nixon (otherwise Nerdlinger), and the other racially shrewd men who are engineering this theatrical trust. The only man in the crowd who has not this racial right to be a money sweater is Zimmerman; he demonstrates that the talent may be acquired.

For the present it will suffice to say that these seven shrewd men (and Zimmerman) have formed a theatrical trust which practically controls all the important theatres in the country. Think of it, they have the amusement business by the throat! Fifty of the leading theatres are directly under their control. Indirectly these seven shrewd men (not to mention Zimmerman) control 300 important theatres. This means not only that they may dictate terms to the American actor and the American manager, but that they may decree what foreign plays and players shall be seen in this country. They control the "market"—to use a Wall Street phrase. When it is remembered that in New York city alone the public spends \$6,000,000 a year for theatrical entertainments, it is easy to see how important a matter this "trust" may become if it is not balked in time.

THE MUSICAL COURIER, which put an end to the "high salary crime" of the Reszks, believes there is still time to cut the sinews of this eight-man trust. And yet THE MUSICAL COURIER has spoken only just in time. The insolence of the trust has already grown to such a pitch that it laughs at the law of the land. Blacklisting is anti-legal in this State. The trust knows it. But does the trust hesitate to disregard this law? Not at all; it even goes to the length of openly announcing that it intends to break the law.

For some time the Frohmans, Haymans, et al., have had an operative blacklist of actors and stage managers. They have banned from their theatres the actors who were not obsequious, the stage managers who were not to be brought into the shrewd and novel tricks of the trust. Any artist who has not shown himself amenable to the methods (suspiciously Oriental!) of the trust has been put outside the pale. He has been blacklisted. And she—for the trust is not above bludgeoning women—has been blacklisted.

It might be supposed that a trust, and even one as insolent in its success as the Frohmantic trust, would hesitate to boast of its defiance of the law. Quite the opposite. The trust has issued a decree. This decree has been delivered as impressively as though it had been cut in a table of stone and got from Mount Sinai. This Frohmantic decree announces that hereafter the trust will "refuse to engage"—*id est* has blacklisted—any person who has ever appeared in vaudeville. Mark the insolence of this new enactment of the trust! It does not announce that any actor who in the future disobeys the decree will be blacklisted; it blacklists everyone who has ever appeared on the vaudeville stage. In a word it is retroactive.

Blacklisting of any sort is illegal in this State; but blacklisting of this sort is peculiarly abominable. The matter should be brought to the attention of the proper authorities.

The blacklisting of actors, stage managers and others employed in the business of amusing and instructing the playgoer is only one of the means used by this trust in its nefast attempt to found a new monopoly. It has other and no less reprehensible methods. It is raising prices. It is "sweating" its employés. It is killing competition. It is destroying the individual manager, the individual artist. It is degrading the drama to the dirty commercialism of the "department store" and the sweat shop. In no other country in the world could this crime against public polity, public welfare and the higher interests of the community be tolerated, nor is it possible that it should be long tolerated here.

The thing is too monstrous.



## The Prompter.

"The Plays' the Thing."

THEY are beginning to return, the songbirds and actors, gorged with American bullion, to their native heaths, there to disport themselves until autumn and lightened purses proclaim the need again of money and dear, dear old America, land of the gulls, land of the dollars.

The ocean trip has also become a necessity for the prosperous American actor. He meets familiar faces in London and Paris, and perhaps down at Richmond or at the "Ambassadeurs" he meets in a friendly way a Frohman, and business is always more nimbly and amiably transacted over a cigar and a glass than during the forbidding and grim hours devoted to office and business.

Then, again, there are many actors who, by stress of fate, are doomed to stay in town and roam listlessly from Nick Engel's to Lüchow's, or else hunt up the elusive "summer snap." Unlike the grasshopper of the fable, summer is the winter of the actors' discontent. The majority remain in the city and wonder if they are ever to get a chance.

I stayed up all night Tuesday of last week so as to see some people off on the St. Paul. The Secret Service company went off *en bloc*, excepting Odette Tyler, who had sailed the Saturday previous. I saw the shrewd face of Daniel Frohman, and Acton Davies, of the *Evening Sun*, waved me a languid farewell. Mr. and Mrs. Francouer-Ida Waterman, General Miles and Manton Marble I saw as the boat steamed away, and Victor Mapes, a talented young playwright, was also on board. Of course everyone saw Horace Porter, and Alf. Hayman's face was a study when the clearing bell was sounded and no signs of William Gillette. As the gangways were about to be lowered the author of Secret Service strolled up puffing one of his Too Much Johnson cigars and got on board as the diapasonic roar of the St. Paul's whistle was heard.

Blanche Walsh, pretty and self-possessed, bade farewell to her parents on dry land, and Campbell Gollan, the *Benedick* of a few days, looked as if he wished the ship would never sail. I saw Francis Neilson, the actor and librettist, and Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who looked modest when we saluted her as the mysterious Mrs. Bugle. Ethel Barrymore I did not see, but there was Marcus Mayer as large as life and twice as natural. Harry Woodruff, blond, tearful and pretty, looked nervous when he saw young Walter Thomas on board. Possibly he thought the popular actor was about to take the trip in company with him.

J. H. Ryley, now the husband of his clever wife, clung to the rail and his monocle, and Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., discoursed of Anna Held, while the Dazians waved farewell to other members of the late Abbey. Schoeffel & Grau, Limited. It was altogether a jolly boatload.

That was a funny item in the *Sun* about Anna Held's departure. Here it is: "Some one told her that General Porter was aboard, and then she wanted to know for what he was distinguished and something about him. When she heard that he was the American Ambassador to France, she said:

"My compliments to General Porter and tell him I shall send him a box for my first appearance in Paris."

"The message was conveyed to General Porter, who, after hearing who Anna Held was, sent his thanks to her."

The joy of the joke is General Porter not knowing who Anna was! God bless our army!

There is some doubt about the success of Secret Service in London. Whether Gillette's natural and quiet work will carry across the footlights of the Adelphi is an open question. The play is hardly rough and tumble enough for the Adelphi audiences.

It is a quite a test of an actress' versatility to play *Cyprienne* and *Tess* in one day, is it not? That is what Mrs. Fiske did last Friday afternoon and evening at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The matinée performance was for the benefit for the Maternity Free Bed Fund of the Hahnemann Hospital, and Divorçons was presented. It is certainly one of Sardou's cleverest bits of writing, even though the theme has become stale. I last saw Rejane as *Cyprienne*, and anything more Gallic and suggestive could not be well imagined. She carried off the tipsy scene with more abandon than Mrs. Fiske, with more audacity and also more brilliancy of execution, but a more natural *Cyprienne* I have not seen than Mrs. Fiske's. Her second act was a marvel of delicacy, wit and absolute freedom from theatricalism. I know there were actresses in the house who did not see the character that way, simply because all the old trickery and "business" was abandoned. Always original, Mrs. Fiske preferred to make the wife of *Des Prunelles* a bit more sophisticated than Sardou's heroine. The duel with her husband was delightful in its airiness, caprice and lightness of touch. You would have sworn that this actress was a consummate comedienne and nothing more. With more technical

authority, more finish, yet she suggested to me her earlier her "Feather-brain" manner.

Mrs. Fiske is the mistress of a certain acid drollery, a dry irony that can produce laughter by an inflection. Her explanation to her stage spouse of the curtain signals caused an outrageous burst from the audience. Yet it was all said so simply, so naively! The supper scene went off with plenty of spirit. Frederic de Belleville was an excellent *Des Prunelles*, perhaps a trifle too heavy and solemn for that witty man. Alfred Hickman utterly misconceived the role of *Adhemar* and John Jack and Wilfred North were not good. Bijou Fernandez was, as usual, explosive, and Louis Mann, as *Joseph*, was too conscious; although funny, his humor was not unobtrusive enough.

I saw Tess in the evening, not only because I had enjoyed the piece at previous performances, but also because it gave me such an excellent chance to see Mrs. Fiske at all points. I found the general performance much improved, quickened in action and Mrs. Fiske more sympathetic and realistic than ever. Particularly touching was the recital of her past life to *Angel Clare*. It seemed infinitely more pitiful and tender and the murder scene had lost none of its poignancy. I still disliked the third act, although it does give Charles Coghlan scope for his inimitable acting and the close, despite its symbolism, proved as incomprehensible as ever to the audience. The introduction of Hardy's words "I am ready," or some such phrase, would clear up matters considerably. Curiously enough, that last line, "The Sun has risen," is used by Hauptmann at the very close of *Die Versunkene Glocke*. It has an Ibsenish effect.

From the poetical side nothing could be more touching than this last act of Mr. Stoddard's play.

Too much cannot be said of Annie Irish's finely controlled display of emotional power as *Marian*, the milkmaid rival of *Tess*. Miss Irish is a temperamental actress, as we all discovered that night at the Star Theatre, when she played *Miss Tanqueray* with the Kendall company. She has grown considerably since then, and I hope some day to see her playing leading parts. She has made much of her rôle in *Tess*. This is the last week of the play.

I saw Mr. J. E. Dodson at the Friday matinée. He told me that he expects to get away at the end of the month for a long needed vacation. He has been the chief factor as *Cardinal Richelieu* in the success of *Under the Red Robe at the Empire*.

Katherine Grey I saw, and she tells me that she has signed as leading lady with the Columbia Stock Company, Washington, for this summer, and has been engaged by Max Bleiman for a new production in the fall.

What's this, what's this? Dorothy Morton "slugging" little Violet Lloyd in the neck. Oh, Miss Morton, why don't you take a girl of your class? You must outweigh the English violet by at least 50 pounds. The row occurred at Buffalo, where the *Geisha Company* was playing, and grew out of jealousy. Sir William Jardine, the English "balker," discharged Dorothy Morton, but as she very promptly attached the box office for \$666 back salary she was allowed to return and plunge the management into further debt. The two ladies do not speak as they sing by.

And almost another bruising contest, this time in the Casino. If it had not been for Wolf Falk, Nat Roth and Jeff De Angelis might have hurt each other over that old Caliph matter. Mr. Falk interfered and, of course, got the bruises. Mr. Roth is about 10 feet tall, and what might have happened is a matter of conjecture. Strangely enough, the row occurred during a rehearsal of *The Whirl of the Town*.

"Bill" Hoey is not dead yet. He told me so himself, and he also remarked that he had no hopes for the recovery of his physicians or of the man who first started the story.

Rose Coghlan is in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, and will remain there for six weeks. She has undergone an operation. She expects to spend this summer with her brother Charles at Prince Edward's Island.

Lillian Russell goes to London to appear in a Savoy revival of *The Grand Duchess*.

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where are you going?" "I'm going to London to see the Queen." "Pussy cat, pussy cat, you're so knowing; it's to look for a husband, I deem."

The Wedding Day, with Russell, De Angelis and Della Fox, goes on tour next fall in this country.

They now have a Théâtre Féminist in Paris. We've had nothing else for years in this city. Gare les chapeau.

Cora Potter is cut off in the will of the father of her husband. Mrs. Potter has made money at the antipodes, owns a London house, and will in all probability snap her fingers when she hears the news. What most surprises



people is that James Brown Potter does not divorce the beautiful actress. Perhaps he does not care to see her marry Mr. Bellew.

The Wizard of the Nile is to open the season at Terrace Garden. It will be sung in German, and Adolph Phillip, of the Germania Theatre, will play Frank Daniel's role. Victor Herbert is to conduct the first night. Al. Neuman's translation is to be used.

The Standard Theatre has been leased for five years by Aaron Woodhull. The story that "Jim" Hill was once more to resume the management has been denied. It is to be a combination house.

Julian Ralph writes that the Barrison sisters will not be allowed to undress in London—except, of course, when the tired, tiny angels go to bed. Bless their depraved little souls, they should be confined until they grow up!

Adah Richmond does not propose to allow that Supreme Court decision ruling that she was not the lawful widow of John Stetson to bar her chances. She has appealed and means to fight it out on that line all next summer.

Charlie Evans has just celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of his marriage with Minnie, French, who is more "Innocent" and "Kidd" than ever.

At last Colonel "Gus" Pabst is to marry the right girl. His engagement to Miss Lemp, the daughter of the brewer, is rumored. Now Margaret Mather can drink St. Louis as well as Milwaukee beer. I noticed on the programs of Cymbeline large display ads. of Pabst's Milwaukee beer, and I thought that it hinted at reconciliation, but I was mistaken.

Edwin F. Thorne's death last week recalled a flood of memories to theatre-goers of twenty years ago. He was a romantic actor par excellence.

Here is a quotation from a novel call Hamlet—novelized from the play, please you!—

"Over the snow laden, dreary moorland, where the wind is wailing and sobbing, stretches, to mark the track, a line of tall posts, laden heavily with snow, to which the wind has given strange shapes of draped and hooded figures, hardened by the frost. In a winding march at irregular distances they seem to be gliding onward, now slowly ascending, now descending, up to where, black in darkness, stands the great fortress of His Grace, the old, wealthy, warlike, haughty and powerful Archbishop Saxo."

And yards of such stuffing. What do you think of the author's "cheek"?

George Garrick, brother of the celebrated David, was the latter's most devoted slave and laborious pack-horse.

On coming behind the scene he usually inquired: "Has David wanted me?"

It being asked once how George came to die so soon after the demise of his famous brother, a wag replied: "David wanted him."

Two of the best malapropisms I ever heard, says Mr. Howard Paul, were uttered by an old lady of obscure origin, who lived in the West.

She had two daughters being educated in Paris. She desired them to return, and they pleaded for a longer sojourn.

"Them girls," she said, "has been so long in Paris, they begin to think themselves Parisites."

These same girls were warmly devoted to private theatricals and often took part in them. Somebody told the old lady that one of her daughters had engaged herself to a Frenchman, one of the actors, whereupon she exclaimed: "I always said no good would come of them amatory theatricals!"

An English visitor in Christiania, who has been seeing a good deal of the misanthropic Ibsen, says that that gentleman was soured by early derision of his work, and that his domestic life has not been a happy one. This visitor added:

"Ibsen is, as Norwegian circumstances go, a rich man to-day, and is held to be worth between 200,000 and 300,000 kroner; but this money has come too late to compensate him for the real privations of his youth and middle age. So there is little joy in his life, except what may be derived from creature comforts and constant study. He is a great reader of the German philosophers, and told me of his particular delight in Kant. 'I read him first as a duty,' he said, 'and afterward as a pleasure.' Questioned as to what were his views on the 'woman question,' he asseverated that he 'was in favor of nothing. He suggested no remedies. His plays were not doctrinary. They describe life as he saw it.'"

I found this in the London *Figaro*:

"I am sorry to hear that Mrs. Trust, the well-known singer, met with a slight accident the other afternoon, in that the shafts of her carriage were broken on her way from the East End, where she had been singing. The

lady had to alight, stand on the pavement in evening dress, and bear the scrutiny of an East End crowd. The climax came, however, when five little boys caught a glimpse of a silken shoe embroidered in silver, and one and all went down on hands and knees for a better view."

"No Trust, no Bust," seemed to have been the principle in this case.

### SHAKESPEARE'S NATURE WAS COARSE.

THE most original Baconian of the day perhaps is Mme. El de Louie, of this city. She claims to have found more than fifty Shakespearean quotations in history which were current long before the days of Shakespeare. She has written more than a dozen long essays on the subject and is hard at work on as many more.

Mme. de Louie was born in New York and reared in New Orleans. She has been an actress and opera singer and is a dramatic author, reader and teacher. When a very young girl she was a pupil of Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Kemble in the last years of their usefulness. She has never played Shakespearean rôles, although a professional Shakespearean reader, and, oddly enough, did not begin the intimate study which now dominates her until two years ago. Like Bacon, the man she emulates, Mme. de Louie has been termed an inductive philosopher.

"Bacon," says Madame de Louie, "wanted to alleviate the ills of humanity by demonstrating new truths. He hated Papistry, but dared advance no liberal theories under his own name because of the penalty he would have had to suffer at the hands of Queen Elizabeth. Therefore he used Shakespeare as a mask, and Shakespeare's name has gone down to history as the dramatist instead of his own."

"Shakespeare's nature was coarse. He lacked all the natural attributes of the poet. It was impossible, too, for him to have acquired much, if any, education at the common schools. There were no educational books, and people had to pick up their mother tongue as best they could. Elizabeth considered English vulgar, and forbade the publication of a grammar. The real Shakespeare left the world in all five chirographic productions, only those and nothing more. Three of these signatures were attached to his will, and each was spelled differently. The English stage was in a state of the grossest ignorance. The tragedy of Julius Cæsar was not heard of until eight years after Shakespeare's death."

"We read, 'the thunder of my cannon shall be heard,' but the first cannon that ever was heard was fired at Cressy nearly 300 years after this was written."

"It is stated that before Shakespeare was reported to be holding gentlemen's horses at the doors of theatres, in 1592, ten plays of which no translation existed had been presented. By what authority were these plays at a later date ascribed to Stratford intellect? In 1594 The Comedy of Errors was given by Francis Bacon and his fellow lawyers at Christmas revels at Gray's Inn in the intranslatable Greek of Lucian. The translation into English was made by Bacon not long after."

"Morgan says: 'The genius of Burns found its expression in the idioms of his father and mother, but this peasant, born in the heart of Warwickshire, without schooling or practice, pours forth the most sumptuous English, and other distinguished authorities make the same comment.'

"The first performances of the so-called Shakespearean plays were given before Elizabeth and James at the houses of Bacon's personal friends. They were courtly pieces, designed for production before royalty. When Shakespeare left London in 1604, also when he died, the plays continued to appear, and new ones that were never published during his lifetime were published in the folio. Those that had been known were found to have been added to and some parts cut and entirely changed. Several of the plays were double the original size. The name Shakespeare, with a hyphen, first appeared on the most classically written poem, Venus and Adonis, in 1593. The man who wrote it was unknown and unheard of. It was not until years later that Davenant told Pope that Shakespeare had written it, and that the latter had been holding horses at that time at Blackfriars Theatre. Blackfriars was not built until 1594. Hence the discrepancy is plain."

"Among the various plays the names of which are written in Bacon's own chirography are Richard II. and Richard III. Neither the first quarto of Richard II. nor that of Richard III., both published in 1597, nor the three quartos of Henry V., of 1600, 1602 and 1608, bear Shakespeare's name on the title page. Romeo and Juliet, which was of long continued popularity, extends over a period of thirteen years as anonymous. On the other hand, the so-called spurious plays have in each case either the name in full or in initials on the title page."

In 1598 appeared the crude copy of the tragedy of Richard, Duke of York, all anonymous, but the three parts of Henry VI., as we have it to-day, somewhat mangled, first appeared in the folio and were not credited to Shakespeare until he had been dead nearly eight years."

"Richard III. has for 300 years been considered an accurate picture of that monarch's character. This plays sad havoc with historical facts, which show Gloucester's inflexible probity. There is not a single document, diary or contemporary narrative to warrant the accusations poetically placed on Richard."

"The stage at the time these plays first appeared was looked upon as a place of degradation. Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had issued proclamations against stage plays. Discovery as a playwright would have meant ruin to Bacon. His enemy, Coke, was legislating against that very class. Bacon wished to say many things to counteract the darkness of the age. He did so under cover of the plays."

"In less than 150 years after his death all traces of Shakespeare were lost



in his native village. The late English dictionary and history edited by English professors make no mention of him, but in these volumes Bacon has an extended and honorable mention."

Madame de Louie makes an interesting allusion to a bust now in her possession which is presumably of Shakespeare, but which she maintains firmly is a likeness of Bacon, because, she says, the man of Stratford never had a picture of himself made during his lifetime, and all that have been made since his death are composite portraits of Bacon.

"This bust," says Madame de Louie, "has been compared with several of Bacon and found to be the same by every test. There are certain points by which the latter's pictures are known, viz., the wavy hair and the curling beard running downward, the drooping moustache, the King Charles collar and other earmarks distinctly Baconian."

In the conclusion Madame de Louie pays the following tribute to Bacon:

"From the time Bacon left college to his death he had but one purpose—how best to benefit mankind. From the first moment he had a purpose in life, an object to live for, as wide as humanity, as immortal as the human race."—*Commercial Advertiser*.

### MORE ABOUT HAUPTMANN.

RARELY has the mysterious affinity between the extremes of realism and symbolism been illustrated as strikingly as now in the gradual unfolding of Gerhart Hauptmann's poetic genius. Hauptmann is one of those fascinating men whose character seems to baffle all attempts at rational analysis. He is at the same time the most modern of the moderns, and the most devout worshipper of the traditions of the past, an iconoclast and a dreamer, a pantheist and an inspired interpreter of mediæval Christianity, a socialist and an upholder of personal freedom, an impressionist painter of the most uncompromising kind, and a lyric poet of the deepest feeling and the most delicate sensibility. At times he speaks as though he saw before him a new age of exalted humanity, as though he would lead his people forward on the path of liberty and spiritual progress; and then again he seems like a child lost in the wilderness of an outworn civilization; he flees from the shallow brilliancy of modern society to the primitive sturdiness of the fairy tale, and in the midst of a career full of restless striving and ambition he dreams himself back to the sombre seclusion of his Silesian mountain home. He is crude and refined, heavy and graceful, pessimistic and buoyant, flippant and sublime; and in all these changes he is always and unflinchingly true to himself.

He began with lurid scenes from contemporary life, in which it was easy to detect the influence of Ibsen and Zola. But even in the atrocious vulgarity of *Vor Sonnenaufgang*, and in the hopeless gloom of *Das Friedensfest*, there appeared a strain quite foreign alike to the cynic bitterness of the Norwegian and to the proletarian ferociousness of the Frenchman; a deep, silent craving for purity and childlike innocence. Next, there followed *Einsame Menschen*, a masterpiece of psychological analysis, vibrating with the profoundest chords of modern thought, bringing out in figures of wonderful life-likeness the tragedy of moral emancipation unaided by moral greatness. Then came *Die Weber*, a modern *Triumph of Death*, a cry of sympathy with suffering humanity as genuine and heart-stirring as any word of lamentation or scorn uttered by the prophets of old. Then a strange pair of unlike brothers—*Der Biberpelz*, a gross satire of the Prussian police officer in search for crimes of leze-majesty, and *Hannele*, a glorification of the spiritualistic elements of the Christian belief. Then the historical drama, *Florian Geyer*, a work both grand and ordinary, irresistible and intolerable, a most faithful—perhaps too faithful—reproduction of the sixteenth century, with its democratic aspirations, its reformatory zeal, its popular heroism, fanaticism, and savagery, but somehow lacking in the finer human emotions. And now, finally, *Die Versunkene Glocke*, a fantastic vision, transporting us into lonely forests haunted by elves and water sprites, and strangely illumined by the flicker of swarming glow-worms.

The drama outlined last week is to us a messenger of good tidings. It is a fresh evidence of a fact which has recently become manifest in more ways than one—the fact that Germany is preparing again to take a leading part in the literature of the world. Especially the German realistic drama of the last decade has shown a fertility of motives and a constructive energy far superior to that of recent dramatic productions in England or France. But most of these realistic dramas are in too pronounced a manner children of the age to have a long life before them; they are rather clever dramatic essays on social, religious or philosophical questions of immediate and acute interest than works of art which permanently satisfy. In *Die Versunkene Glocke* for the first time we hear once more the unmistakable ring of the universally human. Here we are made to feel once more the eternal longing of the human heart for a happiness that lies beyond the things seen or heard. Here we are brought face to face once more with an ideal striving far transcending all interest in so-called questions of the day. Here we are indeed reminded of the artistic temper which created the type of *Faust*.

To be sure the form of this drama is too fantastic to appeal to all persons or to all times. It needs a special frame of mind to find out the instinctive striving after nature which underlies even its grotesque artificialities. German critics have with good reason pointed out the affinity between this drama and the paintings of Boecklin. Hauptmann and Boecklin belong, indeed, together. Both are endowed with an extraordinary sensibility; both feel an irrepressible desire to reproduce the sounds and sights of nature exactly as they hear and see them. But both hear and see not only the sounds and sights of nature, they are equally strongly affected by the discordant impressions of their social environment; and in order not to be disturbed by these they strain their receptive organs to such an extent that the water looks bluer

to them than it does to the normal eye, and the wind roars more wildly to them than it does to the normal ear. This is especially true of *Die Versunkene Glocke*. There is a note of exaggeration in it which takes away from its sincerity. And delightful as this company of roving, rollicking, swaggering, half malicious, half good natured earth spirits is which forms the elemental background of the dramatic action, we are hardly more than amused by it. The true simplicity of the fairy tale is for the most part absent.

But this objection does not touch the central conception of the drama. Hauptmann has created a work which treats the old Faust theme of man's superhuman aspirations in a new and fascinating manner. We may confidently hope that his youthful genius, which has given us so much already that is fine and true, will give us something still finer and truer. He is now approaching his full maturity. May he live himself out completely and harmoniously! May he go on undisturbed by fame or slander, unmoved by the wrangle between literary cliques, unmindful of the meaningless war cries of romanticism and classicism, to bring forth what is in him! If he does this, he seems destined to accomplish what his *Meister Heinrich* strove for in vain—to build a temple of art in which all ages and nations may worship.—*Kuno Franck, in Evening Post*.

### THE COST OF BEING AMUSED.

AN interesting estimate of the amount of money the New York public spent at the box offices of the fifty theatres and music halls is given in an interview in the *Herald*. The interview is supposed to be with a prominent theatrical manager. He says:

"How much money do New York theatres take in in the season? I can't say; no one can. I am willing to make a guess, however. Let us try to go about this problem in a systematic way. We will, for the sake of convenience, divide the theatres into four classes—Broadway, combination, variety and miscellaneous.

"By Broadway houses I mean theatres of the very first class on or adjacent to Broadway. There are thirteen of these, and their seating capacity runs from 757 to 2,000. In my opinion five have been very successful, four have done fairly well and four poorly. The theatrical season in this city is of about thirty-five weeks' duration.

"One of the houses I mention, by long odds the most successful, will probably average receipts of \$8,000 a week. The least successful has averaged, say, \$2,200. This estimate, I expect, will sound small to those who are not in a position to know the real condition of affairs, but I believe it is very nearly right.

"The theatres of the second class—that is, the combination houses, where the bill is changed every week—have averaged about \$2,500. About ten come under this heading. The estimate here given would be considerably higher except for the fact that one or two of these houses have played to very poor business, and have steadily lost money.

"The class comprising the music halls and variety theatres is not so easy of dispose of off hand. Some of them have done remarkably well, and others have hardly paid expenses. Another factor comes to play here—the sale of drinks and cigars—and in certain houses this is very material. Knowing the conditions I should guess that the average business done at these places of amusement would be in the neighborhood of \$3,800 a week.

"This average is struck between twelve theatres that are on the Bowery and on Eighth avenue, as well as more fashionable thoroughfares. The music halls are very deceptive, and their press agents worse.

"This brings us to the miscellaneous class, and in its wide range it includes grand opera, concerts, German theatres, Hebrew theatres, roof gardens and other summer shows, benefits and the like. With a little lightning calculation and keen knowledge of mathematics you will find that \$6,000,000 is not an unreasonable estimate for the year's business—this year's, you understand."

M. BERTAL will read to the Comedie Française a new piece, *Au Dessus des Lois*, and has also written for a genre theatre a less ambitious work entitled *Le Cambrioleur*. M. Bertal is about to join the army of lecturers, and is engaged for a tour at home and abroad with instrumental and dramatic auditions.

M. DE CHIRAE, of phonographic fame, the inventor of the Theatre Realiste, lately gave a private representation of five one act pieces of which he is the author. The titles indicate what the works are—*L'Art d'Etre Cœur*, *Les Baveaux*, *Les Biffins*, *Les Depraves* and *Les Panamists*. The program contained the notice: "The director has the honor of warning the guests invited to the spectacle that it presents to them a rigorously exact copy of the progress of the age. There is no question of making a protest, but of drawing a conclusion." The audience drew the conclusion that they all ought to be hissed off the stage.

United States Commissioner Benedict, in Brooklyn, decided last Friday to hold Mr. Louis Robie, the proprietor of Robie's Bohemian Burlesques, for the action of the grand jury on a charge brought by Klaw & Erlanger that Robie has been violating the recent amendments to the copyright law in using songs belonging to them without permission. This is the first case brought under the new law.

THE above was in the *Herald* of last Saturday. The case will be watched with interest, and it is a good thing that a well-known firm like Klaw & Erlanger have taken up the fight. This firm—syndicate people—have disseminated musical trash of the worst sort for years in their productions. We suppose the very songs in question are rubbish, but a test case is a test case, and the cause of good music is also at stake.

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## The Playgoer.

WHEN Villiers de L'Isle Adam's *La Révolte* was brought out at the Odéon Theatre, in Paris, a little while ago, the chief thing that impressed the critics who were present was the tremendous modernity of the play.

Villiers was frightfully complex; a cynic, an impenitent idealist, he had known almost every form of intellectual drunkenness before he died in the bosom of the church.

*La Révolte* was brought out at the Vaudeville a few months before the breaking out of the war in 1870. It was heard with indifference. No one took any interest in it. The public did not understand it—and indeed its ideas must have seemed scandalously strange twenty-seven years ago. To-day, however, *Nora* has slammed the door in the face of the old prejudices and vindicated the right of the woman—at all events of the stage—to be herself in spite of moral and social prejudices. And Villiers' *Elizabeth* was the forerunner of Ibsen's *Nora*. To-day the subject dominates the stage—it is interesting to see it in the germ.

*Elizabeth* is married to *Felix*, a rich and practical man, busy in his affairs. For four years she is a submissive and virtuous wife. She never opposes her husband's will. She is his passive and pleasing slave. She becomes a sort of private secretary for him, keeps his books, looks after his investments, and in many ways increases his fortune. *Felix* has only praise for her. She is, indeed, the type of the good French wife.

But *Elizabeth* dreams of another life—dreams of Life. She wishes to escape from the moral prison in which she is locked, to free herself, to be herself. She thinks that the large additions she has made to her husband's fortune by her own efforts should serve as a ransom; she revolts and declares that she will go away and live according to her own will. She will be no more her husband's bookkeeper; she will be *Elizabeth*. Not even the thoughts of her child—this little girl whom she is not able to educate freely—is sufficient to hold her back; she goes away—

And it is at this point that the psychology of the drama becomes more modern, more contemporary than the last word of Ibsen. When *Nora* vanishes from the Doll's House she leaves behind a weight of unsatisfied query. You may say that you understand her, but you do not—neither do I. She is the perpetual enigma of femininity. It is out of this very enigma that Ibsen gets the dramatic force of his play. He sends the playgoer away with a haunting question—a problem that irks and teases and excites.

There was a Latin sanity in Villiers de L'Isle Adam that refused to be satisfied by the simple symbolism of a banging door and silence. In this little play he asks and answers. You may quarrel with his answer. That is within the province of the palest psychologist. But you cannot deny the fine dramatic synthesis of his solution of the eternal problem of the woman who dares—and yet dare not.

This woman goes out—as *Nora* went—leaving home and husband and child. Almost in the words that *Nora* was to use a decade and more later she claims the protection of her new duties toward herself.

"You are a wife and a mother—before all else," her husband urges.

"No," she replies; "before all else I am a human being."

A few hours—a very little while—and *Elizabeth* returns. Her revolt is over. And here I think the psychology is very profound. Once alone with herself, fear took her. She realized that she had submitted too long to the yoke; she could bear the familiar weight of slavery; the burden of liberty she could not bear. The gift of unusual freedom confused and destroyed her. There is this habitude in all of us. In all of us there is this malady of putting up with things, this fear of a free life, this easeful sense of submission to moral and social yokes, this diffidence of revolt. Nowhere is it quite so conspicuous or quite so pitiful as in the woman upon whom has dawned the new and not unpathetic dream of an individual life.

And so *Elizabeth* returned to the house of slavery. It was not love that drew her back; it was hunger for old habits; it was an irking for the familiar chains. And thus she returned, and with only a soothing word of submission to *Felix*, her husband, who understood neither why she left him nor why she returned ("Pauvre-homme!" she said), took up the old task of life and bent over the ledger as of old.

I should like to see Mrs. Fiske's interpretation of this sincere and significant little play.

At the Press Club the other afternoon a loving cup was presented to Mr. Foster Coates, former editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, by the members of the staff of that journal and a few other friends. Mr. Coates sails this week for Scotland, where he will spend the summer. The best wishes of his friends go with him. There is no man in the newspaper profession who has stauncher friends, and no man who quite so well deserves to have them.

And speaking of loving cups—

I see that Mr. Augustin Daly is debating with himself whether he may profitably permit his company of trained comedians to present a loving cup

to Mrs. Gilbert, who, now in her seventy-sixth year, is the oldest member of his company. I trust Mr. Daly will permit me to suggest something far more suitable—a pension. I am aware that Mrs. Gilbert is an admirable foil for Miss Rehan; I am aware of her past triumphs; I am aware that the old playgoer has for her an affection blended with respect, and the camaraderie of many artistic years. And it is simply for these reasons that we who love and admire this famous actress object to Mr. Daly's exploitation of her faded, final years.

One of the most pathetic sights I ever saw on a public stage was Mrs. Gilbert's appearance in Mr. Daly's production of *The Critic* a few years ago. While Dixey capered and Miss Rehan mouthed, this poor old woman—tricked out in weeds—danced a grotesque dance. She was over seventy years of age. She had been a good and commendable artist, and there in the dusk of her life she was set the task of capering like a zany. It was a brutal exhibition. No public save Mr. Daly's public would have tolerated it.

I suggest a pension.

Mr. Franklyn Fyles I understand has finished his new play. It is an American drama—quintessentially American—with scenes in West Point and in the Cumberland Mountains. The period is 1861, and I dare say there will be the burning of powder and the glitter of epaulettes. And this is well.

The failure of Spiritisme and Dr. Belgraff seems to indicate that the occult drama has had its day.

The beginning of these plays dealing with the phenomena of hypnotism, magnetism, spiritism—whatever you prefer to call it—was back in the roaring forties. Scribe's *Irene*, or *Magnetism*, if not quite the first, was at all events the first important play of the sort. It is a pretty little *comédie-vaudeville*, in which the hero, *Henri de Clermont*, magnetizes *Irene de Brienne*, the daughter of a vice-admiral. In her trance he makes her avow her love for him. The play ends with a marriage. Rose Cheri created the part of *Irene*. The play was produced in 1847.

After that the fashion was all for occult plays. *Tables Tournantes* was first played in May, 1853. It was described as "a magnetic experience in one act, mixed with couplets." Then came *Ether*, *Magnatium* and *Haschisch*, in which the occult was complicated with drugs. *Les Extases de Monsieur Hochenez* was a Palais Royal farce, which is pleasantly remembered by old-time Parisians. The theme is that old topsy-turvydom of the beggar on horseback, which was probably familiar to the theatre-goers of Tiglath-Pileser. A servant hypnotizes his master and "suggests" that the master shall do the valet's work. When matters have gone as far as they can, the master says to the magnetic valet: "As an occult fluid I respect you immensely, but as a man you are la dernière des canailles!" and he kicks him downstairs.

I remember another Palais Royal farce which had a vogue ten years ago. It was called *Hypnotisme*, and had to do with a learned professor who set out to hypnotize an elephant—but the elephant hypnotized first. It was good fooling in its day.

Dumas père, I believe, was the first of modern playwrights to take the occult seriously. His greatest success in this line was the Corsican Brothers, in which Fechter (the creator of *Armand Duval* in the play known as *Camille*) played the double rôle. In the Corsican Brothers the action rests upon a telepathic vision, an apparition, in which one brother sees (in thought) the assassination of his twin brother in a disloyal duel.

Not quite so famous, but far more curious, is Urbain Grandier, the most important drama ever founded on the occult facts of hypnotism and suggestion. It was produced in March, 1850. In a way—that is, in the easy way of the elder Dumas—it is historic. The real Urbain Grandier was a poor devil who had committed the unpardonable sin of annoying Cardinal Richelieu. He had written a smart pamphlet in which he criticised His Eminence, and His Eminence had the poor devil of an author broken on the wheel and then burned alive as a sorcerer. Dumas, following the fashion of the day, made Grandier a hypnotiseur.

More recent plays of the hypnotic sort are M. d'Ennery's *Diana*, and Bal-samo—the play which the younger Dumas drew from his father's novel. The story, of course, is that of Cagliostro.

And so the Chinese theatre has gone the primrose path to everlasting bankruptcy. Even Yet Gum, that strange little yellow orchid, who was brought over from China a few months ago, failed to make a financial success. She was a marvelous little creature. Her art perhaps was too Oriental for the person of normal intellectuals, but her queer, orchidaceous personality should have made her a success.

At one of the music halls, for instance.

The only alien theatres which flourish in New York are the Hebrew theatres in the Bowery. There are three of them, and the combined attendance is over 24,000 a week. When you come to think about it this is a pretty big thing. It means that there is an immense population interested in the "jargon" plays. To entertain these playgoers there is an astounding number of new plays produced. Mr. Adler, I believe, keeps a tame dramatist on the premises, who is able to turn out two or three new plays a week—and good ones.

Mr. Daly tried this plan once, but his tame dramatist—Mr. Justin Huntley



McCarthy—was not a flamboyant success. His engagement began and ended with *The Heart of Ruby*.

I have seen some capital "jargon" plays in those Bowery theatres. One of them I remember was a local melodrama, which I would have backed for a run at any English theatre. It was called, I believe, *The Russian Jew*, and was written by J. Gordin.

Some night when you want a new sensation you should go to a Jewish theatre. If Mr. Adler's little theatre were "running" in Paris it would become a fad in a fortnight. Society would flock to it as it flocked to the dingy little *Theatre Libre* a few years ago.

By the way, once I was very much interested in the free theatre experiment. I fancied it was going to reform matters altogether. It was to give us serious drama, new drama, myth and symbol, studies in manners, social and political satire; everything from the shining phantasies of the poet to the occult contortions of the clown. All this it was to do for us—us being, you will understand, certain young men who fancied their intellectual processes were a trifle finer than those of the average person.

And the result?

Well, the new theatre proved to be quite as mediocre, quite as pretentious, quite as false as the old theatre.

It was the old dog in a new waistcoat.

A few weeks ago in Paris I was talking over the failure of M. Antoine's plan with some of those who had worked with him. "We succeeded in breaking down a few conventions," they said, "and—erecting new ones in their place."

It would seem evident enough that the *Theatre Libre* plan is not destined to reform the theatre. It is not from the outside that any reform can come. There can be no Boul' Mich' revolution. The drama at the present day, to be sure, has been brought down to the level of the most stupid part of the community. It is adapted, not to the intelligence of men, but to that of childless women and precocious boys. It is not an art; it is a peptic or an aperitive.

But you can't mend it by establishing peculiar homes for a peculiar, and specialized drama. The *Theatre Libre* has proved that. It must be done by working on the old lines, by working over the old material. It is not a new stage we want; what we want is the old stage repeopled.

Here in New York it would be absurd to hope for any immediate elevation of the general level of taste. There is small hope of changing the taste of the average sentimental woman and the average sensual man.

The one chance for the heavily handicapped dramatic art seems to be in the specializing of audiences. To a limited extent this might be done in New York. A few years ago, for instance, Mr. Beerbohm Tree set aside Mondays in the Haymarket Theatre for literature. Gradually he attracted a special clientèle, which was not interested in the trivial and conventional plays of the day and hour.

This might easily be done in New York. It would require no great pecuniary outlay. The success or failure of the project could be determined readily.

#### VINCENT D'INDY'S FERVAAL.

The critics came from far and near to attend the "first night" of *Fervaal* in Brussels. *Le tout Paris* seemed to be at the Théâtre de la Monnaie that night. I met Bruneau—still harping on Messidor—Erlanger, of the *Journal*; Fourcaud, of the *Gaulois*; Bauer, of the *L'Echo de Paris*; Salvayre, of *Gil Blas*; Hérold, Gauthier-Villiers, Ernst, Paul Dukas, Carlos Schwab, Pierre Lalo—even Catulle Mendès. Royalty nodded approval from the box. On the whole it was one of the most important musical events of the year, not only for Brussels, but for Paris as well.

M. d'Indy occupies a conspicuous position in these latter days.

I dare say you had known of M. d'Indy just about what I knew; you had known that he was a Frenchman out of the Low Countries, who had bowed the knee to the fetich of German modes of thought; he had written a number of Schillerian works—*The Song of the Bell*, and a *Wallenstein* trilogy; all conspicuously Wagnerian.

Now, it is not a good thing to be Wagnerian. Wagner is the worst of masters, for he is at once inspired and pedantic, a genius and a phrase-maker. I remember writing awhile ago about the dismal effect that Shakespeare's influence had upon the English drama. Equally disastrous it seems is the influence of Wagner on the musicians of the day. The parallel is by no means inapt. In each case you have a strongly individual art, an art which was—like every great art—that of a single country, a confined and limited period, and an essentially self-centred man. You cannot draught rules of the drama from Shakespeare's plays. You can, however, get all the exceptions to the orderly process of playwriting. Equally true of Wagner, the great German tone-dramatist is unquestionably the worst of schoolmasters.

To me it all seemed as though M. d'Indy had said: "I will do something new and unusual—I will push ahead."

Surely this is a laudable purpose. I am the last who could object to it. But, unfortunately, M. d'Indy has not done the new and unusual thing; he has not pushed ahead; he has not explored the unknown; indeed, he has done no more than write in France a work so essentially Wagnerian that it might have been written in Germany. In fact, I might call the *Fervaal* a profession of faith—Wagnerian. It is well that M. d'Indy should admire Wagner; it is not

culpable that he should emulate him. He is even unblameworthy in calling his opera an "action musicale," which he asserts to be a translation of "handlung," which Wagner applied to *Tristan*. All this is as you will.

But it is not in such imitations that the way lies toward a fecund and possible French art. It is not by parodying this master, who was so intimately and grossly German, that the Latin soul can find its own adequate mode of expression.

M. d'Indy had confidence in *Fervaal*; he printed it a year ago, and it has been known in the musical world. Parts of it indeed were played at the Colonne concerts in Paris, I believe. It is his first dramatic work. Great credit is due the directors of the Brussels Theatre here for having undertaken the work. There are tremendous difficulties in the way of producing *Fervaal*. Not only is there an enormous cast necessary—chorus, coryphées and artists—but the opera is written in a spirit of such harmonic and symphonic anarchy, with such a disregard of the common conventions, of the ordinary vocal and instrumental habitudes, that it takes a bold managerial heart to dream of producing it. As a matter of detail I may say that there were twenty-nine full rehearsals of this opera before the opening night. Even then the vocal difficulties were not all got over expeditiously.

The book of the opera was written, I need hardly say—did not Wagner write his own poems?—by M. d'Indy himself. He devised his own libretto and wrote it out in rhythmic prose, which is often singularly eloquent. This, of course, is quite in accord with the new mode. It used to be fancied that the intimate sympathy between poetry and music was due to the rhythmic quality they have in common. This alliance, honorable in its antiquity, has been broken. At first rhyme was suppressed; then free verse was discarded, and now the vogue is all for Zola's sober suited, pedestrian prose, or such pretty, fervid paragraphs as those of M. d'Indy.

The story of *Fervaal* is the story of the eternal Celt. You may read into it a symbol, if you will.

The drama is set in the antique days, when the Saracen was more than a poetic figment and the Crescent had swept over Europe almost to the Valley of the Rhone. As the faith of Mohammed had stormed in from the East, so from the South had swept up the flood of Christianity. Everywhere the old religions had been swept out. Only one tribe had kept its faith in the old gods—the tribe of Cravann, which was, indeed, the last refuge of the old religion and the old, utter liberty of wood and hill. And yet the tribe is chiefless. Ten years before the old chief died, and *Fervaal*, his son, has been away in the sacred forest, under the tutelage of the old Druid priest, *Arfagard*. And the long preparatory days have passed; *Fervaal* has become a soldier, expert in bravery, a chief worthy to lead his warlike people; and as well he has preserved a purity that *Parisfal* might have envied. And it is as he goes forth to assume his chieftainship that the play opens.

The prologue: As *Fervaal* and his old master, the Druid, ride forth into Provence on their way to the sacred kingdom, they are set upon by a band of adventurous peasants and noisy scoundrels. The fight goes hard for awhile. After *Fervaal* has killed forty of the rogues—no great feat when one is an operatic hero—he is himself struck down by an arrow. Old *Arfagard* weeps for his lost hopes and bewails the last chief of his race; and at that moment the *Princess Guilhen* rides up, accompanied by her chevaliers. She is the pagan daughter of the Moslem warrior who has conquered this corner of Provence; she is reputed to be a sorceress, and the insurgent peasants fear her; yet, as she is a kindly mistress, they love her in their humble manner. This slim, gilded princess takes *Fervaal* under her care. Sorceress as she is, she knows that he is not dead, and she bears him to her palace to heal him with her drugs and enchantments. It is in vain that old *Arfagard* opposes and urges that *Fervaal* is set apart for a holy work; the gilt princess has her way.

And so when the prologue is done and the curtain rises on the first act of the opera one sees *Fervaal* sprawled beneath a tree—like his prototype *Tristan*—in the way of being cured by love. And the old Druid comes to him and urges him to set out toward his native land, forth on his antique and inspired mission. The young man muses over-sweetly of love. So it comes about that *Arfagard* chants to him the legend of his land.

The old Druid has taught *Fervaal* the anathema of love, and now he bids him take sword and spear and ride back to his kingdom—a warrior for the old faith of his fathers. The chosen hour has come. Cravann, his antique land, is threatened with invasion by hordes of Christians and Mohammedans. *Fervaal* burns for this holy war, this holy mission. He bids the old priest make ready for the departure.

For the moment he is left alone under the tree, and *Guilhen*, the Mohammedan princess, a slim, gilt, savage woman, comes to him, and woos him with subtle words, as he binds on his warlike sword. (Some of us thought of the Walküre—and that scene between *Siegfried* and *Sieglinde*.)

It is said by an English poet that a man of evil life prayed for mercy and found it—"between the saddle and the ground." It was between the saddle and the ground that the drama of *Fervaal*—the man and the opera—is born. For while he has one foot in the stirrup, the slim, Oriental woman woos him, and by the enchantment of her sorceress eyes wins him. There beneath the great tree they kiss each other and undo the ancient religion of the Celts.

But when he has kissed *Fervaal* rides away—as man has ever done.

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peasantry and incites them to invade the land of her ungrateful lover and lay it waste and low. The savage army sets out and the curtain falls. So far we have got in the first act.

In the second act we see *Fervaal* in the forest of his native land. He is gloomy in mind. He dreams of the slender, gilded princess and of love.

And thereupon comes old *Arfagard*, the Druid, who announces that the warriors are gathering for the council. *Fervaal* hides his sin and his love and makes ready. Day comes slowly across the stage, as in Lohengrin, and with the dawn come the chiefs.

The warriors gather, and even as they are hailing their chief comes news of an invasion; Mohammedan hordes are spreading desolation through the land. The chiefs rush out to gather their men. *Fervaal* tells the old priest of his sin. And this one thinks that if *Fervaal* has failed in his mission he may yet be the chosen sacrifice—the one from whose death is to come a new life, as the oracle has said. He goes to consult the deities. And all about is the clamor of armed men; the clans are gathering for the holy war, and the curtain of the second act falls on a stirring scene.

In the third act the battle has been lost. *Fervaal* has sought in vain for death. There in the snow-clogged gorge he has done deadly work with his sword; the dead lie all about him; himself he could not find death. There the old Druid finds him. *Arfagard* learns that the sacrifice has not been made, and yet it is out of *Fervaal's* death that life must come—the new life of the race, the life of the very gods. He demands the sacrifice, and *Fervaal* bares his breast to the old priest's knife.

But a great, despairing cry rings out and *Fervaal* recognizes the voice of his beloved, of *Guilhen*, the gilded princess, who is slender and apt in kisses. He remembers her kisses. What has he to do with renunciation? What to him are sacrifice or the fate of the old gods, his ancestors, his race, his land? *Fervaal* is no meek victim now—no savior ready for death. He has heard the voice of the gilded princess, and has no care for the wrath and anguish of the dying gods.

The slim princess staggers in and falls into the arms of her lover; but the antique gods have their way with her and kill her with the cold of the north, the keen winds of this misty land of Cravann. So she dies. But *Fervaal*, holding her dead body, chants the song of love, great amorous strophes that kindle and inflame—it is a song without words—what words could there be for the song of love?

But a voice cries: "Young Love is Conqueror of Death," and the curtain falls.

It is the end of the opera—only the orchestra sobs for awhile like a sea, the sadness of which is gilded by the rising sun.

This, lightly outlined, is the story M. d'Indy has told in prose, which is not without fervor and eloquence. These same qualities are conspicuous in the musical action which accompanies—or, shall I say, is contemporary with—the drama. "Un petit Parsifal," one critic said to me. He added that it was

ingenious. And this is true; it is admirably ingenious. But to say that Wagner might have written it is absurd, though it may be not inaptly said that M. d'Indy has devised a new way of writing an opera; he has steeped himself in Wagner and exuded *Fervaal*. And yet there would be indifferent critical honesty in dismissing *Fervaal* with this sneer. M. d'Indy is a master of color. He is marvelously rich, marvelously daring in those orchestral colorations which make modern symphonic music a sort of painting. It is in this way that one thinks of *Fervaal* as a series of pictures—the ingenious characterization of *Guilhen*, the sombre and mysterious pictures of the supernatural—a series of symphonic fragments. The impression one carries away is that of a stroll through a picture gallery.

With this lack of unity there is a deficient sense of proportion, a frittering away of dramatic situations in an interminable welter of orchestral comment and explication.

What a wonderful little city this Brussels is, where a work as strenuous in its earnestness, as sincere in its artistic purpose as *Fervaal* is merely an incident of the "passing show." It is produced with no hope of money making, with no intention of exploiting "star" artists. Were one in the mood for moralizing one might draw a moral or two which should be useful in New York.

But after the fate of *L'Arlesienne*—

JUDGMENTS were entered on Monday against Thomas Henry French, theatrical manager, by Howe & Hummel for \$10,357 in favor of Isabelle Evesson, and for \$10,231 in favor of Al Hayman and Charles Frohman, on suits begun over a year ago. The claim of Miss Evesson is on two notes. The claim of Messrs. Hayman and Frohman is for Mr. French's share of the losses in 1895 in the production of His Excellency by the George Edwardes opera troupe.

THE Emperor William, it is said, has expressed his satisfaction with the theatrical play *Der Burggraf*, written by Captain Lauff, of the Third Regiment of Artillery. The subject was suggested by the Emperor to Intendant von Hülsen during his last year's yachting tour on the North Sea, when he was speaking about Knakfuss' picture in the palace of Berlin, representing the Burggraf, Frederick III. of Nuremberg, communicating to his cousin, Rudolph of Hapsburg, his election as emperor. The work will be produced at the festival performances at Wiesbaden during the Emperor's visit, May 16.

THE impertinence and autocratic behavior of the great American Syndicate, unlimited, was never better illustrated than in the case of Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. The Hayman people, quite without the knowledge and permission of Mrs. Fiske's manager, booked the entire route, for her next season. Mrs. Fiske quietly cancelled the route, and not alone because of one night stands or big jumps. She will later make a complete statement and explanation of the true inwardness of the affair. We shall presently hear of a personally conducted lecture tour of the Pope of Rome under the management of Hayman & Co.

### Music Items.

**Fechter Pupils' Success.**—Mr. Ferdinand Fechter's pupils have been extremely busy during the last few weeks. Four of them, Miss F. E. Meyer, Mrs. B. Handel, Mrs. Dr. Erdtmann and Miss Rose Kastner, hold church positions. Mrs. B. Handel sang lately in the concert of the Brooklyn Männerchor, and earned much praise. Mrs. Dr. Erdtmann was the soloist of the Swedish Singing Club concert at Tammany Hall, where she met with great success. She gave two encores and had to repeat them. Miss Elsa Foerster is going to sing next week at the Hoboken Germania Club.

**Novel and Greek.**—A unique entertainment was given in March at the Frances Shimer Academy of the University of Chicago, at Mt. Carroll, Ill. Miss H. M. Searles, a fellow in Greek at the University, delivered a paper on the Private Life of Greek Women. The program given was varied by the singing of the Delphic Ode to Apollo by a chorus of six girls in costume.

Miss Blaine, instructor in Greek at the academy, gave a description of this ode. Mrs. Blanche Carr Jacobs, teacher of singing, sang Schubert's setting of Anacreon's Ode to the Lyre in the Greek tongue.

**Carlotta Desvignes.**—Miss Carlotta Desvignes, the contralto, has met with tremendous success at the Springfield and Albany Festivals. Miss Desvignes sang on May 11 at the Fifth Avenue Art Galleries, and on Thursday, May 13, she is engaged to sing with the new Choral Society at Yonkers. This popular contralto will leave for Paris on Saturday on La Bourgogne. From Paris she will go to London, where she has a busy season mapped out. The following notice of Miss Desvignes' singing at the Springfield Festival is from the Springfield Republican of May 6:

In 1895 Mrs. Carl Alves, Ben Davies and Carl Duft all did admirable work, but they all represent the oratorio style of singing. Now, whatever Samson and Dalila may be—and it has not proved a success as an opera—it is assuredly not an oratorio, and to sing it in a churchly style is to miss the spirit of the music. *Dalila* is as theatrical a character as *Carmen* or *Ortrud*, and Miss Desvignes is undoubtedly right in her interpretation of the part. *Dalila* ought not to be treated like the *Widow of Zarephath*, who will appear so respectably in Elijah to-morrow night. The part is sensuous, cruel, diabolical, and calls for the utmost energy of dramatic portrayal. Between the love songs of honied treachery and the outbursts of

hatred and loathing there is a wide scale of passion to be traversed. It may be said that Miss Desvignes was most effective in the wicked parts. She has at her command a telling metallic tone-quality which strikes right to the mark, and in the big climaxes of passion she produced a powerful effect. The great duet which follows the aria was finely sung by Miss Desvignes and Mr. Berthold, and the splendid canonic duet in the third act (appropriately sung with a high priest) also went very well. Miss Desvignes is a fine and well trained singer, and has plenty of temperament.

**Wilson Recital at Broad Street Conservatory.**—Mr. B. K. Wilson, pupil of Mr. Preston Ware Orem, of the Broad Street Conservatory of Music, will give a piano recital this (Wednesday) evening, May 12, in the concert hall of the Conservatory, 1331 South Broad street, Philadelphia.

He will be assisted by Master John de Angeli, violinist, pupil of Mr. Kearney. The program will include Beethoven's Sonate Patetique, op. 13; a group of three solos of Wagner-Liszt, Schubert-Liszt and Weber-Liszt; four Chopin numbers, a prelude, two etudes and the Marche Funèbre; a mazurka of Mason, Novellette in F of Schumann and a scherzo from Concerto Symphonique, Litolf. The violin numbers will be a reverie of Viextemps and the adagio from the twenty-second concerto of Viotti.

**Dunkley and Kronold in Albany.**—On April 30 Mr. Hans Kronold, 'cellist, assisted by Mr. Ferdinand Dunkley, pianist, gave a successful and artistic concert at St. Agnes' School, Albany, N. Y. The following is one of the enthusiastic press notices:

The first of Mr. Hans Kronold's violoncello recitals took place at the Graduates' Hall at 9 o'clock last evening, and was listened to by an enthusiastic and appreciative audience, although not so large as one as the artist deserved.

Hans Kronold is a true artist. He produces that profound impression upon one that can only be conveyed by the man of genius. He is brilliant, soulful, magnetic. He is master of the instrument he plays, and he makes you feel it. It did not seem possible that the violoncello could contain so much and such varied music as he drew from it. He wove about the Reverie so varied and divine a strain that you wished it could last forever; he shook storms of tone from the instrument in the rendition of the tarantelle and the Hungarian Rhapsody. It was bewildering, wonderful!

The next recital, which occurs on May 30, ought to call out every music lover in Albany. No one can afford to miss such a treat.

A word must be spoken for Mr. Dunkley. His Two Consolations was a most charming selection and so well rendered that he was wildly applauded. He bowed in acknowledgment, a little surpris-

edly, as much as to say: "What's the matter with you all? I'm not the hero of the evening."—*Albany Evening Journal*, May, 1897.

**John Herman Loud.**—This Wednesday (the 19th) Mr. Loud will give an organ recital at the Tucker Memorial Church in North Brookfield, Mass. The following is the program:

Overture to Der Freischütz.....Weber  
Capriccio in F.....Lemaigre  
Variations on O Sanctissima.....Hepworth  
The Bell Voluntary (new).....J. Varley Roberts  
Toccata in F.....Bach  
Sonata No. 3.....Gulimant  
Marche Nuptiale.....Callaerts  
Contemplation.....Rheinberger  
Aspiration.....

**Helen Lathrop.**—On Thursday evening Miss Helen Lathrop, soprano, gave a successful song recital at the residence of Mrs. G. H. Hicks, Morristown, N. J., of which the following is the program:

French songs—  
A Toi.....Lebrun  
Kypris.....Holmes  
Fallih-Fallah.....Van der Stucken  
The Sweetest Flower.....  
Violin, Elegie.....Carl Bohm  
Flower songs—  
Clover.....  
Yellow Daisy.....MacDowell  
Blue Bell.....  
Dandelion.....Chadwick  
Violin, selections from Rob Roy.....De Koven  
Italian songs—  
Ritornella, Fa Poco.....Hase  
La Serenata.....Tosti  
Nymphs and Fauns.....Bemberg  
Violin, melodie in F.....Rubinstein  
Songs of child life—  
The Doll's Wooing.....Clayton Johns  
April Girl.....Fairlamb  
Mr. J. H. Schroeder, accompanist.

### Mail for Artists.

MAIL addressed to the following is at THE MUSICAL COURIER office:

Clara Brinckerhoff.  
Marie Van Duyn.  
Edouard Remenyi.  
"Impresario."  
R. Herman.  
Silas T. Pratt.  
Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch.





## SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 1, 1897.

THE most brilliant luminary in the musical firmament here just at present is Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, a San Francisco boy who, having won laurels in London and New York, has come back to add local leaves to his wreath. And he is doing it. His initial appearance was made last week, when he gave a song recital with a program that provided opportunity for all his best points to be displayed to advantage. The following day he was the soloist at the symphony concert, and Monday night of this week he opened at the Tivoli, in Shamus O'Brien, the part he created in London, and which has become familiar to New Yorkers during the season past.

Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, the American oratorio singer, reached here Monday from Los Angeles, where she sang at the recent Fiesta, and at the three concerts of the musical festival given Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at a matinee Wednesday she scored a pronounced success.

At the last symphony concert—the fifth in the series of six—Von Weber's Overture, Rubinstein's symphony in G minor, No. 5, and the Tchaikowsky Casse Noisette (Nut Cracker) suite made up the orchestral numbers, and Mr. Hinrichs' men showed no signs of falling away from the high standard of excellence that has characterized all their work. An active movement is on foot to establish a permanent symphony society here, that the season inaugurated so brilliantly may be followed by others, and San Francisco be added, as she should be, to the list of those cities who maintain such organizations.

MARIAN MITCHELL.

## SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 17, 1897.

GRADUALLY the musical season is waning. After Easter there may be a few swan songs, but summer and the regular hegira to watering places and mountains will soon be here.

The fifth Symphony concert took place on the 1st of the month with a Wagner program, in which the orchestra did some noble work in the overture to Tannhäuser, the prelude in Lohengrin, the Waldweben from Siegfried, *Wotan's* farewell and the Fire Scene from Die Walküre, and the song of the *Rhinedaughters* from *Götterdämmerung*. Considering the time that the orchestra have been working together, only praise can be given for the general and even excellence of their work, not a little of which is due the conductor, Gustav Hinrichs, for his masterly handling of the men. Mrs. Katherine Fleming-Hinrichs was one of the soloists who deserves special mention. Her dramatic contralto has a rich timbre and wide range, and her *Ortrud* in the Lohengrin and *Magdalena* in Die Meistersinger were both adequate and satisfying in an artistic way.

Mme. Camilla Urso is too well known to need criticism here, and of the three concerts she has given in the past ten days nothing further need be said than that she has never displayed more noble tone, more delicate nuances and more scholarly technique.

The seventh of the Bacon-Minetti ensemble concerts was given on the afternoon of the 3rd with a very fine program. In the Schumann piano trio, op. 63, Miss Bacon and Messrs. Minetti and Heine gave convincing proof of their mastery over their several instruments, and Miss Bacon and Mr. Heine played the Rubinstein piano and cello sonata in D major, op. 18, with the skill and ease of scholarly artists.

The next attraction will be Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, who will appear in the oratorio of The Messiah with the California Music Festival Association, April 27 and 28. Miss Nellie Cook will be the solo pianist at both concerts.

The French Opera Company has finished its season of four weeks, having given twenty performances.

MARIAN MITCHELL.

## MINNEAPOLIS.

MINNEAPOLIS, April 28, 1897.

THIS week, so full of musical events, opened up in a most auspicious manner with a grand orchestral concert, under the auspices of the Manning College of Music, Oratory and Dramatic Art, and conducted by Sig. Francesco d'Auria, who has just assumed the directorship of Manning College. The program was given in excellent form by the Daus Orchestra of forty-five musicians, under the inspiring baton of Signor d'Auria. To these were added as soloists W. M. Cross (piano), Claude Madden (violin) and Madame d'Auria (vocalist).

For the most part the compositions were original and played from manuscript. As works they are best described as musical poems, full of all sweet melodies and refined conceits of tonal imagery. The symphony overture Francesco da Rimini possesses the deeper meaning, more vivid coloring and intensity, and was performed very creditably by the orchestra. W. M. Cross has a masterful way of presiding at the piano, and with his admirable scholarship it is to be regretted that he confines himself so closely to studio work, and is so rarely heard in public programs.

Claude Madden outdid himself, playing the beautiful Wieniawski concerto No. 2, in D, with so much enthusiasm that the audience demanded an encore. To this Mr. Madden declined to respond. No encores were accorded except by the vocalist, the beautiful and accomplished wife of Signor d'Auria. Her program number was I'm Titania, polonaise, from Mignon. Madame d'Auria is the possessor of a beautiful voice, exquisitely cultivated, and she sang with much finish and style, perfectly evidencing the correctness of her methods.

In our fair city, with its atmosphere of musical appreciation, its rapid development in love of and demand for good music and work, Madame d'Auria gained from the audience a warm expression of appreciation. She is an artist, full of dramatic fire and enthusiasm. She is a pupil of her talented husband, and certainly her work is sufficient comment upon his ability as instructor in vocal art. Altogether the introduction of the new director of Manning College to the musical public of Minneapolis was a most satisfactory and completely successful event. Whatever the cause that drew the gifted Italian to Minneapolis, we most heartily welcome him and wish him all success in his new field.

I am glad to note that every new move made in Minneapolis worthy of record is a step gained in the musical progress of the city. We

have some musicians, both instrumental and vocal, who work untiringly for the present advancement and future status of the art in Minneapolis, and that, too, against the most fearful odds of discouragement and all sorts of petty distractions. There are a few patient souls who should be canonized for their noble endurance of adverse surroundings. Even in my humble sphere of recording critic I fume inwardly at the contemptible tricks resorted to by some of "low degree," mentally and musically, to gain notoriety. It is an everlasting stigma upon art to class them among artists. I have always contended, and I shall always do so, that real art, "pure and undefiled," needs no champion; it speaks for itself. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear," and a mind to understand, let him apply."

All hail to Carreño and our Thursday Musical Club for bringing her to Minneapolis. More anon. ACTON HORTON.

## EL PASO.

EL PASO, Tex., May 1, 1897.

MISS NEALLY STEVENS, well known in concert circles as a most accomplished pianist, has been in El Paso, where she favored local music lovers with three fine recitals. Miss Stevens has steadily maintained her reputation as an artist for many years in concert tours about the country, and her enthusiasm in the cause of the divine Muse has never abated. People here were delighted with her. She is now touring through Texas and doing musical missionary work.

The McGinty Club gave a big musical blow-out at the Opera House recently before a \$600 house, so the club is now able to buy new instruments for its concert band of thirty-two men, and the summer band concerts on the plaza this season will be better than ever. The club is proposing to build a big clubhouse.

Church music is looking up in El Paso. Under the able lead and direction of Prof. Joseph Smith, who studied for five years under Dr. Gunton at Chester Cathedral, England, the music at St. Clement's Episcopal Church has gained immensely. The professor is the best organist in the Southwest, and with only a two manual vocalion organ and a rather small choir he is successfully introducing here the English cathedral service. The choir knew but eighteen hymns when the professor came, but they now know over 100, and can sing the Psalter through with credit, along with an increasing repertory of anthems.

The Presbyterian church choir, under the direction of Miss Helen Brown, of Chicago, has wonderfully improved, and the order of music given there is of steadily increasing value. Trinity Methodist Church has secured Miss Florence Beall, a Berlin graduate, as director and organist, and a quartet choir is now maintained in that church.

Miss Nettie Small, one of the best soprano singers in this part of the country, married Prof. Pierre Douillet, at Sherman, Tex., recently, and has left El Paso for good. Her successor here as a dramatic soprano promises to be Miss Harriet B. Robinson, formerly of the New England Conservatory, at Boston, whose voice has so strengthened and improved in the last two years as to be a source of gratification not merely to the lady herself, but to her many friends. She is a very handsome brunette, and has a charming personality and stage presence.

Miss Marie Shelton is proving to be one of the most attractive lyric sopranos in this part of the country, and Miss Emma Ullman, as contralto, is widely known in the Southwest as a most promising vocalist. El Paso is becoming quite a town for local concert work, and good church singing. We are not so much given over to chasing after prize fighters as the St. Louis and Chicago papers would have the country believe.

ROBERT J. JESSUP.

## Voice Training.

ARTICLE IV.

ALL the evil effects noted in the case of the male student employing the abdominal process in breathing are equally to be observed in the efforts of the female student, with the additional danger of physical debility as regards diseases incidental to the sex of the latter.

The writer desires to impress upon the minds of the female student the almost unavoidable danger attendant upon the adoption of this process of volitional expiration of the breath.

The necessitated throat action, undue waste of tissue, the posterior location of the column of air, with the attendant false intonation, tremulous tone, huskiness and nasal twang, resulting in premature vocal decay, are items of importance sufficient to condemn the process without the addition of uterine difficulties that must result in broken health and a living misery.

To destroy the voice and the health both is a lamentable conclusion to the patient and conscientious work of an earnest student seeking cultivation of a naturally good voice, which if properly trained would have gained its possessor the fame and fortune of a successful public career.

Where there is a tendency to uterine weakness it takes but a short time, through the practice of this fallacy, a few months only sometimes, to bring about physical debility. If one inclined to such difficulties can arrive at such a point in so short a time, then the strongest in this respect must succumb to a more prolonged course of such abuse.

I could enumerate scores of these afflicted victims who have come under my observation in the pursuit of my profession.

These cases presented themselves in various degrees of organic debility and physicians had failed to effect a cure because the source of the difficulty had not been reached. It was this horrible fallacy that had engendered and aggravated the organic trouble, and while its practice was continued restoration through medical treatment was impossible.

My attention was first brought to the abdominal breathing process by Dr. C. A. Guilmette in about the year 1858. It is my opinion that he was among the first, if not really the first, to introduce its abominable practice into this country. Guilmette also had a patent process for "kneading the ribs" which with the exercises for protruding and

retracting the abdomen formed a combination act that was supposed to give the singer a most wonderful control over the breath.

Fortunately I escaped hernia in my abdominal exercises—a little strange, for I was a terribly energetic student, but the rib kneading business so irritated my small intestine that this organ, and all the absorbent vessels and glands which are a portion of it or related to it were wofully disturbed, the result being a morbid state of indigestion that distressed me for two years or more after I had discovered the dangers attendant upon this rib-kneading and abdomen working process and had quit the employment of such exercises forever.

No other advocate of abdominal breathing, to my knowledge, taught its abominable principles until some ten years after the advent of Guilmette, when Madame Rudersdorff came to this country and opened shop as a vocal teacher in Boston.

Not only did Rudersdorff employ this abomination and disseminate its miseries, but she also introduced the *snout* system of placing the voice, another abomination now flourishing as a fad under the more elegant appellation of *dans le masque*. Between these two vagaries this teacher sowed seed that was fruitful in disastrous results.

At the time that Rudersdorff was at the height of her notoriety in Boston, and the debilitating processes of her method were in evidence among ambitious students identified with her teachings, a local physician, Dr. Clifton E. Wing, who made a specialty of female complaints, wrote a pamphlet entitled The Abdominal Method of Singing and Breathing as a Cause of Female Weaknesses.

Dr. Wing was inspired to write the pamphlet because of his experience with five aggravated cases of uterine difficulties, all of which patients were victims of the abdominal system of breathing as taught by Rudersdorff. Upon further investigation Dr. Wing found a number of other female vocal students whose experience with abdominal breathing agreed with that of his five patients. This pamphlet was on sale at the "Corner Bookstore" and no doubt did yeoman service in enlightening vocal students through an exposition of this abominable system of instruction.

Just think of the misery that alone has come out of a perpetuation of this horrible vagary through its dissemination by pupils graduated from the school of this misguiding preceptress, many of whom, spread over the country, became teachers of the abomination.

Since Rudersdorff's day a horde of teachers have entered the field, educated at home and abroad, who are advocates of this abdominal fallacy. Nowadays they are to be found on every hand. The miseries of the system and its evil effects have stalked over the land like a pestilence, and its practice should be regarded as such and dealt with accordingly.

I have noted the course of many students and singers, male and female, who have adopted this means of bringing about premature vocal decay, and in the most defiant manner have defended its employment; but in every case vocal deterioration has followed the institution of its processes as a penalty. I have yet to find an exception to the rule of vocal degeneracy following a positive and habitual employment of the abdominal method of singing and breathing.

All students, male or female, are warned to avoid this system of abdominal breathing and singing. Also to avoid all volitional control of the diaphragm in the expiration of breath. The diaphragm must be allowed to do its own work, independent of any control upon the part of the singer.

Concerning abdominal breathing and singing I can say that scores of victims have come under my observation as evidences of its direful results, both as regards its evil effect upon the effort of voice production and its baneful influence in the matter of the health of the female sex. To teach such a system should render one amenable to the law.

In listening to the singing of the noted tenor, Mr. Ben Davies, quite recently, I was distressed at the result obtained from so noble a voice and so intelligent a musician. There was little or no freedom and flow of the voice in his efforts. The pushing, forcing process of the diaphragmatic-abdominal effort was the dominant method of his voice emission. Occasionally the singer would inflate the upper chest sufficiently to gain normal action and show the inherent beauty of his voice, but the results obtained were almost wholly those arising from the flat chest and protruding abdomen effort. Insecurity in the upper notes was a consequence of this process, and one was constantly in fear that his voice would break, which in fact it was on the verge of doing at times. I don't see what can prevent this disaster sometimes. Besides a stiffness and dryness to the tone, he loses two or three semitones higher than if normally produced would lie easily within his compass.

(To be continued.)

Harry J. Fellows.—During the winter Mr. Fellows has given the most delightful monthly recitals at his studio, Erie, Pa. The attendance at these recitals has been large and appreciative. Mr. Fellows will sing in Denver on May 21 and 22 at the May Festival with Geneva Johnstone-Bishop.



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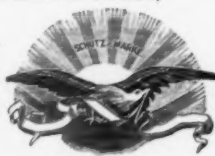


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